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THE

MOGHUL, MONGOL, MIKADO

AND

MISSIONARY.

Essays, Discussions, Art Criticisms, Political Institutions, History, Religions, Railway Systems, Fortifications and Defences of India, Afghanistan, China and Japan.

BY

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THE

MOGHUL, MONGOL, MIKADO AND MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

INDIA PAST AND PRESENT.

FROM Cairo a journey to Suez must be made to embark for India. The railway passes through the richest part of Egypt, and through Goshen, where Joseph established his father and brethren. He gave them the fattest of the land during his life, but it became the scene of their sore bondage when the great Prime Minister had gone. Usually when a conspicuous foreigner, who has served an adopted country well, has departed he is succeeded by a reactionary party, who are zealous to efface all he has done, and this was, no doubt, the case after Joseph had dropped the sceptre of power. The route from Goshen to the crossing of the Red Sea is near the railroad much of the way to the point of crossing, which has never been certainly located, but the eye will inevitably rest upon it somewhere in the last hours of the journey.

The Red Sea has receded and is receding at this point, so that Suez will, before many years, be out in the desert. It is even now isolated; the Canal entering the Red Sea further down the inlet. It was a great event years ago when the first ships from India reached this point; the time was reduced to three weeks from Bombay to Alexandria at the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne. Suez is now in the last

stages of dilapidation. Across the bay is a green patch by the side of dreary mountains, and in a narrow valley, between these and the sea, is a well, which is called "Moses' Well," from which, tradition says, the children of Israel, on the way to Mount Sinai, drank. The line of march can be seen for a considerable distance from the Red Sea, and after a day's journey Mount Sinai is pointed out from the ship not more than ten miles away. It is visible to with the naked eye, and by the ship's glass can be seen as clearly as if it were only a mile away. It is in the midst of almost countless cone-shaped knobs, rising over a great stretch of territory, Mount Sinai towering like a dome over all. It is naked, wrinkled, scarred and browned with centuries of conflict with the elements, and with time. To reach it by horses or camels would take ten days at least, but this more on account of the ruggedness and narrowness of the mountain paths and defiles than by the distance.

On the south side of the Red Sea, in sight for three days, is the coast of Egypt, extending on the west to the Soudan. On this coast England disembarked her troops and stores for the bootless contest with Osman Digma and the Madhi. Suakim is the port of supply, and from this to Berber, on the Nile, a railroad was projected. It has not been finished, but will become a war necessity some day if the English mean to hold this part of Egypt. The Red Sea is 1,664 miles in length and about 120 miles broad at its widest part. The Indian Ocean is nearly 2,000 miles across to Bombay via Bab-el-mendel and the Gulf of Aden. Aden is a forlorn and dreary place on the edge of the vast desert of Arabia, and important only as a coaling station for English vessels. It is intensely hot,

and the sailors have a story that a man celebrated for his villainous life died in this place and was buried. In a day or two he reappeared, to the consternation of all, but he explained that he had only come back after a *blanket.*

The name of the vast Empire of India is derived from the River Indus, which, to the ancient geographers, was the boundary of this country. Indus is the Greek form of the Persian Hind and Sanscrit Sindh. The name Hindustan now applies to the north-western part of the Empire. Northern India consists of the plains formed by the two great rivers, the Indus and Ganges and their tributaries. India has a history that reads like a romance. It is in no way the tame country without a great past which, because of its centuries of effeteness and bondage, many have come to believe it to be. It has been changeful and vicissitudinous in its life and has had alternate stratas of glory and shame, until at last only disaster spreads itself over its history. The Empire has been built up not of a homogeneous people, but, like the earth's crust, through dynasties strangely different and at variance. The Hindus themselves are not the aborigines; before history had recorded aught concerning the country a tall, slight, handsome race, olive-colored, swarmed down from Central Asia and covered its plains, and drove out its swarthy inhabitants. No more is known until the Persians, under Darius Hystaspes, and the Greeks, under Alexander, invaded the country before the Christian era. After this the Khalifs of Bagdad and their invincible Arabs cleft a way for the Koran through Sindh and the Punjab at the close of the seventh century. In their wake came Mohammed, the Destroyer,

visiting it twelve times, in furious desolations, exterminating its idols and idolatries and every thing else that came in his way, only sparing life to cast into servitude. Following was the house of Ghor, coming from the north-west, which carried Mohammedanism by the edge of the sword into Bengal in 1151 to 1206. Then came the Turk-born slave kings, who reduced Malwah and established Moslem dominion to the Vindhya chain in 1206 to 1288.

But the bloody line of conquest rested not here, for the Kiljees reduced the Deccan and Guzerat in 1288 to 1321. But their bloody tracks had hardly faded from memory when the house of Loghluk, half Turk and half Indian, left India again in desolation in its defeat in the Deccan and Bengal, 1321 to 1412 Then came the Tartars, under the lame Timour, who sacked Delhi in 1398. But instability is again written on its fair face, in the way the Syuds, Viceroys of Timour, let the Empire slip from their priestly hands, until they were left with only Delhi and a garden, 1412 to 1450. The time of destiny again appeared, for the Afghan house of Lodi came again from the dreaded North, and conquered from the Himalayas to Benares, 1450 to 1526, founding that last and most famous Tartar dynasty of the great Moguls, which rose with Baber Humayoon and culminated with Akbar, Jehangir and Shah Jehan, but which went into its sunsetting under Arungzebe, and after the struggle of a century with the Maharattas, Sikhs, Rohillas and Afghans, it sunk down into pitiable insignificance and was wiped out on the bloody field of Paniput.

And now after all these invasions and internal upheavals, when weakness had again sat down on its thrones, a handful of white men came across the Western seas and

began slowly to subjugate the people until their sway is now absolute over 250,000,000 of people, who for one hundred years have been practically governed from London. On Downing street stands the capital of the great Indian Empire. They have reduced Moguls, Rajahs and Nawabs alike to eat their bread from their hands, tried and discrowned and exiled the last of the Moguls, once the proud rulers in the great Palace of Delhi. This unparalleled supremacy grew, in Britain's hands, from a permit to have only a factory on Indian soil. If the British lion can only get soil enough to plant the nail of a single toe he will soon range about to the extent of his whole body, demanding room for all necessary circus performances. India is a jewel which has always excited the cupidity of the nations. It was in quest of a north-west passage, by which he thought to reach it, that Columbus sailed westward across the Atlantic. In this voyage he discovered America, which was at first supposed to be a part of India, and as the result of the misconception we have the "West Indies." On the last day of the sixteenth century the East India Company was incorporated by royal charter for one hundred and fifty years, the only purpose being trade or greed. The French were expelled by the British in 1761. The territorial rule of England dates from the Battle of Plassey, June 23d, 1757, when Lord Clive routed and demolished an army of immensely superior numbers under the Nawab of Bengal. A more surprising coincidence is that just a century after the Sepoy rebellion was reaching the tide-mark of its power, from which began another dynasty making a place for itself in history.

A few outlines will be needed to give an idea of the country governed by a handful of far-away white men. Every thing in and about India has the appearance of exaggeration. The Himalayas are double the altitude of the Alps. Her rivers are larger, longer and broader than any in Europe. Her plains are broader and richer, fenced everywhere by the horizon. India is as large as all Europe, excepting Russia. The question will rise in the minds of the thoughtful, how is it possible to govern such a country by means apparently so inadequate? It is easily answered. The strifes arising in a division of tongues are the cause. There is comparative unity in language in all countries ruling themselves.

India is divided into hostile factions, Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Sikhs, Parsees, Christians, worshippers of the sun and moon, all intermixed and none of them governed by that charity which tolerates the liberty in others which they desire for themselves. Through these race and caste hostilities united England can, by an army of 70,000, govern 250,000,000 people. The power which now aspires to govern India is Christianity. It proposes to do this by giving her a new and better regulated life, whose nature is unity, and which can fit her to govern herself politically, for whoever has learned to govern morally will obtain the best political institutions. Christianity is not an adventurer in India, nor an intruder. It probably reached its shores in the first century, certainly in the second. Tradition says it entered by the Apostle Thomas. The Syncan of Malabar still calls its members Christians of Saint Thomas. Pantaenus, the famous head of the Catechetical school at Alexandria, A. D. 180, heard

from Egyptian sailors that there were Christians in India, and went forth himself as a missionary there. At the Council of Nice, A. D. 325, one of the assembled bishops was Johannes, Metropolitan of Persia and the great India. A little later Athanasius sent Frumentius to India as Bishop. When Vasco de Gama reached India by sea, round the Cape, in 1498, he found flourishing Nestorian churches in South India, which, though holding many errors, knew nothing of the Papacy and Virgin homage.

An army of Portuguese priests came in, and in many places the native Christians submitted to the Romish yoke. In 1541 Francis Xavier landed at Goa and found signs of Portuguese Christianity in a magnificent cathedral and a resident bishop, &c. His successors debauched all religion, converted men by force, all the married priests were deposed, a doctrine of transubstantiation and worship of the Virgin enforced and the Inquisition established. In 1654 a metropolitan, who was sent from Antioch for the Bishop of Malabar in the Syrian Church, was burnt at Goa as a heretic. Another of famous name sent from Rome in this connection was Robert d Nobili, a nephew of Cardinal Bellarmine. They swore that they were Brahmins, and so great was the scandal of their evangelizing proceedings that Pope Benedict XIV., by a Bull in 1742, forbade many of their practices. England was sinfully apathetic, and for more than one hundred years after the founding of the East India Company no missionary had been sent to this dependency. Nor was the East India Company any better, morally, than the heathen, for through nearly all its existence it opposed every effort introducing Christianity and throttled the best men of the time, who found them

worse obstacles than the heathen themselves. They were eighty years in this country before a church was built. A new charter, given in 1698, required the Company to provide a chaplain in every garrison and principal factory, and enjoined on such chaplains the duty of learning the language in order to instruct the Gentoos, who should be servants or slaves of said Company, in the Protestant religion.

The honor of sending the first missionaries belongs to Frederick IV., of Denmark. The Danes had a settlement at Tranquebar on the south-east coast of India, and to this in 1705 sailed Bartholomew Ziengenbalg and Henry Plutscho, gifted and devoted men. They did a remarkable work, translating the New Testament into Tamil, and were the first to attempt to give the Scriptures to India. Above all others Schwartz did the greatest work, extending it into South India, and many thousands of converts were gathered; both these Germans and Danes were Lutherans. No man ever had on Indian soil greater influence over the people in every respect than Schwartz. The British authorities sought his aid in dealing with native Rajahs, in settling political and social questions, and Hyder Ali himself, the Mohammedan tyrant of Mysore, said, when the English wished to treat with him, "They could send me the Christian Schwartz. I can trust him." One of the few noble things which the East India Company did was to give an order to Bacon, the *sculptor*, for a statue of Schwartz, and sent it to be erected in the Fort church in Madras. From 1793 to 1813 the East India Company would not tolerate missionaries.

In 1793 William Carey, the founder of the Baptist Missionary Society and the pioneer of modern mis-

sions in India, arrived at Calcutta in a Danish vessel, having been refused a passage in one of the East India Company's ships. He began by managing an indigo factory, while preparing for his future work. In 1797 four comrades arrived, two of whom were Marshman and Ward, but they had to seek a location in the Danish settlement of Serampore, and there, three years later, Carey joined them and established, under the flag of Denmark, the famous Serampore mission. In 1812 a party of American missionaries, who arrived at Calcutta, were expelled from the country. One of these was Judson, who ultimately found his way to Birmah and established the Baptist mission with such blessed results. The Company was not wholly master of the situation however, for five of the chaplains, which the government compelled them to have, became wonderful workers and have left illustrious names. These were David Brown, Claudius Buchanan, Henry Martyn, Daniel Corrie and Thomas Thomason, all of whom had imbibed the spirit of the pious Simeon, of Cambridge. Indirectly from this influence came to Simeon the idea of the Church Missionary Society.

In 1813 the East India Company's charter was renewed, and William Wilberforce, after a terrible battle, supported by the popular Christian voice of England, got a clause inserted, to wit, "That it is the duty of this country to promote the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British dominions in India, and that such measures ought to be adopted as may tend to the introduction among them of useful knowledge and of religious and moral improvement, and that sufficient facilities shall be afforded by law to persons going to and remaining in India for the purpose

of accomplishing these benevolent designs." The succeeding twenty years saw the rooting of many successful efforts. The London Missionary Society and the Baptist Societies of England and America extended their work into the north-west and the Baptists into Bengal. The two American missionaries expelled from Calcutta settled in Bombay. The Wesleyans began in the south in 1816. The Church Missionary Society sent out seven missionaries in the years following, one of whom was the first English clergyman who went to India under a Missionary Society. The Orissa mission of the General Baptists was begun in 1822. A Scotch mission was begun at Bombay in 1825.

In the next twelve years more rooting of mission work was done. The Church Missionary Society organized the Kushnagar mission in 1831. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel founded the mission of Cawnpore in 1833; the Basle mission in Malabar and the American Board mission in Madura in 1834; the American Baptist in Telugu in 1835; the American Presbyterian mission in the North-west Provinces in 1836; the Irish Presbyterian mission in Guzerat, the Leipsic Lutheran mission in the Carnatic, the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist mission in the north-east of Bengal, the American Baptist mission in Assain, the Berlin mission in Behar in 1841; Gosner's mission to the Kols in 1846; the American Presbyterian mission to the Punjab in 1849; the American Reformed Dutch in Arcot in 1850; the Church Missionary Society in Himalaya, Sindh and the Punjab on the Afghan frontier from 1847 to 1853.

Another progressive departure was made in 1822. Miss Cook, of the Church Missionary Society, began

a mission at Calcutta among women and girls, which was the incipient movement in the great zenana missions of the present. Again in 1830 there was another effort whose pulses throb through India to this hour. This was the work of the afterwards illustrious Dr. Duff, who started the first high class Anglo-Vernacular mission school in India, and by these two movements chiefly the upper classes have been reached. Dr. Duff's converts have moved the heart of communities, and those so moved have been the leaders in native Christendom to this hour. The same kind of work was carried on by the Scottish missionaries, Wilson and Anderson. The Established and Free Churches of Scotland have wrought successfully to the same benign results. In 1822 in the English Established Church a great impulse was given to the work in the succession to the Bishopric of the saintly Heber, the poet missionary, as illustrious in the one quality as the other. He ordained the first native clergyman, Abdul Masih, who had been converted under Martyn, and had labored under Corrie.

Religious public opinion again in 1833 forced the East Indian Company into other concessions, through the faithfulness of Grant, the younger, and Lord Bentinck, then Governor-General. In this year Grant's famous despatch was penned, which not only startled the East India Company but all Europe, forbidding the government to be sponsor for heathenism. The government was no longer to act as church warden to Juggernaut, no longer to raise a revenue by temple dues, no longer to take part in heathen processions and fire salutes in honor of heathen gods. The prohibition of widow burning, child sacrifice and public self-torture followed, and a law preventing a con-

vert to Christianity from forfeiting his property succeeded these. But this godless Company set itself to oppose most of these reforms, which was brought to a sudden crisis in 1837, when Sir Perigrine Maitland, Commander-in-Chief of the Madras army, resigned his office rather than pay official honor to an idol. The indignation among Christians in India and in England was so overwhelming that the East India Company had to carry out the reforms, ostensibly at least, though the mischief wrought by it did not end here.

Dr. Duff's influence was now uppermost, and Governor Lord Bentinck decided a bitter controversy in favor of an English education in the higher schools as against an education merely in the venacular and Sanscrit. This led to the celebrated despatch of Sir C. Wood, drafted by the present Lord Northbrook, establishing Indian Universities and a system of grants in aid to mission and other schools, which would give sufficient moral and secular instructions. This is an outline of religious causes in aggressive operation in 1857, the year of the mutiny, which divides all Anglo-Indian history into two parts. We shall survey these events only through mission lights and shadows. Only in the north was the work disturbed at all; there almost every mission station was destroyed. The English Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, American Baptists and Presbyterians suffered alike; only in the three latter, however, were lives lost. The American missions alone have the honor of most of the martyrdoms and of the illustrious native Christians who died like their teachers rather than abjure their faith. But again the blood of the martyr was not only the seed of the Church, but its living heart impulse as well, for

this mutiny shook the tree of life that it might take wider and stronger root-hold in the soil soaked in blood, and also enlarge its trunk and lengthen its branches.

Here again the incarnate heathenism in this English corporation appears in the mischief it infused. The native soldiers who did so much to save the Empire to England came only out of the district ruled by decidedly Christian officers of the army and statesmen of like distinctive principles. The Punjab was ruled by such Christian men as the Lawrences and those like-minded under them. But best of all for Christ, his crown and kingdom, the mutiny was the funeral service of the East India Company, for in 1858 the Queen assumed the direct government of her greatest dependency and announced the fact by Royal Proclamation, in which the broadest principles of Christian liberty were affirmed and Christianity for the first time avowed by the supreme ruler of the land.

The reader will be helped by the statistics of Protestant Missionary Societies in India to a better understanding of the work, and the following are appended:

Native Christians.	*Adherents.*	*Communicants.*
Church Mission Society,	98,993	21,071
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,	80,812	19,658
London Missionary Society,	55,138	5,480
Wesleyan Mission Society,	3,591	1,206
Baptist Mission Society,	9,594	3,101
Church of Scotland Missions,	2,621	1,251
United Presbyterian Missions,	773	394
Irish Presbyterian Missions,	1,852	248
Welsh Calvinistic Methodists,	2,763	440
Church of England,	876	261
Others,	4,615	1,611
Total,	262,771	55,124

Continental.	*Natives.*	*Communicants.*
Basle Missionary Society,	7,893	3,866
India Home Mission to the Santals,	3,702	2,000
Gosner's Missionary Society,	32,300	10,812
Leipsic Lutheran Society,	12,272	4,256
Miscellaneous,	905	341
Total,	56,377	21,275

American.	*Natives.*	*Communicants.*
Canadian Baptists,	1,818	854
American Board,	13,816	4,209
American Episcopal Methodist,	7,054	3,089
American Presbyterian,	2,403	1,268
American Reformed Dutch,	5,285	1,484
American Baptists,	57,070	22,599
American Lutheran,	8,695	2,663
Miscellaneous,	1,583	850
Total,	97,724	36,926
Grand Total,	417,372	113,325
Roman Catholics,	1,088,309	

CHAPTER II.

BOMBAY.

THE English obtained in 1613, from the Emperor Jahangir, their first charter enabling them to start a factory in that city, and Bombay Island was ceded to the English crown in 1661 as part of the dower of the Infanta Catharine on her marriage to Charles II. In 1668 the King handed over this unprofitable acquisition to the newly formed East India Company for a small annual payment. For more than a century the position of the English at Bombay was that only of traders who had successfully infringed the monopoly of the Portuguese and Dutch, but were effectually hemmed in on the landward side by the Marathas.

In 1817 the battle of Kirkee terminated the Peshaas rule, and the Bombay Presidency was augmented by the greater part of its present territory. Parsis, descendants of the old fire worshippers of Persia, victims of Moslem intolerance, migrated to India in the seventh century. They are noted for their intelligence and wealth and commercial and social influence, the most Europeanized of all native communities in India. Freedom from caste hindrances has given them many advantages. They have taken the lead in education. The religion of the Parsees has superseded Buddhism in many places. The wonder of their religion is in the beauty of their temples with which, in the eleventh century, they adorned all their sacred sites in Guzerat. They have many points of belief in common with the Buddhists. Like the Buddhists they are strictly Atheists, believing in no Supreme Ruler. As their name implies they are followers of the Iran, vanquishers of vice and virtue, men whom they believe to have obtained Nirvana, or emancipation from the power of transmigration.

The location of Bombay is remarkable. It was formerly one of a group of islands off the Koukan coast, but was long ago connected by causeways and breakwaters with the Island of Salsette, and so continuously with the mainland. It is the queen city of the East in the beauty of its surroundings and the wealthiest through its commercial advantages. The approach from the sea is really magnificent. The sky line is marked and vision is limited by the Western Ghautts. Bombay is entered through one of the finest harbors in the world, studded with islands and jutting precipices, whose adornment is in the sails and flags on the ships of all nations. It is a wonder in the

varieties of language, habits and costumes of its peoples. It is the most remarkable Eastern city in its educational advantages. Its political and social activities have been equally great. The district covers an area of 5,940 square miles, with a population of 781,206. In connection with its many missions and schools for the neglected it will be of interest to our readers to know where the men came from who followed Livingstone through Africa and watched him in his last prayer, who carried his remains seven months through marshes and rivers and over mountains until they brought the precious treasure safe to Westminster Abbey. Jacob Wainright and his companions were reared and educated in the African Asylum in Bombay, which was started in 1853 for the reception and training of liberated slaves, since transferred to Sahrunpore, where it continued until the government changed its disposition of these slaves. Two hundred of these were educated, many returning to Eastern Africa to join the Christian settlement at Freetown.

In the Presidency is the Marathi mission of the American Board, inaugurated in 1813, and laboring in Bombay. The Established Church of Scotland in Bombay began in 1825. The Free Church mission, founded by Dr. Wilson and his colleagues at the time of the Disruption, is carrying on operations here. Poonah Nagpur, Basle, German Mission Society; Irish Presbyterian mission at Guzerat, south-east of Lahore; American Methodist at Bombay, Poonah, Boroda, Ahmedabad; American Presbyterian Board at Kalapore.

NATIVE RELIGIOUS REFORMERS.

The Vaishnaves lay stress on faith, while the Saivas rely on works. Chaitanya, from 1485 to 1527,

preached the sufficiency of faith without works, and it is a strange coincidence that he did so in India while Luther was doing the same in Europe. But the result was in the backing. Luther had the inspired Word of God to guide him, and his faith being in a holy and loving Saviour produced love and holiness of life. Chaitanya spent his life in ejaculations, and his doctrines were nullified by the excesses of his followers. Still more famous was Nanach, the founder of the Sikh sect, who endeavored to combine the best features of Mohammedanism and Hinduism. The most recent and remarkable is that known as the Brahmo Somaj. As Sikhism is midway between Hinduism and Mohammedanism so Brahmoism is midway between Hinduism and Christianity, and is the result of English teachings and life. Its founder was Ramonohun Roy, a man of the highest talents, who died while on a visit to England in 1883. He made selections of what he thought best in the Vedas and the Christian Scriptures, and framed out of them a kind of Unitarianism. His successor, Debendra Nath Tagore, receded from this position and followed the Vedas only. In 1865 the Society split, the old President and his disciples calling themselves the original Somaj, while the progressive party followed the younger leader, the well-known Keshub Chunder Sen. For a time the progressists seemed to lead and to be near the kingdom of heaven. They called themselves a Church, adopted Christian terms, such as justification, sanctification, regeneration, &c., and in a wonderful lecture, delivered in Calcutta in 1866, on "Jesus Christ, Europe and Asia," in glowing speech he enlarged upon the greatness of Christ and his crucifixion, until the hopes of Indian Christendom were uplifted. But

he stopped here, and not to progress is to go back, which he did, and the next heard of him is that he is placing Jesus Christ on a level with Mohammed, Nanach, Chaitanya and others of like stamp.

His system was only a blown bubble with the reflection of Christianity upon it. He had no true sense of sin and his salvation was only a luxury, not a medicine, not a life. He lost hold on many who saw nothing in him or his system. In 1877 many opposers found fault with him for giving a daughter under fourteen years of years in marriage to an Hindu (not a Brahmo) under sixteen, in contradiction of his own solemn teachings, and many of his ablest followers seceded, led by Babu A. M. Bose, M.A., a Cambridge wrangler, who formed another Society called the Sadharon Constitutional Brahma Samja. In 1881 Keshub made another departure with sacraments and liturgical worship, in strange imitation of Christianity. In January, 1884, he died. The system has adherents in the principal towns in India among the educated natives, who have abjured Hinduism, but have not espoused Christianity. The native religions are the fruits of human intellect, they have done their best, but they have all miserably failed, and it seems as if all possible human conceits have been exhausted now. As a learned and venerable Hindu has remarked, "Hinduism is sick unto death."

CHAPTER III.

THE BEAUTIES AND FASCINATIONS OF BOMBAY.

AS one stands on the Apollo Bunder and looks out on the expanse of the splendid harbor novel sights intrude and command thought and admiration. The coast line is backed by scalloped-shaped mountains running in waving, graceful lines, in several places shooting up into shapes of domes and towers. The homes of shaggy and rugged mountains have been left behind in the west. In this harbor variety crowns all, and beauty and variety are always twins. There are conical-shaped islands towering far above the level of the water surfaces, clothed in brown speckled with green, and adorned by the peerless palms, which toss their waving plumes in the misty air. These islands vary in size, some being no more than abiding monuments to the upheavals of the earth's crust and the erosions of storms and waves. Others are utilized and are used as places of hospitals, or for sheltering and unloading ships, and others for the habitation of men. Across the bay is an island with a mountain crest along whose base are the humble habitations of men, and under whose luxuriant and tangled foliage are the abodes of serpents and wild beasts; a place of enchanting beauty, fragrant with the odors of choice flowers and matchless in beauty of color. On this island, six miles across the bay from the city, is Garapuri, "town of purification," or Garapuri, "town of excavation," called Elephanta first by the Portuguese. This was

suggested by the appearance of a huge rock-cut elephant, which stood on a knoll a little east of the ancient village of Garapuri.

Crossing this bay we found the heat even under cover to be frightful, only the movement of the air by the tug made it bearable. The vessel was landed at the end of a pier built of concrete blocks about ten feet wide and from ten to twelve high, running out into the bay several hundred yards to a place where boats can land at ebb tide. After this a flight of stone steps is reached, leading up the face of a terrace, which brings before the vision a panorama, the grandeur of which must beget a succession of sensations which can never adequately voice themselves to the understanding of any other mind. From this the mountain is ascended by a series of stone steps eight feet wide with a parapet wall at each end; each of the series of steps is a gradually upward inclined plain by which, alternately with the steps, a mountain of four hundred feet perpendicular elevation is scaled. But the beauties of the way abstracted all distress from the stifling heat. Luxuriant vines with swaying branches hung upon the wide spreading arms of the banyan trees, arching the way and giving shade and beauty to the eye. All along were rhododendrons in magnificent proportions, oleanders ten feet high, and other growths of the tropics for which we have no names. Rising out of these clusters are the stately palms in their native places, the most beautiful and graceful trees in the world. The trunks are not often more than six or seven inches in diameter; they rise from sixty to ninety feet, growing gently larger as they near the top, out of which, as from a capital on a graceful column, spring the feather-like branches

fifteen to twenty feet long, waving to the gentlest zephyrs. These palms are beautiful, but not alike an unmixed blessing; some of them bear the luscious milkful cocoanut, so nutritious and luxurious; others are tapped at the top and give a milk which in a day is charged with alcohol and is maddening in its effects, more intoxicating from the fermentation of a few days than ordinary grain whiskey. The intoxicant is gathered by tapping just under the boughs, and jars are suspended to receive it. It is not an easy thing to reach them suspended to a limbless trunk, often eighty feet high and six or seven inches in diameter.

But ingenuity in the service of strong drink overcomes all physical resistances; little notches are hacked into the bodies of the trees, into which this most nimble people in the world plant their toes and ascend or descend more quickly than an European over a ladder. They go up with the nimbleness and agility of cats. Monkeys have found the qualities of this fermented milk and have been known to get gloriously drunk on it, and then their drunken pranks make men appreciate how uncomfortably alike man and the monkey are, not by the monkey's coming up to the man, but by the man's drunken descent to the monkey. In this country, where the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is written on all things, the most natural and plausible phase of it is that the souls of men degraded in the past appear again in the baboon. The monkey when drunk will convince the most sceptical that he is a "played-out man."

On this island are birds of every plume and song, eagles, peacocks with out-spread feathered glories, serpents of every form and fang. Here reign the most active and beneficent forms of life; here death

watches to destroy life in its highest strength, joy and beauty. As the top of the mountain is reached a great ravine appears, the soil and rocks cut down together until a level area of two hundred feet square is reached, from which the excavations are made for the wonderful rock temples, which will be described sufficiently to give a general idea of its proportions and grandeur. An idea can be formed in the fact that at the start there is a perpendicular face of solid trap rock, without seam or lamination, rising about sixty feet from the platform gained by cutting into the hill. In this solid trap rock the temple has been made by human hands alone. It is the work of the sledge, mallet and chisel, and has cost as much labor as the building of the Pyramids of Egypt, and is in many respects a greater wonder of the sacrifice of mind, muscle and perseverence. The temple consists of two parts, a central hall about ninety feet square, four aisles or vestibules, each sixteen feet high and fifty-four feet long. The roof which bears the top of the mountain up, not less than one hundred perpendicular feet of rock and clay, is supported on twenty-six pillars, eight of them now broken, and sixteen pilasters. These have been cut out of the solid rock, as have been all the chambers and images. The columns that sustain the weight of the mountain are exquisitely wrought into flutings and figures, and as the rock roof is not entirely level the columns are from fifteen to seventeen feet high, round, fluted, octagonal, plain and square, two and a half or more feet at the lower end, resting on a wider base three feet square.

Entering the chamber its object is made apparent as a place of worship by the colossal three-headed bust on the south wall. This colossal form reaches the full

height of the chamber, fifteen feet, and is cut from the same dark trap rock, as hard as the hardest flag stones from the Hudson, used for pavements in the United States. This bust represents Shiv, or Siva, who is the leading character in all the groups in this rock-hewn temple. The front face is Shiv in the character of Brahma, the creator; the east face is Shiv in the character of Rudra, the destroyer; the face on the west side is that of Shiv in the character of Vishnu, the preserver; the face in the centre is gentle and reposeful. In the hand of Brahma is a citron, an emblem of the womb, the productive organ of all life. Brahma's right hand has been smitten off by a vandal, the breast is adorned by imitations, cut in the hard stone, of a necklace of pearls, and below it is a richly wrought breast ornament, whose lower border is festooned with imitations of pearls. The head dress is in the form of the dome curl style, on the top of which is a royal tiara exquisitely carved. The face of Shiv as Rudra, or the destroyer, has upon the brow a round output, above the nose, of carbuncle style, representing a third eye. The face is hard, its muscles drawn into determination and Roman in expression. He is smiling at a cobra, which is twisted round his arms, and with outstretched hood looks into his eye. He is ornamented with the peculiar symbols of Shiv, a human skull over the temple, a leaf of the *glorioso suburba*, or a branch of the milk bush. His hair is made of twisted snakes ending in the central figure of a cobra in wrathful attitude and expanded hood.

The other figure said to be Shiv in the character of Vishnu, the preserver, holding a lotus flower, has a face gentle and serene. At the door are other rock-formed figures; Hindu door-keepers leaning on smaller

demons. Ardhanareshvar is a compartment or one of the series of the triumvira. In it is a gigantic four-armed, half-male and half-female figure representing *Ardhanareshvar*, that is, the God which combines the active or manlike, and Shiv, the passive or womanlike principles in nature. This figure, sixteen feet and nine inches high, leans to the right, or male side, and rests on the bull *Nandi* with one of its forearms. The right side has a crescent, which, together with the cobra with its outstretched hood, was a symbol of the Ling worship. Each arms holds a mirror. On the right of the figure is Brahma on his lotus throne, supported by five servants, and his five faces are visible. Near to Shiv is Indra, Lord of the firmament, riding on his heavenly elephant. In his left hand he carries the thunderbolt. On the other side of Shiv Vishnu is seen riding on his carrier, half-man and half-eagle, called Garud.

In another department are two gigantic figures of Shiv and Parvati. Shiv has a high cap, on which are sculptured the crescent and other emblems, and from it rises a cup or shell in which is a singular three-headed female figure representing the three sacred rivers, Ganges, Jumna and Saresvati. According to Hindu legend the Ganges flowed from the head of Shiv. On the left of Shiv is Parvati in graceful attitude; on his right are Brahma and Indra; on Parvati's left Vishnu on Garud. The most sacred object in this temple is, as usual, the most indecent. It is the Ling shrine, the most adored and most worshipped. It is a large stone representation of the prolific part of the male. There is in another chamber of this temple, on the western aisle, a symbolical group, cut from the same hard stone out of which the

temple and its belongings have been chiselled, the representation of the marriage of Shiv and Parvati. The figure of Parvati is one of the most symmetrical in proportion in the whole temple. Facing this marriage scene is one of the most remarkable of all the sculptures. The main figure represents Shiv in the terrible form assumed when he heard from his first wife, Sita, that he was not invited to a sacrifice given by her father. The face is marked by succeeding flashes of passion, and across the left shoulder and down on the thigh hangs a rosary of human heads.

In another chamber may be seen the sculptured forms of Shiv and Parvati seated together, surrounded with groups of male and female divinities showering down flowers from above. The rock is cut into various shapes to represent the clouds that rest on the summits of Karlas. Back from the sculptured forms of Shiv and Parvati is a maternal figure of a woman carrying her babe on her hip, a custom still universal in India. This infant is believed to be the born Gunputi, afterwards the elephant-headed God of Wisdom.

A little beyond is the chamber in which is a representation in stone of the attempt of Raven, the Demon King of Ceylon, to remove Karlas, the heavenly mountain. Raven has ten heads and arms, and is with his back to the spectator. Shiv with eight arms is seen by Karlas with Parvati on his right and obsequious votaries in the back-ground. This is a general description, it would be only tiresome to go into further particulars. It has rightly a place among the wonders of the world, having cost more genius, time, labor, life and its agonies than the great Pyramid, though not so old, and its purposes are better defined.

The age of this temple cannot be traced. It was hewn in the solid trap rock of the mountain, with all its wonderful sculptured forms and groups cut, as the chambers were made, out of the same material as it stood in the rock, whose formation in time God only knows. Its history goes no further back than the ninth century, giving the temple an antiquity of about one thousand years. The greatest vandalism has been perpetrated here by both the Portuguese and Mohammedans. The religion of the latter is a blind hate of every beautiful form, the creation of human genius, as being the representation of something divine. There are two more temples on the island, but insignificant compared with this, and are not worth the labor and patience of a description. The day spent in this temple and its surroundings was one of the most wearisome, yet delightful, in India, all of its impressions were fresh and overpowering; here both nature and art had done their sublimest work, the combined glories of both staggered thought. The social intercourse of the day was delightful, and for its opportunities we were indebted to Captain Millar, of the "Clan Buchanon," in company with the missionaries, Rev. Mr. Abbott and the Misses Millard and Lyman.

There are other rock-hewn temples, or, as now genererally called, caves, about Bombay, that lead us back to companionships with those of more than a thousand years gone from the earth. It is a strangely interesting and pensive mode of intercourse with the forgotten to be following past life through its tracings on the stony pages of earth's structure. About fifteen miles distant there are one hundred and nine of these caverns in one rock-built hill, but Furgusson says they are less interesting, at

Ajuntah, Ellora or Karli. Of all the cave temples known Karli is the largest and most complete hitherto discovered in India. It is suggestive of a Christian church in its shape and arrangements, having a nave and side aisles terminating in an apse or semi-dome, around which the aisles are curved. The dimensions of the interior are one hundred and twenty-six feet from the entrance to the back wall, by forty-five feet seven inches in width. The side aisles are not so wide as is common in churches. The height is forty-two feet from the floor to the apex. Fifteen pillars on each side separate the nave from the aisles; each pillar has a tall base, an octagonal shaft, and richly ornamented capital, on which two elephants are in kneeling attitude, each bearing two figures, generally a man and a woman, but sometimes female figures alone.

The sculptures on the capital supply the place usually occupied by the frieze and cornice in Grecian architecture. Under the semi-dome of the apse and near the place of the altar in Christian churches is placed the dagoba, which in this place is a plain dome, slightly stiled on a circular dome. Opposite the dagoba is an entrance and three doorways under a gallery, over which the whole end of the chambers open, forming a great window in the shape of a horse shoe, through which all the light into the cave temple is admitted. The antiquity of this work is doubtful, whether older than the great work of Elephanta cannot be certainly told, although there appears in this last some features which are decidedly Roman, but Roman architecture is itself not a creation of Italy, but a modification, adaptation and creation. There is no doubt, however, that this work is nearly one thousand years old.

Cremation is too old in India to excite either notice or comment. It is as much a part of their system as the Lord's Prayer is of the Christian. Following the Queen's Road in Bombay, where on all sides the eyes are feasted with nature's attractions, suddenly a dreary wall closes up one side of the way, over which are drifting on the sluggish breezes clouds of black, pitchy smoke of sickening odors. This introduces one to the primitive cremations of the heathen Hindus, the way they send their dead to heaven on chariots of disgusting smoke. The souls of the defunct strike out for better tabernacles or pig styes, according to their several predestinations. The burning is done over open wood fires and goes on constantly, and is a veritable reproduction of Ghehenna. One is convinced that even the disposition of the poor relics of a diseased and worn-out humanity can be rendered more tolerable by some style, and while its ways in Christian countries may sometimes be expensive and inconvenient and poverty and selfishness alike cry, "Why was this waste?" it is still for the moral benefit and self-respect of the race that it spends its money for decency. Nature abhors even her own dissolving elements and diverts attention from the offensive processes, substituting for them the attractiveness of life.

Beyond this dismal place is one of the many beautiful views of this ever changeful country; a great stretch of the bay invites the eye and admiration, on which is now being erected the new Free Church of Scotland's College, a splendid fabric, to which the Indian government has contributed with a liberal hand. The building is being erected under its super-

vision. It is of stone and the work is as admirable as art can make it. The government gave the ground at a nominal value and contributed to the building, and receives the money of the Scotch mission obtained for the purpose, and when completed turns it over for use. Dr. McKicken, the President, is an accomplished scholar and educator, a genuine Scotchman in his hearty hospitality. A half day was spent in his delightful society at his home and in visiting his several schools. The old College of Dr. Wilson was seen full of young men and boys, who showed good progress in their studies. This famous old College is to be kept for a preparatory school when the new building is finished. In the old College is a portrait of the most learned and beloved man of his time in India, whose impress is still upon all its progressive thought. The President's compound and the houses on it are to be turned into a Female Seminary, a splendid situation, and capable of development into any form which the needs of the growing institution shall in the future require. The old site had to be given up on account of the encroachments of the abominable social vices of India, and the Europeans come in for a large share of this infamy. The entire neighborhood is given over to this unspeakable degradation.

When the ascent of Malabar Hill is gained the view on every side is incomparable in qualities that only can be found in the Orient. The West furnishes nothing even suggesting it, nothing as a comparison —it is all new and surprising. The Governor's house is one of those palace-like Indian houses, so filled with the outside that there is scarcely any inside, it being only a slight obstruction to all "out-doors." The streets are narrow, but the grounds on each side are

enchanting, and in the midst, grateful to the sight in a dry and thirsty land, is the sacred pool in the centre of a vast square entirely surrounded by temples, one of which is Walkeshwar Temple, one of the most sacred in all India. There are steps on every side of the pool leading up twenty perpendicular feet. Crowds of Hindus, male and female, in clothes of the brightest colors press around the brink, some plunge into the lake, others besprinkle themselves with the sacred fluid, others go upon their knees into a state of contemplation, and others limber up into the devoutest fervor.

Beggary is the principle business near the temple with the Brahmins. The fakir is on duty exhibiting his dirt, his recommendation as an heir of heaven; a scaley disciple is he, with an arm raised aloft, stiffened and withered. He shakes his necklace of bones and scorns the alms which he has begged. Turning from these scenes, varied by the antics of disgusting humanity, one rises to the crest of Malabar Hill, and within vision is one of the most awe-inspiring scenes that the world affords. Below is the indescribable dreamy air, in which are the waving feathery blades of a great grove of tall and graceful palms with crowned heads, the born aristocrats of the Oriental forests. They stand on this field or valley, skirted by the Crescent Hill, straight as arrows, from sixty to one hundred feet high, swaying to the moving breath of the winds as whip-stocks bending and then righting themselves; bowing to the earth and then lifting themselves into majesty in the serenest skies. But here again surpassing beauty in nature and the dissolution of the tabernacles of a poor humanity contrast with each other.

From the eminence of a mountain, looking towards the sunsetting, are seen the picturesque Hills of the Mahratta bathed in a purple haze, emeralds arrayed in fringes of florescent beauty, and the great inlet to the sea known as the Harbor of Bombay. But to remind us of our impotence, the remnants of death are gathered together here. The Towers of Silence are reached. Before describing this strange mode and means of the disposal of the dead it will be necessary to speak of the origin, history and customs of this remarkable people in order to a clear understanding of this institution, peculiarly their own. The Parsees are followers of Zoroaster, who were driven from Persia, A. D. 720, by an Arab invasion. They emigrated to Guzerat and were there protected by the Rajah. They are a great commercial people and number in Bombay Presidency over seventy-two thousand, remarkable for ability and have unlimited credit. They are benevolent, hospitable and scholarly, and begging is unknown among them, one case being considered a reproach upon the whole community. In Bombay they have about forty charitable institutions. Polygamy is forbidden except when no children are born, or in case of infidelity upon the part of the wife. The women are beautiful, exquisitely neat in person, and the wealthy classes richly dressed in flowing Oriental costumes of linen, silk and gold. They are kindly treated and are not secluded in harems, having many social privileges. Their widows are permitted to marry.

When the Parsee rises in the morning he says his prayers with face turned toward the sun, rubs his face with the urine of a cow as a specific against evil spirits; he then bathes his whole person and dresses himself

in clean garments. His costume is a shirt worn next the skin, which is considered sacred, a vest of fine linen, loose trousers of cotton, silk or satin, and a long coat reaching to the knees, which is bound at the waist by a silken cord which encircles it three times and is knotted in front. A high, wedge-shaped hat, sometimes of shining black oil-cloth and sometimes speckled, completes the costume and is a distinguishing mark of the Parsee. They are fire worshippers, and the sacred flame which they believe Zoroaster brought from heaven is constantly cherished on consecrated altars. Their sacred writings are contained in the Zend Avesta. Of their religion there are two sects, the Shenshars and Kadmis, differing only in chronology, and not in points of faith, certain festivals being celebrated on different days by the two sects. To honor the dead is a religious duty, and all are required to spend the last ten days of the year in charitable deeds and prayers of thanksgiving. The purity of the faith has been somewhat contaminated by heathen surroundings, and idolatrous practices have crept in. A Reform Association was organized in 1852 for the purpose of restoring the pure faith of Zoroaster.

The priestly office is hereditary, though not obligatory upon the sons of priests. The priests are ignorant, though they can repeat the Zend, but active measures are now being used to educate and elevate them. The Parsees are eager for English manners, customs and education. It is their boast that an abandoned Parsee woman is not known. As they reverence fire they do not smoke, and never indulge in expectoration, as it is also a religious principle never to defile the works of God, earth, air, water or

fire. They have used finger bowls at meals for several thousand years. A Parsee must be born on the ground floor of the house, as one of the first principles of the faith is humility. At his death the body is carried to the ground floor where he was born. It is washed, sprinkled with perfumes, robed in clean white garments and laid upon a bier. A dog is brought in, whose last look at his master's face is supposed to drive away evil spirits. Prayers are said and his male friends pay their respects to the departed. He is then carried out and given to the hands of four pall-bearers, who have washed themselves and put on clean white garments. A procession follows to the fire sanctuary at the grounds which enclose the Towers of Silence. Prayers are offered, after which the body is delivered to the attendants, who place it in the Towers.

The Towers are located on Malabar Hill, approached by a fine road walled with cut stone. The banks of the Hill into which the carriage-way is cut are braced by stone work to keep them from sliding down. The highway of the dead is fringed with palms, banyans and other trees of almost endless varieties which this luxuriant land affords, while the paths from both glory and obscurity to the grave are brilliant and fragrant with ever blooming flowers. The ugliness of the monster death is modified or taken away. The grounds are entered through an imposing gateway, and the road up to the strange and silent Towers winds about through the crowning peaks, and through gardens of the choicest of earth's beauties. No botanical garden in America can reveal such variety, luxuriance and attractive display. Flitting shadows constantly move across the pathway, and one will in-

stinctively look up for the cause of even a passing cloud on all this beauty, and in so doing will see how strangely allied ugliness and supreme beauty can be in this vicissitudinous world. These shadows fall from the bodies and wings of vultures, to whose horrid feasts this entrancing scene belongs. They are kings in these gardens of beauty and terror. They are so well fed in this empire of their own that they attain enormous proportions. They utter a weird note, not unmusical in itself, but startling in the place of its echoes, and which seems to challenge the presence of the living among the Towers consecrated to the dismemberment of the dead. The mode of disposal of the dead by giving them to the vultures is the result of the strange Oriental philosophy which has saturated all thought on this subject. It is the doctrine of the transmigration both of the soul and the matter of the body of man. It is Protean in the Eastern mind and worked into every conceivable form of religious thought. Giving the body to the vultures is an effort to realize the idea that matter itself is always in vital existence and relations. The dead are immediately devoured, and the vulture, a more dignified creature and nearer man's size than the worm, gives his body its first vital movement in another form. So the dead have their first ride through the heavens in the maw of the vulture; as in cremation the substances of the body are liberated and set in motion and rise by fire.

The trees and walks are covered with the foul creatures, with eyes set downward in funeral attitude, as if conscious of the professional solemnities of the undertaker, "tender, trusty and true," saying to the intruders in mournful notes, "Go softly and don't dis-

turb the solemnities of the occasion." They were uncommonly lugubrious on the morning of our visit, no corpses had yet come in and our movements were too lively to be assuring; tears could be imagined in their eyes, glistening in the morning sunlight, because they had not yet received their Parsee breakfast. They were in a great state of expectation, for about a mile distant in the valley the skies were black with the moving concourse of their fellows, for a corpse was coming, borne on the shoulders of men. They knew it and had gone out to meet it, and were hovering about giving a gracious reception. These Towers, as they are called, are circular stone walls, the largest is about two hundred feet in diameter, about twenty-five feet high, finished with the notched battlements known by the designation of the "Walls of Troy." About ten feet from the top is a floor of iron grating, through the openings of which the bones may fall into a receptacle below. On these gratings the bodies are exposed to the dark winged sextons. The blood is conducted off by little gutters and not allowed to mingle with that of others. There is an opening in the walls through which the corpse is taken. At the head of the stairs leading to a platform stands the priest, who has had a funeral service in a little chapel near by; at the foot of these steps the friends part from the remains. The buzzards by their impatience are in favor of short farewells. The backs of the mourners are no more than turned when they are holding high carnival with delight, and screaming in contest with each other. In a few minutes every particle of flesh is stripped from the body, and after a few days the bone gatherers come and inspect their work. They collect the bones

from off the grated floor and put them in a central well. There are in this walled enclosure one large tower and two smaller ones. These are multiplied according as necessities require. In every tower are separate rows for men, women and children.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSION WORK AND PROGRESS IN BOMBAY.

THE first missionary work done in Bombay was by devoted chaplains of the English army, whose efforts and disappointments have been referred to in the first chapter of the outline history of India. The most successful work during seventy years of missionary endeavor in India has been done by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The pioneers of this Board encountered bitter opposition from the first, being driven from Calcutta by the East India Company in 1812. This apparent misfortune laid the foundation of the great movement in parts adjacent. The names of these workers, Rev. Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott, will ever linger about the altars of our faith, sanctifying its sacrifices and conquests. They were ordered away from Bombay also, but after suffering much and having procured their passage to England the heart of the Governor, Sir Even Nepean, relented, and permission was given them to work on December 21st, 1813. They showed their gratitude by their earnestness. In 1815 Rev. H. Bardwell gave himself to the publication work; but within three years all these laborers were dead or driven from the field by disease. The Rev. Mr. Hall became the next pillar of support, who not only taught and preached, but translated the Scriptures and tracts in Marathi, but he also fell at his post of cholera.

In 1831 Ahmednuggur was occupied by Messrs. Graves, Read and Hervey as an inland station, little dreaming of the importance this station would assume in the future. It is now one of the most vital centres in the movements of Christianity in all India, the seat of the Board's greatest schools, Colleges and Theological Seminary and strongest churches. It is the heart to the whole missionary system. The native missionaries are usually converted, educated and inspired for their work here. They had in these schools, at the first, native Pundits, but wrought constantly toward the point where they should have only Christian teachers, and for twenty-five years only Christian teachers have imparted instruction, religious and secular. It was in this inland station that Miss Farrar gained name and fame by her ability and devotion, during thirty-five years service, in organizing and conducting girls' schools, and by her untiring zeal hundreds, perhaps reaching into thousands, of these female scholars were brought into the kingdom of Christ. In the school for Christian girls in Ahmednuggur over one hundred and fifty pupils a year have been sheltered, fed and taught for years. In the sixty schools of the mission about twelve hundred scholars have been in yearly attendance.

The mission in Bombay is located in the Byculla district and consists of schools, publishing department, a home for girls and a church. The Rev. E. S. Hume is in charge of this mission. The schools are located on the property (in India called a compound), in which is the house of the missionary. It is a credit to the Board that it has provided so well for the health and comfort of its missionaries. There is a school for boys, into which we had access through the

solicitations of these cultivated, hospitable representatives of a great Church. The boys are orderly and studious to a remarkable degree, considering the enervating character of the climate most of the year. The schools have an arrangement with the government by which the scholars attaining the required grade of the government schools receive a proportion of its educational funds. This is a common arrangement in all the mission schools in India. The grant earned by this mission school through the government examination was forty per cent. of enlargement over previous years, and the moral condition is indicated in the fact that ten of the pupils have entered the Church. This school includes a primary, an intermediate and high school department, having in all twelve classes. Beside the studies required by the government the Bible is taught in each class and such practical work as will enable the scholars to make a living.

The boarding department is too small, and pupils have to be turned away because there is no room. The dormitory for the girls, under the care of Mrs. Hume, one of the most efficient and successful educators in any country, is quite inadequate to success and comfort, and is some distance from the mission premises and in a street of Mohammedan rowdies. It is as much a place for roughs in Bombay as the Five Points were in New York city forty years ago. The building is poor, but these young women are making the best use of it. They had painted the wood-work, whitewashed its old and dilapidated walls and smoothed its floors. We saw their dinner served, which consisted of rice and curry with a single vegetable. The entire expense was not more than five cents a day for each. In this

dormitory are living and messing together high caste Brahmins and low caste coolies and the despised outcast widows. Christianity in any measure is a great leveller, but it levels the lowly upward and the high-minded and haughty downward, so that rich and poor meet together because they are made to realize by Christianity that the Lord is the maker of them all. The beds of these girls and women consist of one piece of grass matting covered by a cotton quilt, a sheet and a pillow. These are spread on the clay floor, and even this poor outfit, in our eyes, is luxury in cleanliness and comfort compared with what the multitudes have about them.

It costs so little to bring heathen women into the habits of virtue and cleanliness, and the ways at least of Christianity, that it is strange, nay, cruel, that those who waste more every day than would support a half dozen of these women will not deny themselves useless, hurtful luxuries to give to them the bread and comforts of Christian life. The school under the care of Mrs. Hume is a model of the kind. The reception given to us was cordial. When we appeared within the doors all the school arose and greeted us in genuine Oriental fashion. They sang several of the gospel hymns in Marathi and English. It was a scene which readily touched the Christian heart to feel the thrill of Christian sympathy borne on the breath of melody from tongues so lately devoted only to the basest service of idolatry. It had something of reproach and chastisement in it, that we, whose souls are lighted, have so long to them the "lamp of life denied."

After their singing came a surprise quite confusing. A little boy and girl came forward with garlands of snowy-white jessamine and tuberoses and placed

them on our wrists. Then another came with garlands of jessamines and roses which they put over our heads and over one arm in the style of a shoulder sash, and all through these flowers were little spangles of looking-glass about the size of a silver dollar, the mirror, enclosed in a brass frame like children's imitation watches, producing a beautiful effect. The air was loaded with the perfume of the garland, and the faces of the pupils were full of smiles. After another song a speech was called for from the man bound in wreaths of flowers; the symbolical meaning of which he interpreted as binding the heart of Christian America to India, and the exchange with her of the joys of the Christianity to add to her wonderful natural beauties and dispel her soul-darkness. A like performance had been the joy of the evening before, on the occasion of the advent of two lady teachers, one from Minneapolis, Minn., and the other from Montreal, Canada, the answer to long praying, pleading and hoping on the part of the missionaries for help. When the glad day came they did well to be merry over it.

Mrs. Hume is a tireless and efficient worker, and has had always enough of it from her childhood, as **she was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Chandler, a** devoted missionary, known and still remembered in India, and being thus to the manor born her knowledge will always keep her harnessed to all the duties she can discharge. Help in many ways is needed in this work; a cabinet organ for the school is an important item, and we hope some of the Congregational host will give themselves the joy of sending it; fifty dollars will nowhere buy so much blessing and happiness. Garments are needed for the scholars, and those

worn, if cut and resewed, would not only give comfort, but delight to these children's hearts, and incline them to a religion that does not forget childhood. Pretty books, pictures and toys for Christmas are needed; a five cent toy or picture given to a heathen child may, trifling as it may seem, placate and draw into kindly relations to the Church, and sooner or later lead it into it.

In the eight Bombay schools there are sixty-five Christian boys and sixty Christian girls, the total number of scholars, three hundred and thirty-four. The Sunday-school work is quite satisfactory in the mission church, which is attended by fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, and a large number of heathen children. All the classes sing in the Marathi, led by Mrs. Hume, accompanying their voices with the organ. All are taught in this language except one class in English. Mr. Hume teaches a large class of men and his wife one as large of women; other teachers have classes according to their aptitude and age. There is a school at the Sasson Reformatory where the boys have been imprisoned for petty offences. There is a class of one hundred and thirty of these boys, who listen attentively to the instructions from the Bible.

There is another school of Hindu women of the lowest caste. These poor souls sit on the ground and listen to the story of the birth, life, sorrow and death of Jesus Christ. These heathen women have no Sabbath, every day is prolonged drudgery, yet they come at night, lugging a baby on their waist, and often leading another by the hand, to pick up the crumbs that fall from the more favored children's table in Christian lands. There is

a Sunday-school at Satara of one hundred and twenty-five boys taught by Mrs. Bruce. The number is kept up by the use of the picture tracts of the Tract Society, nothing is more attractive to children in heathen lands, and enough are wasted in our homes in America to attract and keep together hundreds of children here. Besides, how small a matter it would be to send a thousand of these little pictures on which could be printed a verse of Scripture in their own language, which might become a seed corn to the saving of souls. One of the most touching things in connection with this work and the desire of these heathen children to learn is a little Sunday-school at Augar kept up by the children themselves; one of them reading or telling some Bible stories to the others, and each bringing a little offering, smaller than a half-cent, but God can make it great.

Any thing that concerns the life of the illustrious Dr. Livingstone will ever be of interest to Christian hearts, and those faithful black men who followed him through all his dangers and were his companions through the trackless jungles and deserts, who never deserted him in life or death, must be sharers of his immortality. These men were educated and brought to Christ in a mission school near Bombay, sustained for these African waifs, often rescued or escaped from slave ships. We read with wonder of the children of Israel carrying the bones of Joseph through all their forty years wanderings until they reached the land of promise; but this is not as wonderful, considering the difference of their lives, as the devotion of those three Christian black men, who watched their master in the last prayer he offered, out of which his soul was caught

up to glory. Preparing his body with tender hands, with tearful eyes they bore it for seven months through jungles and rivers, morass and desert, until they brought it safe to Bombay. The physician who examined the body and identified it is a civil surgeon and a Christian worker in a mission Sunday-school at Ahmedabad.

Jacob Wainright followed the body of Livingstone to Westminster Abbey, and there among that great concourse that honored the Christian dead this faithful servant commanded as much enthusiasm as the greatest. A mission cause that does produce such impressions upon the minds of the heathen of the Dark Continent will never be feeble or despised. Not the least of the work of this mission is the preparing and disseminating of the printed page. There is a newspaper under the editorial charge of Rev. J. E. Abbott, son of a former missionary and well-known for his literary and evangelical work. It is in the Marathi language and has reached its forty-fifth year. It was edited for a long time by a native Christian until his death in 1885. It is a weekly of sixteen royal octavo pages. It is often quoted by Hindu papers and is an important medium of defence of the Christian faith against false charges which are made against it. The *Young People's Magazine* is edited by Mrs. Hume, issued monthly and has completed its fourteenth year, doing a good work among the young people of India.

One of the most interesting objects in connection with the mission work in Bombay is the old church of the American Board—what marvellous works and words of grace it hath seen and heard both from our own countrymen and inspired native preachers! It has been as a soli-

ary light-house, diffusing its rays amidst the gross darkness of the people. Many of the great men who have proclaimed the gospel within its walls are gone, but the Church, like its living Head, lives on. A reception was given in it in honor of the two young lady missionaries newly arrived. The house was well filled with native members and their friends. The pulpit was decorated with a wealth of flowers, which the sunbeams of a generous sky offer to the admiration and delight of the people. They sang the same songs which we sing at home, and while the music was sweet the visitors could only say, "How can we sing the Lord's songs in a strange land?" An admirable address was read by the wife of one of the native elders in unexceptionable English, which was replied to by the young lady missionaries. An address was also made by her husband, one of the most active young men of the church and manager of the printing department of the Board's work. After which came refreshments, and social enjoyments which were like those at home. The pastor of this church is a Christain native. It is active and increasing and has a membership of about one hundred and fifty. Some of them came from high caste families into the higher, more real and glorious caste of Christ's freedmen.

The church is badly located, and in our judgment will not do its full work until removed. The neighborhood has deteriorated, manufactories have encroached upon it, the ruffian element of the Mohammedans has taken possession of the street on both sides, until it is no longer safe for a woman to attend the services at night. We could hardly press our way through the rowdy crowd which had gathered around on the

evening of this reception. The building could be sold for a fair price, and a spot nearer the mission compound would be in every respect better both for reaching the more hopeful class of the people and their families and for the convenience of the school and missionaries. Of course, this is said only as it appears to us in the interest of the Church of Christ and in no sense in the form of seeming dictation.

The Brahmins are an inexplicable people even to themselves. They are hedged about by caste restriction and customs hoary with years, and by the entanglements which have grown upon a people who have had little intercourse with others because of their exclusiveness and self-importance. But the partition fences that have separated them are falling and they have neither will nor force to repair them. Many have become Christians, more have been gradually modified, unconsciously the leaven is going through the mass. They know that they can never recover their power. Pride only enslaves them.

One of the most enjoyable experiences in Bombay was an invitation to dine with a Christian family who had been high caste Brahmins. The father was one of the most eminent of native Christian ministers, and had been for many years the beloved pastor of the American Board's church in Bombay. His wife, daughter and sons are active workers in the mission and church. One of his sons, a young man, is preparing for the ministry at Ahmednagar and his daughter is engaged in the school. This entertainment was given in native style to show us how a dinner is served. The family have long since adopted the habits of the European and American Christians. The floor upon which the dinner was

served was smoothed over with the usual mortar of cow dung and clay. Through the middle of the room a passage was laid out on the floor, with lines drawn in colored chalk, with borders such as a fresco artist would draw around a panel on a ceiling. The floor when dried was ochre color, and the border was of light blue touched in points with red. This passage was for the attendants, who were girded about the waists, to walk over while serving the guests.

The food was served on plantain leaves instead of plates and laid on the floor along these ornamented lines. The guests sat down on the floor, which is always the easiest motion to the nimble-limbed natives, but to an American with a considerable share of corporosity it was accompanied by a grunt, and when thus seated discomfort began, the members rebelled at their restraint, and were too painful to be graceful. Nor was the back any more submissive to the new conditions, the fact that every part of the body was in an unwonted position caused it to grow tender and fretful. It was a long, ceremonious and punctilious affair, in the full detail of Oriental etiquette. At intervals, when eyes were not regarding the guests, the position was quickly changed from one part of the sitting base to the other. One leg in pain was drawn up and the other asleep was stretched out with a sigh for the time of general deliverance when it might be possible to get up. We had been instructed in the table manners of the Brahmins, which were to eat every thing with a relish and with the greatest deliberation. The first article of food, served on a leaf laid on the floor, was rice moulded in a very large teacup and turned bottom side up. This was dressed with curry, which is in as universal use in India

as butter in America. This curry is made of cocoanuts and pungent ingredients mixed with red pepper until it is as hot as distilled fire. Etiquette required every particle of this half pound of boiled rice to be eaten and the appetite of the American guest was set in motion. But the digestion not being adapted to this hot dressing hiccoughs started, shaking the diaphragm and kindred parts violently. It was soon apparent that something heroic had to be done or the occasion would be marred. The rice had to be disposed of, and as we had no leather bag, such as relieved Jack the Giant-Killer, the pocket handkerchief was brought into requisition. Brahmin etiquette requires all to be eaten with the fingers, so the handkerchief was used freely as a diversion, and while it was being flourished about the face the whole of the rice from off the plantain leaf was lifted and safely deposited in the handkerchief, folded up in it, and put in the coat tail pocket with the determination to empty the rice into the street at the first opportunity. The rest of the dinner was enjoyed, strange as it was to our habits and tastes. Bananas sliced and dressed in buttermilk were served and were very palatable. Fruits were relished, but there was no appearance of flesh, for the Brahmins are religiously vegetarians, there being no greater offence in their eyes than the destroying of animal life under any condition. They will give up their own lives to vicious animals or serpents rather than save them by violence to the offending creature.

The evening was spent in pleasant intercourse with this Christian family and rest was sought at its close in the Great Western Hotel. The rice in the coat pocket was entirely forgotten for a day or two until

it had dried, and by sitting upon it in cars and carriages its grains were well segregated when its grand finale came. We were at luncheon in the Hotel, at the table with about one hundred guests, and by mistake took some of the fated curry. Immediately the hiccoughs began, and we reached quickly back to get a pocket handkerchief, the dispositiou of the rice having been forgotten; when the handkerchief was brought out the half pound of imprisoned rice brought from the Brahmin feast two days before scattered over every thing, person, plate and table cloth, and rattled on the bare floor among the feet of the guests. Consternation ensued, the unfortunate victim was in condition to "wish he were dead." An Englishman said to his neighbor in a low tone, "He must be a rice merchant and carries his samples in his pocket." His friend replied, "I think he belongs to the sect of the Jains and carries it to feed the birds." What other remarks were made about the strange proceedings we were not in a sufficient condition of receptivity to hear, and as exit was being made from the dining-room the last thing seen was a servant with a brush and dust-pan sweeping it up as if the whole place had been contaminated with it.

Through the courtesy of another family of high caste and culture another insight into Brahmin social life was obtained. The residence had the proportions and furnishings of wealth. It is the law of the family in India that the sons shall never leave the parental roof; hence a family is often a colony of many persons under the same roof. The mother-in-law is here in all her power, and the sons' wives often have a rough time of it. The gentleman receiving the guests

was a physician and a man of culture, speaking the English language well, having been educated in England. He introduced two ladies of the household, refined and interesting women, speaking the English intelligibly. They received their foreign visitors with marked cordiality, a thing quite unusual, for in India women seldom appear in the presence of gentlemen. The native ladies soon retired after their presentation with the lady guests, and what is seen in the zenana is upon their report. A zenana proper is a household, at the head of which is the mother-in-law, who governs and "yanks" her daughters-in-law if she feels like it. When her own daughters are betrothed they go into the family of the husband and pass through the same torment.

These wives, taken care of by the mother-in-law, are often at the beginning only babies. The marriage ceremony is performed always in great pomp, the bride and groom being sometimes so young that they cannot hold up their heads, and a servant rides behind to hold them up, their heads rolling about like a gourd tied by a string. If the husband of a female child dies, to whom she has been betrothed when she was a babe, she is blamed for it; she is judged to be in communication with some evil spirit. Formerly widows were burned until the British government stopped it, but they might better be burned now, for burning is merciful in comparison with what they suffer. They are not in their parents' families, but those of their husbands, and blood will tell both in love and cruelty. The first thing after her husband dies, (whom possibly she has never seen, having been bargained to him by the parents), the pretty garments of the wife and all her ornaments are taken from her and a coarse cotton

garment given in its stead. She is allowed only one meal of rice a day, and that she has to eat alone. She is never permitted to have any part in the festivities of the home or neighborhood. She is obliged to sleep on the floor without proper covering, her head resting only on a block of wood, without being so much as hollowed out to fit her poor weary head. She is obliged to do the most menial and loathsome work, and has often to walk miles carrying beastly burdens in the blazing sun. She is treated worse than all this, being often compelled to submit to the lust of her father-in-law and the brothers of her husband and anybody else tolerated in the family.

In the elegant house which we visited the ladies saw, in the ante-room to the zenana, a poor, withered, drooping, smitten life, crouching on a stool, not daring to lift her eyes upon the visitors, for it is a belief that the gaze of such a person into the face of a member of the family or visitor will bring bad luck and all its calamities; so as the lady guests were conducted through she hurried away like a frightened hare. After the interview with the mother-in-law and her daughters-in-law and their children they were departing, and as the door opened, all doubled up and squat on her heels, sat this object of vengeance and pity, with downcast eyes, and though spoken to by Mrs. Hume she never moved her head. No hope can ever inspire that life, no relief ever come to that wreck, which she never did aught to bring about.

While the subject of child marriages are under consideration it may be interesting to describe one of these festive occasions. A little boy is seen riding upon a horse carrying a baby, he is the bridegroom, and the cooing or squalling baby is his bride; some-

times they are too young for this kind of performance and then they are carried on the parents' shoulders side by side, adorned with the richest apparel and by costly ornaments. Great anxiety is expressed at the choice of a lucky day. The astrologer is called in and examines the positions of the planets to see if their conjunction indicates celestial favor, and the idol gods are consulted. If all is favorable the friends of both families are called in. The father of the daughter sends his servant with a dish of rice, out of which the servant takes a few grains and places them in the hands of the neighbors, this meaning that the father is about to give the child away in marriage, and that he wishes them to attend the wedding. The ceremonies last from three to five days, until they have eaten out the resources of the family and their hunger heads them off. The first two days are spent in processions and other boisterous performances. The marriage takes place on the second or third day. This is performed by spreading a cloth and holding it between the parties, who, if very young, sit on their parents' knees, while the Brahmin priest chants in an unknown tongue, and after this the friends give the bride and groom some grains of rice, which means that they hope the family stomach may always have distention. But when the time comes for the removal of the wife there is music in that part of the town; she does not wish to give up her sweet liberty. If old enough she has probably heard of the traditional mother-in-law, and horror lays its grip on her heart, she resists, cries piteously, lies on the ground, struggles and kicks out of sheer desperation, so that she has to be carried by servants, as a calf lows at the sight of the butcher's shambles.

She is soon subdued under the old "she inquisitor," and is obliged to do the hardest work under the continual scold of the old woman. She must not have any better garments than the mother-in-law, and if her husband gives her keepsakes the "old boss" takes them from her and wears them herself, and so life drags in tormenting length until she has the pleasure of attending the funeral of her mother-in-law, and then she succeeds her in her mission of torment to those younger than herself, the wives of her own sons. The wife is not permitted to speak her husband's name; when she refers to him she does it by pointing to one of the children, and saying, "This child's father." Occasionally there is one who has music in her soul and fearlessness in her heart and a glint of humor in her life. Such a one came into a mission school, a little girl, for the first time, and when her teacher asked her name, she replied, "I am Tukaram's family." It would be an outrage on married society for a man to show any attention to his wife in public, even in going together along the street. The man goes ahead a couple of rods and his wife comes along, like a lately whipped dog, behind.

CHAPTER V.

SCENES, INCIDENTS AND FACTS ABOUT BOMBAY.

THE English came into possession of Bombay, as usual, in the glamour of surprise. Charles II. married, in 1661, Catharina of Braganza, and this was a part of her dower. But the islands of Salsette and Karanja continued in possession of the Portuguese. Charles tired of his possession and sold it to the East India Company for an annual rental of ten pounds in gold. The East India Company for a long time would have been glad of help to let go the troublesome end of their bargain, for they were much perplexed by the assaults of the Portuguese, the Maharattas and the Sida or Abyssinian Admiral, whose descendants are still the Nawabs. It was not until after the defeat of the Peshwa at Kirkee, in 1818, that Bombay became the capital of Western India.

The most apparent and interesting object at the entrance of the harbor is Colaba, which seems to wrestle with the waves and to stand sponsor for the great Empire behind it. The next object is an index to the moral side of life; the graceful spire of St. John's church, a memorial to the British officers and men who fell in the first Afghanistan war. The city is beautiful and its effect enchanting at every prospect, yet it would be hard to tell what one object contributes to this end. It is rather in the peerless combination of all. But there are single objects before which the most indifferent must pause. The wide streets of the European quarter are flanked

by stately houses, the builders of the city through ages having been prodigal of space and fearless of sunlight. Nature has either inspired it or been inspired by it, for never was there greater profusion of floral and arboreal beauty, spreading miles in extent, and modifying the fierceness of the tropical heat. The light has a bewitching influence, changing the proportions of things, constantly deceiving both in color and distance. There are a large number of fine buildings cheaply built, mostly stucco work, but looking better than the most costly stone with elaborate workmanship. One of the finest of these architectural shams is University Hall, which looks more like a church of mediæval times slightly and badly modernized than like a University building according to modern ideas. There is a University library designed by the same architect. It looks as if the tower had been built first and the rest were a "lean to," an after thought, and not a great thought either, the best part of it all is a peal of joy bells.

A real gem is the statue of Queen Victoria, a present by the late Khand Rao Gackuad. The Empress is represented as seated on her chair of state, resting on a lofty platform, which crowns a series of marble steps rising on every side. In the centre of the canopy is the star of India and above the rose of England united with the lotus of India, and around them are the mottoes, "God and my right" and "Heaven's light is our guide." The whole structure must be at least eighteen feet high, placed in the midst of a plot of ground ever in the broad winsome smile of the sun, and surrounded by abundant flowers and shrubs. Not far away is a reminder of the "great and good" Prince of Wales, an equestrian statue in

commemoration of his visit to Bombay. Two castings on each side of the grand base represent the landing at the dockyard and the presentation of flowers to the Prince by Parsee children during the children's *fete* at the Esplanade.

The European quarters of Bombay are imposing rather than costly or beautiful. There is an impression made of regal proportions in the houses and public buildings. They are painted in a showy style in water colors; never was there so much show for so little money. Nature in India abhors ugliness, and what man spoils, or makes ridiculous, she instantly repairs, and hides deformities in the bosom of beauties. The gardens are sources of refreshment and delight, and the University gardens are among the most engaging, and the railroad station the finest and largest in the world. The streets are living marvels of heaving and swaying life of every grade, from the monkey up to man, and from man down to the mangy cur. In the moving masses are women in robes of blue, scarlet and gold, Persians in shaggy hats, Parsees in cherry-colored silk trousers, tall military Rajputs, Chinamen with pig tails like the traditional town pump handles, swaggering Musselmen in turbans of green, sleek Maruasees with tight-fitting, parti-colored turbans of red and yellow. This rolling, living mass of life follows no pavements, but goes with burdens on backs and heads through the highways around and against every kind of vehicle. Through this crowd are driven showy barouches, pony phætons, the bullock cart, filled with natives, with a contrivance like a veritable awning sheltering the bullock from the sun, while he walks and trots faster than an ordinary horse. There are men carrying loads as bulky as

bales of hay, shouting to the crowds to make way, others announcing their wares in weird Oriental cries, and the strangest thing of all is that they all move in crowds and the crowds move around them; there are no fights, no injuries, no breakage, no crippling and no cursing.

There are by the wayside, in the native quarter, long lines of confectioners' goods piled in fantastic order, while behind sits the salesman with no more clothing than could be gotten out of a linen pocket-handkerchief. Next door are piles of brass drinking and cooking utensils, brightly burnished, for the Hindu will only eat and drink out of vessels of brass; his next neighbor is the money changer, solemn, big-eyed, and blinking like an owl at the rays of noon-day's sun. He sits on a rug on the floor with his bare feet together and legs drawn up so he can rest his lower jaw on his knees, surrounded by piles of rupees, pice and tiny shells. The latter are the contrivances with which the Hindus satisfy their consciences as to their offerings to their gods, a peck of which would not cost a dime. His neighbor is in strangely different style and mode. He is oily and happy, chattering like a crazy monkey, and his auditors, not hearing a word, are in return cackling in his ears. This is the local grocer, and his little eight by ten shop is filled with baskets loaded and empty. Behind his store, but in sight, is a hovel, in which is an old man with attenuated legs, the skin pulled over the bones, and stretched over the knots of his knees. He is sitting down on the floor and is the silver worker, manufacturing the most delicate specimens of the art, and stranger still all his tools visible are a blow-pipe, a small hammer and a pair

of pinchers. In the next shop is the far-famed manufacturer of ebony furniture covered with exquisite carvings of monsters, which only live in imagination, and fruits and flowers, in which India outdoes even imagination.

In this general round the pilgrim comes to the hospital of the Jains for the sustenance, care and cure of diseased and disabled animals. The Jains are the remnant of Buddhism, and about the last of them in India, who regard as sacred all life, especially animal life. This they worship, and give to its sustenance ungrudgingly and even themselves to satiate its cravings. A Jain would not get out of the way of a cobra, but worship it if it sent its fangs the next moment to his heart. In this faith the rich Jains establish and endow hospitals where all sick, crippled or weak animals are treated until they are cured or die. There is in the hospital at Bombay a large court with sheds on three sides, in which are sick and maimed oxen; another, less in extent, in which are kept dogs and cats and monkeys. Some of the dogs were old and rheumatic, surly and contentious. They snarl and show their "snag teeth" at each other and growl out of the depths of their impotency. There was a one-legged parrot which would scold, mock and scream at them, calling them ugly names until, as the keeper said, they were in a nervous excitement day and night. This tormenting imp would whistle for them, and when they hobbled off on three legs, holding up the sore one, thinking it some friendly visitor with a choice dainty, it would shame them, call them fools and scowl and curse them away to their kennels crestfallen and with their tails, as far as their rheumatic condition would permit, between their legs.

The monkey had been the victim of excessive heat, applied to his back in the form of a steam bath, not far from the spot at which his prehensile took its departure for its latter end. This inquisitive individual had been trespassing on somebody's premises and had received a warm reception, detaching the capillary substance from the preadamite cuticle. His adversities had not been disciplinary, for he could not repress his instinct to keep the hospital in an uproar. He would plant himself in the trough of the oxen and throw their soft feed on their faces or in their eyes, occasionally striking them over the nose until they would low of pain and outrage; he would pull the ears and tails of the lame dogs and wake them up from their naps. He had denuded the tail of a lame rooster, scattering both his glory and covering all through the biped apartments. In this hospital are every kind of paupers, crippled, sick and saucy, rats, sparrows, peacocks and chickens, all are fed and rested as far as the superintending monkey will permit.

Not far from this collection is a place where the perfection of agility and fleetness can be seen and admired, the stables and bazaar of Arab horses. They are glossy, nimble and spirited, with the brightest eyes and cleanest limbs. They are humanized beasts, being raised as members of respectable families according to the Oriental standard. They are fed almost entirely on wheat straw, with but little grain, sometimes the seeds of the date palm are ground and mixed with the straw. In these bazaars are the finest of their kind in the East, most of them come from the provinces bordering on the Persian Gulf, the very best come from Sowfel and Nedjed, and

the prices are from three to five hundred dollars. The Orient combines the ideas of royalty and sanctity in a way no Westerner ever would think of. Kings are not of mortal extraction; the mortal is the channel through which the Divine appears. On the theory that an old decayed, moss-grown trough may hold the clearest and purest water, so the kingly and priestly functions in the Oriental mind are inseparable. An illustration of these ideas can be seen in the form of royal sacred bulls, who have the liberty of the city, and as often deprive everybody else of theirs. These are supported at public expense and restrained in nothing they choose to do, a Brahminical institution, belonging to both the Brahmin and Jain sacred conceits, and through these sects and the universal tendencies of the Oriental mind to attach sanctity to laziness, uselessness, age and impudence. The bull, like all their dignitaries, has as good a claim for support and reverence as the best. This high-toned nuisance walks straight through the crowds of people, whether they be worshipping or trading, as he listeth, all move aside for him, even if a god stands in his way he will contemptuously toss it aside. He goes into the markets and takes what he fancies without money or price, the costliest and daintiest flowers, the most expensive fruits. He loves marigolds, which are fed to him, even pressed into the attention of his majesty. If he desires to walk through a china shop there are neither doors nor disposition to hinder him. If he stops to observe himself in a mirror, then and there the contest will be settled whether two sacred bulls can live in the same china shop, at the expense of the mirror and its unfortunate owner. These sacred tyrants, like all of their kind whose sanctity sours and effervesces, become cruel and bloodthirsty, and the lives of the

people are often sacrificed. But no native would lift a hand if one of these monsters were destroying life. A Brahmin father would not strike him to save his child.

The English have, however, so far conquered this disgusting animal worship that they have gotten toleration for condemning the vicious by the magistrates of the city, who in the sanctities of their official position may put him to death. But no Brahmin or Jain will admit that it is right, because the soul of some ancestor may be in him. The unity of the human races is evident not only in the same mental, lingual and physical characteristics, but in the same character of amusements; they will be varied as the people and climates and conditions of life, but the same trend runs through all. Dancing is an institution belonging to the race, though in most its low origin and lower instincts appear as they are, without the tinsel and disguise of modern western society. It is the devil, ugly and disgusting in India and everywhere else among the heathen. It is the pretty painted, well-dressed devil installed in the parlor in the West, with costly robes and jewels through which its true nature often thrusts itself. In India dancing is the special art of prostitutes. They are the priestesses at this altar of Moloch. These nautch girls, as they are called, are arrayed in gauze and gold and look in their movements as mystic as the imaginary form of "will o' the wisp." They are also religious prostitutes attached to the heathen temple service called "Brides of God." The god Khundoba alone has sixteen hundred such to do his service.

The temple worship is, of course, exceedingly interesting to Occidentals, but this interest must be confined only to imagination, for the first glimpse of fact dis-

pels all. The temples are places of incarnate wickedness, where lust is the highest and most adorned deity. It would be impossible to describe them as they are, in the presence of even ordinary decency. The most outrageous orgies are carried on in the name and authority of religion. Husbands bring their wives and daughters to be victims to the lustful rapacity of the Rajahs, feeling honored if their vile offspring should grace their household. But all these institutions are dying under their own poisonous odors, as men can be poisoned by the carbonic exhalations of their own lungs. But this has no victory in it worth a moment's jubilation, for if they all perish, what then? only if possible the deeper degradation and death of the people. Death has hope in it if it have the power of the resurrection also, but without this, not even hope has the boldness to throw a ray across its sepulchre.

Even the royal palaces of the Rajahs are daily crumbling into ruin. The glory of the Rajahs is becoming like the war paint and feathers of the North American Indian. Another strange custom to the Westerner is the mode of tonsorial service. The whole business is performed anywhere. The barber and customer may choose to flop down in the dust of the street, or in the gutter, or at the root of the nearest tree. They sit bent at the knees in a position that only one word used in some localities will describe, on "their hunkers," and shave and be shaved, cut and be cut, lather and be lathered until the performance ends by limitation of time. The face is shaved and the head as well. Sometimes there is a clearing made on the crown only, which style was described by a little boy who, when the barber asked him how he would have his hair cut, said, "with a little round hole on the top of my head like papa's."

CHAPTER VI.

MOVING NORTHWARD.

THE eye reluctantly turns from Bombay and its scenes, fearing that its like may not be beheld again. This would be no great surprise, for such spots cannot be **numerous.** The medium through which all is seen in this far Eastern land lends enchantment to the view. It is a gentle mist, a veil hung between that softens the rough outlines of all things. Nothing through it can be ugly save crooked human conduct. The mountains are proportioned to each other and are supplemental. They are not shaggy with overhanging ledges, but with well-finished sides, brought to graceful lines, and dome-shaped—finished is the word. Nature took her time on these hills, they are not the results of upheavals, but of slow processes, built out of many grains, laid in place by still waters. Soon all is left behind, but not in disappointment; new and surprising scenes come and go, each showing peculiar beauties. It is like a shifting panorama of dissolving views.

The railways of India are not obliged to sneak through backways and outways on account of the dreariness of the land, for there is no such land; all is good and all alike beautified by the prodigal hand of a Maker whom giving doth not impoverish and withholding doth not enrich. The Bombay and Baroda road is one of the best in any land. The most complete system of railways in any country is to

be found in India. They have been built in a country almost ready to receive the rails, over government land, for all lands here belong to the government, and are only leased to the people on a tax rate. The tracks are well ballasted. The stations are palaces, located in the midst of tropical gardens, equal oftentimes to the best botanical gardens in Europe and America. The distances traversed are as wonderful as in our own country, though there is no line so long as those to the Pacific. But the system over which we travel extends from Bombay to the Himalayas, on the border of Afghanistan, more than two thousand miles, and in the shape of a V, to the extreme south of the Empire, three thousand more, all these roads extending to the limits, cross each other at every strategic point. The rates on them are exceedingly low, not quite three cents for first-class, and less than two cents second class, and third class, on which the people travel, less than one cent in our money.

The country is one vast plain, the bed of ancient seas, as large as the present bed of the Indian Ocean, which probably occupied it once, and which rolled itself over on its other side to sun itself, or for public convenience. The coast lines appear for more than fourteen hundred miles on the west. Boulders lie as they were left, and tide marks are distinctly seen. Islands, which once lifted their heads above the deep, built of boulders, pebbles and sand, still stand in the midst of this great plain. The country is covered, where not cultivated, with palms, banyans and other varieties of beautifying and fruit bearing trees, of every tropical variety. Along the lagoons are cotton woods of prodigious proportions. These lagoons are not the gatherings of waters from springs, but the cis-

terns holding the treasures of the rainy seasons until they are dried away to black mud, which the beasts will lick for the remaining moisture when the dry season nears its end. The animals and serpents are often famishing, and are found at these cisterns fighting and devouring each other for the remaining drops, elephants, buffalos, tigers, wolves and boa constrictors, down to the little ground snakes. Monkeys without number and distinction chatter and play tricks on the more clumsy, credulous and solemn crowds. It is a menagerie and circus combined. The monkeys are in great numbers along the way, chasing each other over the tree tops or on the ground, sitting on the fences looking curiously, and seemingly chattering over the peculiarities of the passengers and their smoke machine, sometimes ridiculing the whole performance, perhaps laughing at the cut of their garments as comparing unfavorably with their own hairy coverings. One feels it when in the presence of a couple of hundred great, strapping, iron-grey haired monkeys, looking with contempt at an artificial crowd of barbarians with "store clothes" instead of long sleek hair, with gloved hands instead of hair-covered.

The most ridiculous feature to this inspecting mass was that this crowd in their moving box had no long supple tails to coil up for a cushion to sit upon or to hold on by when all else was slipping. The monkeys pitied, ridiculed and discussed how it came about; some thought they might have them covered; but the old ones said, "What good would prehensiles do them if they were covered up?" Others thought they had lost them, but how was the question. "What queer looking heads and faces they have! What sharp noses and thin jaws, and did you ever see such a looking thing as

they have on their heads? How can they scratch them when they itch?" Probably some old woman monkey said, "I never saw such a looking crowd and such a get up in all my born days;" and at the close of some meditation on this remark they all got up and scampered. The natives will not kill or even disturb these pests; they are the objects of worship and have immunities not granted to mortals; they go where and when they please, and appropriate whatever serves taste and fancy. Some of them are as tall as a boy of six years old, and if one chooses to vault on one's bed he does it in a dignified way without the slightest embarrassment. The tenant of the quarters does the yelling, never the monkey, who deigns not even a word of salutation. If he chooses to take possession of the drawing-room he will lift and examine the bric-a-brac, and replace without injury, if he likes. If he feels disgruntled he will dash them into fragments, or if he fancies will hand them out at the window to his 'pals," who always keep a sharp watch for danger, and they are carried off, perhaps to be dropped when his curiosity and love of mischief are gratified.

These monkeys are vengeful, and if an injury has been inflicted will waylay and attack without mercy, sometimes killing the offender against their rights or caprices. In this country, where enmities exist among the people as nowhere else, the monkey is used as the avenger. If one neighbor has a spite against another and wishes in common parlance "to get even" he sows rice on the tiled roof of his neighbor in the night, and the monkeys quickly understand, for they are always scampering over the roofs of the houses. A hundred or more will appear, and to get the rice will pull off every tile and throw it down.

In a half hour the largest buildings will be unroofed, and there is no stopping it, for they are in force not only strong enough to defend, but to avenge all attack.

Ahmedabad is the first considerable city we came to after a night's run northward from Bombay. It is the largest in the district of Guzerat, and is an ancient landmark in the history of India. It is surrounded by walls faced with brick, backed with clay embankments, and was supposed, in its day, to be impregnable. Within these exterior walls are labyrinthian defences, so that when driven from the outer ones the besieged could take refuge in these, and protect themselves in the very heart of the city. This place is famous for its architectural and wood carvings, and the art still exists, but not to the extent and perfection of the past. Pillars, cornices, doors and gateways, walls and finishings of temples, everywhere there are the remains, now in decay, of carvings as exquisite and wonderful as the sculptured marbles of Athens. The Athenians made the marble speak, the artists of Guzerat made the wood and even bricks to look as if starting into life.

At a factory which we visited there was in process of finishing a carving for the Art Exposition in Glasgow which one could scarcely believe was the work of fingers and feet, for many of these wood carvers hold the pieces, which they so marvellously chisel, between their feet instead of in a vise and sometime between their toes. Under the same sheds, for this is all that is needful in India for a factory, were rug workers producing the finest and most expensive carpets with the simplest machinery, blending the most exquisite shades and contrasts of color with the fingers. These

finest products find a market in New York and other American cities and are so slowly produced that orders were far ahead of their ability to supply. The father of the present proprietor of this factory built the finest Jain temple in this part of India, which probably has few superiors of its kind in all the Empire. It is to the natives a holy place, and visitors are expected to remove their shoes before entering. As it was a rainy day and the courts very wet we had not the sacrificing spirit sufficient to remove the shoes, so the grand structure was viewed from the door. Its carvings were peerless, its altars covered with gold, and candles burned thereon, reminding one of the Papal churches of Italy. The city has multitudes of Jains, and everywhere are contrivances for feeding the birds and animals—this is a part of their religion. This sect is a modified remnant of the Buddhists in India. These feeding places are in public squares and at the corners of the streets and are sometimes quite elaborately carved, looking like the square pulpits in some of the old-time churches. The birds as well as the animals know their times and places to come swooping down. The heavens are black with them, for this has been the custom for centuries, and they come by instinct, habit and example. The crows are the noisiest and are very numerous in India, and their "caws" are heard day and night; they come for miles and by thousands. Parrots and other birds of beautiful plumage, sparrows by the host, doves clad in uniforms of soft gray, chickens, geese, ducks, dogs, rats, mice, rabbits, peacocks, little gray squirrels by the thousand and every thing that hath life, and "these all wait for their meat in due season." They claw and strike, bite and fight with each other, but it is a rare

sight and one out of which the benevolent could get much happiness, especially when by it he feels that he can lay up in store great merit to himself for the final adjustment of life and its affairs.

Ahmedabad is situated on the left bank of the river Sabermuttee, which, in the rainy season, is miles wide, but in winter is narrowed down to a thread. The remnant of a bridge is here, which has been in years past a grand affair, but now only two ends remain, the floods having disposed of the rest. But looking from off this embankment toward the sunsetting a scene is presented strangely fascinating to the Occidental, as surpassing all experiences of the kind. The sky is cloudless, only veiled in that mystic mist so peculiar to this land. It is a subduing medium which reduces the disproportions of things into beauty and symmetry. It hangs like a flowing veil between the monarch of the skies and the beholder, as if unseen angel hands were drawing it closer as the sun retires from the gaze of this part of the world to lie down in his chamber. His visage grows flushed as if abashed as he makes his adieux. The sky is streaked with long shafts of light which hasten after him in his departure. Nature is hushed, birds seek their perches, the stately white oxen come home and the bullocks return on their last journey with the water-skins flung over their backs filled at the sacred stream. Silence creeps over the scene as the sun passes beyond the horizon, leaving only the shimmerings of his halo behind him. Men bow before the wayside altars and make their strange idolatrous offerings, but the Mohammedan turns his back even on the sun that he may adore the God who is without form, a Spirit to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Such is a sunset scene at Ahmedabad.

The district of Guzerat in the Punjab has the greatest variety of beauty and fertility. Some portions are clothed with impenetrable forests, the trees bending with the gorgeous luxuriance of the land of constant sunshine. Vines cling to them and adorn the desert of four hundred miles lying between, without forage or water. A temple once occupied a peninsula connected with the mainland by an isthmus fortified and guarded. The Mohammedans, in one of their conquests, charged upon it with the cry, "God is great," and were twice repulsed, while the followers of Sur exulted in the power of their God; but at the third charge the Mohammedans carried the walls. The priests plead hard that their splendid temple might be spared, and offered its weight in gold for the preservation of its idol. The reply was a stroke of Mahmood's battle-axe, and his attendants doing the same the idol fell in pieces. It was hollow and filled with treasures of great value, in diamonds and other costly jewels, which accounted for the solicitude of the priests. The spoils exceeded those of any other campaign of the Mohammedans.

In the Guzerat district, with Ahmedabad as a centre, are located the missions of the Irish Presbyterian Church, in many respects the best organized, best conducted and most prosperous in this empire of heathenism. The Irish Presbyterians, in a Church movement, came late in the field, though Irishmen wrought almost from the first. The territory of the present mission was first occupied by the London Missionary Society in 1815, and its misssionaries, from their advent, devoted themselves to the work of translating the Scriptures. The press established by Mr. Skinner still exists, and is known as the Surat Mission Press,

and through more than half a century it has sent out the leaves of the Tree of Life for the healing of the nations. The Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland in 1840 chose the Peninsula of Kathianar, and in 1841 Rev. James Glasgow and the Rev. Andrew Ker, both educated in Belfast, were assigned to its duties, but Mr. Ker was called to his coronation soon, and Mr. Glasgow was left alone. He was reinforced by his brother and Messrs. Montgomery, McKee and Speers. Their first success led to their first discomfiture; a learned and influential Mohammedan was convinced of the truth of the Christian religion and was, in 1843, baptized with all the male members of his family. The excitement produced by this was so great that the native government required the withdrawal of the missionaries.

In 1859 the Mahi Kanta mission, which had been established in 1844 in a most important field, was handed over to the Irish Presbyterian mission by the London Missionary Society, which left Guzerat altogether. This is now known as the Borsad mission. The Propagation Society withdrew from Ahmedabad, and this station was taken by the Presbyterians in 1861. The Irish mission has had good business sense and a better comprehension of the demands of their situation than most missionaries. They have acquired a large tract of real estate on most favorable terms from the English government. It is growing in value, and the time will come when it will be a source of revenue to the Church. But beyond all this the wisdom of this acquisition becomes daily more apparent. One of the greatest hindrances to mission work in conversions is the boycotting resulting from caste, which is relentless, and must be faced by the missionaries and

every convert from heathenism. These missionaries have provided against this by the possession of nearly two thousand two hundred and six acres of the best land in the Punjab. This sheltered their converts from persecution, and enabled the mission to segregate them from the temptations of their former friends and associations. It gives an opportunity to impart modern ideas of agriculture and keeps them under Christian government. Small Christian communities were formed, one settled on one hundred acres at Brookhill, near Borsad, where are about fifteen Christian farmers who are self-supporting. Another is near Annan, another at Bhalaj, others not far away, the whole comprising about forty Christian farmers. One thousand acres have, within the last three or four years, been obtained from the British government eight miles north of the famous shrine of Dakore. This territory is being rapidly occupied by converts through the blessed work of this active mission. Even heathenism must give way before the gospel, vital godliness and sanctified business sense. Only the principles along the lines on which these Christian men and women work need be given, the thoughtful can easily construct the ratios of outcome.

The educational work is kept up well abreast with their more direct soul-saving efforts. Several of the schools were visited and with satisfaction. The one for boys at Ahmedabad both in buildings and pupils would average well with schools in any European country. The scholars were well advanced in their studies, and showed more general knowledge outside of their text-books than most scholars in Hindu schools. There are several schools in the city taught by educated natives, but superintended by Miss McDowell, who has also a

large class in English of Parsee women. In addition to the prescribed studies, required by the government, they memorize their catechism and recite daily a chapter in the "Peep of Day," and prizes are offered for excellence in these and needle work, in all of which many excel.

Too much marriage is the curse of the country, it is about all the variety they have. Girls in the schools, anywhere from five years to fifteen, have their teeth dyed red, which is the sign of betrothal. One of the brightest of these was shockingly deformed in one foot and leg, and as there are but few garments under which to hide **disfigured** members, and they very thin, one gets as much insight into deformity as he can well endure. She walked with a crutch, but in India the law of compensation exists, and disabilities are evened with abilities by the use of cash; so this cripple was married, her parents having supplied a "golden leg," on which the bliss of married life could be sustained. There is no end to this matrimonial nuisance. The substance of a family is often all put into the entertainment of the guests on such occasions. One is reminded of the exegesis of the negro preacher on the text, "And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Said he, "The first thing about this text is skin worms, the second is what they done, and the last is what the man saw after he was eat up." This last division is realized to everlasting perfection in India. After a marriage the history of the family is involved in "what they see after they are eat up." Money is borrowed on extortionate interest from some son of Jacob, who takes a mortgage not only on all the effects, but on life itself, and when the father dies the

oldest son must step into his father's place and continue paying for his sister's marriage festivities. Another peculiarity is that while the family wastes, the principal and interest of that loan never do.

There is a medical department in the mission work under the care of Dr. McGeorge, which is growing in importance, both in the relief it affords to suffering women and in the opportunities for seed sowing. Miss McGeorge treats thirteen hundred cases every month, many of her patients being of the most distressed class in India—widows. One day as they were being told of happiness, "Happiness," said one, "where is that to be found?" Healing and instruction go together; while the patients are waiting they are instructed and prayed for, and often the relief to their poor oppressed hearts does them more good than all the medicines of the dispensary. One of the valuable helpers in this mission is Dr. Robb, a civil surgeon and magistrate under the English government. He teaches in the mission school, helps in every possible way, through his medical services and private means. It was he who identified the body of Dr. Livingstone when it had been carried by faithful servants from the heart of Africa—it was identified by the shape of the skull and a broken arm, which had been badly set by himself after a contest with a lion.

The mission at Ahmedabad is under the care of Rev. George P. Taylor and his wife, model missionaries in fitness for the work and diligence in it. Mr. Taylor has three services on the Sabbath, two in Guzerat and one in English. Mrs. Taylor has superintended the schools for years, both in Ahmedabad and the country out-stations. She has also singing classes and other instruction for women and children.

Her patience was sorely tried, however; her popularity became her torment, for the girls under her instruction were so much in demand for wives that she could not keep them in school until examinations were over. She had, too, other embarrassments through the distinguished attentions of friends. One, a magistrate of a neighboring town, when she visited the schools, insisted on sending his mounted servant behind the carriage, not only to insure her safe arrival at home, but to do her honor. The people on account of the retinue were so profound in their salaams that she requested him not to give her such distinguished attentions. But being of a facetious turn at her next visit he perpetrated a joke. As she was driving homeward the people were prostrating themselves on every side, and finally she asked the driver, "What is the matter with the people to-day." "Look back, madam," was the reply. Doing this she saw a camel with mounted attendant following, which is in this country everywhere regarded as an indication of dignity and nobility. Though a practical joke there was a fitness in it, for who are the true nobles but those who devote life to the up-raising of down-trodden humanity, and its exaltation into the highest and truest nobility?

There is a good school work in Surat under the direction of Miss A. M. Shaw, daughter of the venerable and able Dr. Shaw, pastor of Belfast, especially interesting because of the zenana work among Parsee women. The Parsees are, in many respects, the most hopeful people in India in freedom from caste restrictions, and are more enlightened and intelligent, but this is of little value in reaching dark souls. The human heart is the same, and all efforts at moral im-

provement must be alike radical—nothing has ever modified the divine necessity, "Ye must be born again"—but along this dividing line the zenana work is having encouragment, and the faithful teachings given are not without their rewards. One of the strange paradoxes in the history of the Church is that she has suffered as much from her own professed followers as from the most hostile of her foes. Perhaps these are only counter-irritants to quicken the activities of her body; a mustard plaster is a remedial contrivance if applied at the right time and place. Thus the Salvation Army of India has given the Irish mission a lively series of counter-irritants, nor have the repeated applications from these ecclesiastical gypsies been without effect. Irish nerves lie close to the surface, but the irritations they received in Guzerat were deep enough to inflame the marrow of their bones. Though not personally approving of the proceedings of these religionists we have been disposed to put a charitable construction upon their vagaries, as perhaps influencing for good a class not otherwise reached. But we are compelled to announce that in India they have done apparently not much but mischief. To this end they have put off their nationality and what little civilization they had, and appear like beggars. Beside denuding themselves of sufficient covering they gad about, barefooted, bare-legged tramps, who, if not too much demoralized, ought to despise themselves, and deserve no better than to be despised by the heathen for the shallowness that hopes to win men from their religion by going about half-naked.

Ritualism attempts to convert the world by an excess of vestments, and the Salvationists by their more than semi-nudity. It does not seem so out of place

for dark skins to be exposed in India, but for white flesh it is indecent and requires some demoralization before modest men and women can expose themselves in such ways. Salvation by "store clothes," or salvation without clothes **are** alike objectionable. The efforts of the Salvationists have been largely directed to the unsettling and dismemberment of the congregations gathered by the missionaries, and the result has been, in many instances, disastrous, and nowhere is this more apparent than in Guzerat. The partially enlightened people were swept from their first convictions and have wandered hopelessly ever since, for barefooted and bare-legged Christianity has neither the ability nor patience to instruct its followers. The Salvationists do not learn the languages of the country and are not proficient in their own. There is nothing left for them except to raid the missions in which the people understood a little English, or could be reached by drums and poor interpreters. Hoary heathenism will not be hived as bees by blowing horns or beating tin pans.

One of the most blessed of the Sabbaths of our journey was spent in Anan during the sessions of the Presbytery. Every man of the mission was present. The station is in the midst of one of the most beautiful and fertile spots in this country of peerless beauty. It was a drenching day, the windows of heaven were opened, an unusual and disappointing experience. It was an outpouring of latter rain. The session of Presbytery was held at the mission over which the Rev. I. T. Steele presides. Preparations had been made for the usual number in the house of the pastor, supplemented by a large tent in the yard. But room was quickly made for the un-

expected guest, in the abundance of Irish Christian hospitality. Nobody appeared to be disconcerted, though somebody had evidently surrendered his place, but it was done with such graciousness that it was impossible for the guest to be embarrassed. No exile ever found better companionship, and it would be worth while to be an exile to fall into such associations. There were present the Revs. N. R. Scott, Rajkot; R. Boyd, Gogo; I. Shillidy, Surat; R. Gillespie, Borsad; George P. Taylor, Ahmedabad; Messrs. Beatty, Broach, R. W. Sinclair and T. McAulis.

During the sessions of Presbytery congregations gathered to hear the preaching and join in prayer and praise. On the Sabbath the people came from every point of the compass—a strange and bewildering sight, for no such congregation had ever been seen by us, or even conceived in fancy. The people came mostly on foot, though some were in carts and riding on donkeys, bringing their children with them—some of them coming twenty miles, walking all the way. The church was filled with these coffee-colored people, who had but little between them and the general daylight in the way of clothing. Many men had only a girdle about their loins, their backs, breasts and limbs entirely bare. The women had chuddas or "saris" drawn around their persons. But there was something indescribably solemn in the presence of this large congregation of almost naked humanity. It but reiterated the commonplace saying, "A man's a man for a' that."

The church had a large vestibule supported by columns, from which the doors opened into the audience chamber. This was filled with men, women and chil-

dren sitting on the plaster pavement, the rain beating against their bare bodies and running down on the floor at their feet, while they were silently waiting for the beginning of the services in God's house. Inside the church was crowded, the women on one side and the men generally on the other. It was the gathering of the Christians of several stations for the celebration of the Lord's Supper. No doubt there was a striking resemblance between this and the coming together of the tribes, over hill and dale, to the temple feasts in Palestine. The services were in the order observed in Ireland, but never was the Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," more reverently and heartily sung. It produced that strange cutaneous tingle which all have felt and none can describe, generated by the highest flights of eloquence or in seasons of deepest religious or patriotic feeling. The Scriptures were read, explained and commented upon to men and women with eyes intent on the sacred page. An impressive sermon was preached, and though not a word was intelligible to the writer its effect could be seen in the audience so entirely subdued, and in the tears that dropped from tender eyes. But all reached a climax when the sacrament of baptism was administered to the children and converts together. Fifteen men and women were baptized, most of them men from twenty to fifty. They stood before the pulpit, tall and slender, with their high foreheads, symmetrical faces and long beards, barefoot, and only clothed about the loins. Their breasts were bared to the falling water, which trickled down, while with uplifted heads and closed eyes they seemed to be in fellowship with God. After the sacrament of baptism came the Lord's Supper. It too was an unusual experience—in the heart of India

to be receiving the emblems of His body broken, and blood shed, not alone for the pale-faced European, but in fellowship with the dark-skinned Asiatic, a branch of the parent Aryan stock, from which, with all our variations, we have departed. It was a surprising realization through the power of an all conquering Divine love of the wonderful cosmopolitan character of the religion of Jesus Christ. "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free. But Christ is all and in all."

In torrents of rain that large congregation of redeemed heathen separated for their homes, miles away, but happiness went with them, and as the pitiless storm spent its floods on their naked bodies it was not hard to see even by the way that they had been with Jesus. The faithful men and women, far from their country, are not without tokens of Divine favor, for which many might sigh and cry, in costly fabrics with Gothic roofs, damasked pews and tinted windows. This Irish mission, comparing its number and means of support, stands in the first rank in this Empire of heathenism.

CHAPTER VII.

TOWARDS JEYPORE.

THROUGH the bed of a former great ocean a narrow gauge railway conveys passengers and traffic from the north and south of the Empire of India. The few outlines within the range of vision are those made by the lashings and deposits of the ancient seas. The coast lines are well-marked, and in some places look as if they had been left to dry with the ripple marks of the last tides upon them. Waterless islands rise all through this vast plain of more than a thousand miles. Sometimes the way almost closes up, showing merely the narrow place of outlet of one sea into another. The soil is good, but its tillage is poor, except along the railway, where there are evidences of cultivation. Wheat fields stretch as far as the eye can measure. The fences along the road are of immense cacti, the leaves of which are often six feet high and nearly as broad, covered with thorns so sharp that neither man nor beast could touch them without the severest wounds. The houses, if by any stretch of imagination they may be called such, are most of mud and brush, or brush walled and plastered with mud; some are of burnt brick and stone. These are not more than sixteen to twenty feet square, and the roofs are domed. There are no windows, but light and air are admitted through holes in the domes, the object being to exclude the hot and poisonous air of the monsoons. The walls are thick, to insure as much coolness as possible. The native is in no sense a fancy farmer; in his best estate he lives not so well as

American pigs. He wallows in dust; dirt is his happiest accompaniment, and vermin of every kind are his inseparable companions; few can bite hard enough even to make him scratch, and the vermin of India are not weaklings. But the native manages to get good crops, he knows the dirt of India so well and is so allied to it that he can tickle it with his rude instruments until it will give out its best products in abundance. The earth and people alike are not disposed to be overdisturbed, hence European cultivation does not accomplish in any ratio corresponding to the expectations of experience. But the country is luxuriant in its way and kind; there are the most abundant fruits, never failing. When water is supplied and trees planted famine in India will be among the legends of sorrows long past. North-west through the bed of seas long drained is every kind of life, animal, vegetable and human.

In the morning, after a weary night, the first objects seen in the gray light were peasant's huts, bronzed children, a naked mother playing with the youngsters, as nude as herself; near by were two other women grinding at a mill, that is, running one stone over another by a pin inserted in the upper one, and singing the grinders' ditty; villagers on their way to the labors of life stopped to engage in service to their idols, prostrating themselves before the reddened Lingstone, or the marble Bull of Shiva, depositing a flower or a sweetmeat or nut; the creaking of water-wheels on their wooden pinions lifting water for irrigation by bullocks, the barking of dogs, the cackling of geese and quacking of ducks, the chatter of monkeys, cawing of crows and screaming of parrots in the first rays of a fire-red sun will give some idea of an Indian morning.

On the great plain, where the eye turns for some object above a common level, suddenly the pilgrim is wheeled into vision of grand masses of mountains, rising out of teak and acacia jungles, a highland region about five thousand feet high and about fifty miles in circumference. This is one of the gracious provisions of a Providence who always keeps something useful and grand out of the wrecks of nations. This is the spot of relief for the sick and exhausted, amid the blistering air of the plains—it is Mount Abu. The government has made it accessible for the suffering, by good roads, four thousand feet above the level of the plains. The wild beast recognizes its advantages and claims partnership in its salubrious air and splendid scenery. The bears have a sanitarium here; panthers and tigers enjoy too its exhilarations. The natives are arrayed in gay colors, the shadows of evening and the long streaks of sunshine alternate like colors in a gay fabric. It is a mountain which has not by its age gone into baldheadedness, its locks are youthful and abundant enough to cover the projections of its stony skeleton. At its base the trees are gracefully fringed with vines, flowering and fruit-bearing—the oleander lends its beauty and fragrance to the air. Peafowls by the hundreds fly or spread their feathers, giving their beauties to the gathered treasures that overlie this great altar wreathed with sunlit mists around its sacred precincts. Fragments of ruined art and architecture lie scattered over its ascent.

Night intervenes and cuts off visions and descriptions, and next morning the wheels trundle through the plains and by the mountain sides of Rajputanna, so aged and so historic and with a people so proud of inheritance through blood that every man is either a king or born

to be one if anybody wants him in the service. Here most of old India remains, having stoutly resisted English innovations. Rajputanna means "the land of the king's children." In the clan all are peers and brothers, and marriages within the clan are regarded as incestuous; hence the most frightful infanticide of India has been here, the cause being inability to find husbands of rank and the disgrace of living unmarried.

As the famous city of Jeypore is approached it is signaled by the marble built hills and mountains, white as the driven snow and the finest in its particles in the world, as smoothly and easily wrought as soapstone. Jeypore is skirted by rugged hills that look like white monuments reared to illustrious dead in some forgotten dynasty of the world's greatness. Vast furrows are cut down through this soft stone, the ridges between covered with tangled vines clinging to stately trees. Streams wander down through the grooves cut by centuries. Upon the plains at the base are great herds of antelopes, and red-headed cranes are on the margin of the waters. Nestling under gorgeous palms, banyan, tamarind or peepul trees are mud villages surrounded by mud walls, fringed with striped grass. In the midst of the grain fields is an elevated platform built on forks and covered with sticks and straw—this is the outlook for birds to be scared or stoned away, or they would make quick work with the grain fields; the parrots alone would finish it in a few days. Rajputanna is the oldest and richest province in events of all the Empire. The blue blood of the world is here, it is blue-black by age and general villainy. It is declared that the first Rajput king ruling in these valleys was the sun himself, who

was the father of Rama Chundra, the hero of Ramayana and of the incarnation of Vishnu. It was a great stoop in life for a Rajput princess to marry a great Mogul, even when in the height of his glory. They have been the bravest of the country ; whole Iliads of heroic measures could have been written from the daring deeds and matchless loyalty of the Rajput clansmen. Nor were the women behind the men, for at Chittor, in these same highland ranges, fifteen thousand Rajput women "suicided" *en masse* rather than lose their honor.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN INDIAN CITY.

JEYPORE is the capital of a district, is clad in beauty and full of heroisms, devilment and poetry, and is a fair embodiment of all these and more. It is a fantastic city, filled with the rags and fragments of more gorgeous times. It is, to some extent, the materialization of overheated Oriental imaginations. It is *sui generis*—an intermixture of the mouldy past and the conceits of the present, for the greater part was fashioned in 1728, under Jey Singh, but even this brought forward and retained much of the past, or, in other words, it shades off into both past and present. Here the painting of stone in water color is a high art. The "town is painted red," so that it has been named "the rose-red city of Jeypore, with its beautiful streets and fairy-like palaces." The station is a mile or more away, but in sight are imposing public buildings on a hill, which are still showing evidences of their decoration in honor of the Jubilee of Victoria, the Empress of India. The roads through all this

country are in splendid condition, but as there is no rain from August to April the dust is insufferable.

Along the streets and highways there are trees with great outspreading branches, furnishing shade for almost their entire length. It is a strange sight, the heaving multitudes with every kind of obstruction in the way, moving them all out of each other's road as if by magic; teams of great notched-back, white oxen, the like of which do not exist anywhere but in India; donkeys, camels, elephants, modern carriages, men and women by the thousand, with loads often three or four times their own bulk, crowding and crowded in the sweltering mass, in all kinds of costumes and no costumes, dodging between men and beasts, but moving safely to their destination. It is a sight bewildering to the coolest and most ingenuous head. The city is from the central square one vista of pink and white, or tinted white marble, looking as if it were marble ornamented with coral, a perspective of roseate contrasts. Many of the buildings have been gorgeous in their day, with their airy rows of light pavilions, with columns and canopies embellished with frescoes in all kinds of designs. This street is in length more than two miles, one hundred and eleven feet wide, and is in its effect simply magnificent. It is not marred by any irregularity of the houses, either too far in or out, and so straight is it in its building fronts that each house, palace or shop can be seen on both sides bending in the long stretch of the eye to the parapet of the distant Ruby Gate.

Two main highways of decorated buildings, each as wide as the one described, cross it at right angles, forming at the points of intersection two piazzas, the "Amber Chank" and the "Ruby Chank." Each

of these streets is a mile and a quarter long and have the same white and pink lines of fronts the whole length. And what is strangest of all, almost all this beauty is a sham; India is, architecturally, the country of magnificent shams, nature has done so much that it requires only a few bamboo poles lashed together, with branches intertwined, and this plastered and tinted with water colors, to make a palace for a king. Almost all this architectural finery is stucco, and yet the effect is of rose-colored alabaster. The observer is confounded in seeing that in the midst of mountains of the finest marble in the world, white and colored, with which the famous Pearl Mosque and the Taj have been erected, there are few buildings in Jeypore worthy of the name of art and adorned with this matchless stone. In the northern part of the great street between the two squares is a picturesque palace occupying, with its gardens and zenanas, a seventh of the area of the entire city. Here is a stately, tinted tower called the Istrilat, and a gateway surmounted by a drum-house and a museum.

The Maharajah's College is arcaded in the Hindu Saracenic style. Near is an edifice called Hawa Maahal, or Hall of the Winds, a fancy of an unbridled imagination, nine stories high, and exquisitely proportioned. Balconies overhang the gardens, pierced marble screens and gilded arches tempt the lagging winds to come through to the mitigation of summer's heat. The Rajah's palaces are a combination of real values and interminable shams. The Audience Hall, or Hall of the Nobles, girdled with marble columns, is built on a platform about five feet high, extending beyond the building proper, and on this is a bewildering series of arches that look like

things of air, or arches in fancy. The pillars on which they rest are of the purest white. This great palace, the Hall of the Nobles, was furnished in semi-European style, with damask sofas, mirrors and paintings—the whole was in disorder, as cleaning and repairing were going on. There is also a handsome building, a museum, with ceiling of glass Mosaic, peculiar to the country, with patterns of perplexing variety. This is done by covering mirror glass with plaster and cutting from the designs into the mirror glass, so that when the sun shines through the figures it seemed like designs of burnished silver sending their overpowering reflections all through rooms.

Another palace, about seven stories high, faces a garden of indescribable loveliness. It seemed to be open on the side of the garden through all its stories; porticoes running its entire length with pillars and Saracenic arches on every story. All the furnishings could be seen from the garden; whole suites are covered with mirrors. Upon the pavements are costly Indian rugs of exquisite workmanship. On the lower step of each of the marble stairways rising through the porticoes was an immense dog, almost as large as a tiger, and by him his keeper, and as keeper and dog had watched through the night they were both sound asleep. The garden is the realization of such a picture as the genius of Milton would draw for Eden, full of palms, pomegranates, bananas, acacias and every tropical product of fruit and beauty, with the waters flowing through stone channels, fountains and pools in which were fish, and on the margins beautiful black and white swans, and others with variegated plumage, and amid the overhanging branches were birds of cheeriest notes. Beyond this gem of nature's

choicest products is the palace of the late Maharajah, a fine building, more subdued in style, substantial, and more European in furnishings than any other in Jeypore. It is just as the last royal tenant left it; the floors within were covered with carpets and over these dressed were skins of tigers and leopards. On the walls were some fairly good pictures, and from the ceiling hung numerous chandeliers of crystal. All these palaces were at the foot of encircling hills, crested with bristling forts and peaceful temples. Nature and art are here combined to produce miracles of beauty—a picture to feast the sense of beauty and fever the imagination. This is India of the Rajahs in her inward grace and her outward adornments.

To the lovers of beautiful horses the royal stables will give the highest interest. There are about fifteen or twenty choice breeds. The Arabian son of the desert, almost perfect in his form and build, but who, as belonging to nobility, is just like them, pampered, idle, fat and unshapely through luxury. These horses have nothing else to do except to eat, and to be groomed, and to be haltered by both fore and hind feet. There were also English draught horses, Russians, racers from all parts of the earth, Australians, Italians, Grecians and Kentuckians, all out of shape by change of climate and want of exercise in their native air.

From horses to the heavens is a somewhat startling step, but when they are in close continuity it cannot well be helped, for Rajahs go to extremes just as wide. Within the second gate is a great square with marble pavilions, and overlooking it are the zenana lattices, opposite to which is a temple of Vraj Rai, or Krishna, and the astronomical observatory built by Jey Singh,

who founded the modern city, the largest of five which were built here and at Delhi, Mathura, Benares and Ugein, in the eighteenth century. He established the obliquity of the ecliptic and the procession of the equinoxes, and encouraged art and education in all their branches. He constructed a great sun dial, king of dials, whose gnomon is one hundred and eighty-nine feet high, registering the true sun time, and also the Chakra Yantre, or Brazen Circles, to determine the declination of the stars.

Our ascent has been sudden and abrupt into the heavens, but not being quite at home there the descent to the earth again and to the cages of wild beasts will be as great a surprise. A part of the Rajput capital is a lair for wild beasts. As all animal life is sacred no beast is a malefactor, and therefore his existence must be preserved; so there are confined eight man-eating tigers taken from the jungles and hills. They are terrific beasts, and when human beings are near become fiendish and their eyeballs like orbs of fire. They dash at the bars, open their red mouths and roar until their prison-house trembles. Each of these great brindle tigers standing on his hind feet is as tall as a large man, and each has drunk human blood, torn and devoured human flesh, and has a thirst for it that is furious and appalling. One monster had killed seven within a few days, another ten, and a tigress in the last stall, wild with her unsatiated appetite, was known to have devoured a family of fifteen men, women and children. Nobody will kill them, not even if they had their children in their paws, but they dig pits for them, where the tiger is left in hunger until he is too weak to resist his captors.

There are the ruins of a famous city called Amber, the name indicating the god Shiva, located about eight miles north of Jeypore, which must be reached on the backs of elephants. It was an ancient capi tal and became a city during the twelfth century. It has become the haunts of wild beasts and serpents and is fast being buried in the jungle, of which tigers are taking possession. It is surrounded by water, or a marsh, full of serpents and water fowl, which gives out deadly malarias. The temple of Mahadeva is reached, and here is the spectacle of life and decay in strange contrasts—a populous city on one side and on the other side another still in death. Almost all its former stone mansions have tumbled down, and what remain are only mute tell-tales of the glory of the past. Its temples are covered by wild growths and the ancient highways are pre-empted by wild fig trees. This great city has grown weary and sleepy, and has laid itself down to rest, only the palace, a few despoiled temples and a fort keep weary vigils amid the dismal shades of decay and the howlings of wild beasts. But the palace looks as if the warmth of human hands were still on its lintels and human presence giving a reflex life to its polished marble. Bars, portals and niches of ornamented marble open into a second court yard laid in mosaics of red and white marble, in keeping with their magnificent surroundings. One is a pavilion, supported by columns of marble, white as if built of virgin snow; its roof of the same, delicately tinted. On another facade of this court is the superb gateway of the Mardana, or men's abode, which challenges the world for a rival or even equal. There is also the Hall of Victory, panelled in snowy alabaster and inlaid with exquisite forms of fruits and birds;

the roof is made of white plaster over mirror glass, the plaster cut off in figures from the face of the glass, so that the reflections of the mirrors through are like spangles of light from the celestial world.

There are marble bath-rooms and chambers painted in curious scenes, and one apartment is lined with plates of mica set into white walls and vaultings, filling the rooms with an eerie light. The zenanas were not behind in all this splendor, but with the rest are falling into decay. There is a luxurious little pavilion where the imprisoned wives and daughters could watch the scenes in the squares. But one of the deepest laid of their convictions, running through the very texture of humanity, is the ever recurring idea of sacrifice and its vicariousnesses. At the side of the main entrance is a temple, and here every morning in the year sacrifice is made of life. At the Durga Festival a whole herd of buffaloes and a flock of sheep are given in death to avert the wrath of the goddess. But her daily claim is a goat, substituted for the human victim whose sacrifice was required every morning before the domination of the British. The bloody scene is in the presence of the form of the idol Kali, all black and red, seated on a platform in the dim shadows of the temple, with eyes of mother-of-pearl and a necklace of human skulls. At the foot of the altar is the sword that had through centuries done the bloody work. The victim behaves often as if he comprehended his fate, often bleating piteously. In his place many palpitating hearts have bled. Suddenly a bell is touched and the priest takes the heavy sword lying by the foot of the idol, performing at the same time the eightfold prostration and repeating the *mantra* of expiation; then the two attendants seize the

goat, one by the tail steadying him and the other stretching his neck with a cord. The poor beast stands bewildered, while the priest, standing at right angles with the neck of the victim, raises the sword, the end dropping back over his shoulder, and brings it down whizzing, with a blow which cuts and draws at the same moment, and cuts every thing between the shoulders and head down to the tangled hairs. A brass vessel catches the blood and the priest lays the head of the goat before the horrid, blood-loving idol, and touching his forehead to the earth repeats the prescribed prayer of dedication.

CHAPTER IX.

FEROZEPORE AND SURROUNDINGS.

A DAY and a night north-west of Jeypore is an ancient city. It is still a broad plain we are crossing to go toward it, bounded only by the horizon through which the onward way lies. The eye begins to tire of so much level land and to long for the upheavals made by earth's inner forces through her outward crust, thus preparing the varieties that give relief to the eye. There is but little seen, therefore, on all this long journey worth describing until day-dawn comes, which, in the East, is always interesting. The sun comes rolling up into the heavens hot, wrathful and red in the face. There were no clouds to moderate the fierceness of his coming nor to give variety about his throne. Day was fairly in the world when the cars pulled up for disembarkment. The dust on all sides was stifling, and no place was there to shelter the pilgrim's head, no hotels, and no hospitality in heathenism, and it would

have been a calamity if there had. A gharry carried the only Europeans stopping to a far-off place called a Dak Bungalow, which is usually a government shelter for travellers, where a stay can be made twenty-four hours and then the word is move on, unless the keeper can be bribed, in which case yourself and baggage are taken into a vehicle of some kind and driven around a few squares, after which you return as a new guest.

The hotel, as it was called in Ferozepore, was full and a tent was the only shelter that could be obtained. The dust on the floor was not less than six inches deep—no one had ever cared to investigate further than the depth of their shoes, which could be reached without effort. The first article of comfort presented was a bedstead made from bamboo poles, not over a yard wide; this in a tropical country for two persons was not an uplifting vision of joys to come. But the amazement that followed could hardly be imagined when it was asked where is the bed, and the reply was that this was all that was furnished in India—a bamboo bedstead with split bamboo slats. All the outfit for such an emergency that could be forthcoming from the pilgrims was one air pillow that as soon as blown up and the head laid upon it began to express itself in a sound like "fish," or "fiss-fiss," until the whole was as flabby as a fresh calf skin. The only other article of bedding was a camel's hair blanket, which would have to answer for mattress, blankets and sheets. The prospect of having a pair of backs grooved their whole length was a little depressing even to the intellectual sensibilities, and a feeling crept over brightest hope somewhat after the sentiment uttered by dejected people, "I wish I were dead." The next article com-

forted us greatly, which was a looking-glass about twelve inches square and dappled by the loss of the quicksilver from its back. These Hindus are philosophical and know that the last tussle of grim death with mortals is with their vanity. Some good people would struggle even in the arms of death into a photograph gallery to have their pictures taken and the new copies would be the last object of their entranced vision. Breakfast was early served, and on two rickety stools with toes in the dust the refreshments of the day were begun. Letters had been sent by Mr. William S. Reed, of Chambersburgh, extending invitations to visit his son-in-law and daughter, Rev. Mr. Newton, in whose compound we soon met the warmest welcome and the largest hospitality.

The city is in two marked divisions. The European side is more than a mile away from the native city, with large houses and spacious grounds. In this department is the court, frequented by hundreds. Strange sight, and true to human nature, to see men whose whole wardrobe would not cost five cents—having but a rag between them and nudity—contending with each other in the courts. It is a passion to be litigious in India. Men will spend the last cent in the world and grind their teeth in their impotency because it compels them to desist from what good sense ought to resist.

There is no country under the sun where English-speaking lawyers, mastering enough of the Hindustanee tongue to understand the litigants, can make more money. The west end is the old city in Indian style. It consists of huts and their accompaniments; but in the midst of this Christianity builds and cleanses. The hospitality of an Afghan was extended; he had em-

braced Christianity years before, his wife was a Mohammedan, who had held to her faith with the pertinacity of this kind. She attended the services of the Christian church with her husband, but held back, for we cannot in our free country ever understand the trials of discipleship in its relations to caste, but at last she rose above all and cast her lot in with the little band of Christians, and is now a decided follower, a woman of strong character and superior in her appearance to most Indian women. These parents have one little girl, eight or nine years of age, who played on the cabinet organ and sang for us some of the native ditties and the gospel hymns, the delight of the people, whether Christian or not. This big Afghan was building a new house in European style, and was intelligent, and was so progressive in his ideas that he appeared to belong to a Western country.

The mission work in Ferozepore is comparatively new, but unusually successful. Mr. Newton studied medicine before leaving the last time for India, and has found it a great help in his work. He started to treat diseases in a little tumble-down shelter opening on the streets, and the number of the diseased increased on his hands until they would stand on the streets waiting their turn for hours if necessary. The hospital and dispensary work is opened by reading, explaining and enforcing the Scriptures by native ministers, to which reverent respect is always given and many souls are blessed, if their bodily ailments are not cured. This is the case often with incurables, who know that there is no help, hardly even mitigation, and come to get comfort to their souls by being enlightened as to the beneficent purposes of sufferings. A new hospital and dispensary were undertaken in a more eligi-

ble and convenient spot and have been completed without debt and without expense to the Board of Missions. The people of Ferozepore and country about furnish the means for sustaining, both Hindu and Mohammedan contributing and taking the greatest interest in all pertaining to its welfare. It is not meant that this is general, for every movement even to a cleaner sty in India will have bitter and relentless oppositions; but there are many who have been elevated by Christian sentiments, though still clinging to their inevitable castes. While in Ferozepore two or three offerings came to hand for the support of the institution. One from an unknown person was four **hundred** rupees, a great sum even for most of those called wealthy in India, but almost every day the poor are sending in anywhere from an anna, about two cents of our money, to a whole and several rupees. The institution and the man who founded and continues it, are greatly beloved by the natives, both Mohammedan and Hindu. As he goes along the streets they know him as the good American missionary who has no other business in their country except to bless them, and one of the most touching manifestations of their appreciation is to see his healed patients greeting him in the streets and even running after him to give their salaams and other expressions of obligations and gratitude. He is at home with the people of his adopted country and laughs and talks with them in their own familiar way, and is alike respected by caste and outcast. He is the go-between, or link, who is permitted to do with either as he chooses, without offence.

Dr. Newton is not content to meet suffering alone in his hospital, he treats it everywhere, on the streets,

in the hovel, and keeps in his own yard the wretched creatures, whom he feeds, and both he and his wife dress their sores until, were it not that there is no bound to the sacrifices prompted by the love of Christ, one would be confounded in finding the infatuation that gives itself to a people of whom it can only be said the "whole head is faint, the whole heart is sick, from the crown of the head even unto the soles of its feet it is only bruises, and putrifying sores which have not been bound up, neither mollified with ointment." Mrs. Newton has a class of vagrants in her door yard, filthy and infested, which she has conscientiously, if not hopefully, taught every Sabbath for years. They have the scantiest protections on their bodies for decency and flopping themselves down in the dust at her feet, sometimes hearing reverently, sometimes contending for their opinions as a bear robbed of her whelps, for paupers in India are not necessarily ignorant. How she can endure the contact is one of the paradoxes which can only be explained by the power of divine grace.

Evangelizing services are a prominent feature in the mission at Ferozepore, and are carried on in a somewhat singular but interesting way. At a corner where the multitudes pass in the evenings are shelters in which benches are placed; for street preaching has become a mission force in the progress of the kingdom of God. The services are opened by a little portable organ, which is also a missionary ever making itself heard, on which the Rev. F. Newton plays, singing Christian hymns set to native airs, of which the people are passionately fond, as they are the songs of their country. The tunes of the gospel hymns are also used, for some of which the natives

have shown great fondness. The singing and playing do not fail to bring the people together, some from curiosity, others from love of the music, some from love of disputation and others because they have an inward sympathy for the gospel, and its teachings as to duty and comfort in life's troubles. When a congregation has been collected a native preacher begins his address, earnest and eloquent, for this is a people with both the gifts and graces of oratory. Often he has hardly begun before there is a verbal duel. The fierce Mohammedan has grappled with him. The Mohammedan always wants to know who was the world's Saviour before Christ came. He also fights His divinity. The Brahmin is never so fierce, but knows nothing of the Scriptures and does not believe in them; and vindictive as the Mohammedan is, agreement can be reached with him much more easily, as he knows and receives much revealed truth, but it is only an intellectual assent for the time being. The Hindu is as near the kingdom as any one is who must unlearn every thing and give up every thing. The native ministers are usually more than a match for either, and the result is that the professional disputant shrugs his shoulders in Eastern fashion and leaves, and the gospel is preached with power and often with effect to the rest.

Dr. Newton usually lets the natives do the preaching in these meetings; there is an advantage in reaching a people by their own men, but when the tug of war is too strong for them he supports them and helps them out. But he preaches whenever and wherever there is occasion, for the more advanced Christians love to hear him best, and where there are no race prejudices the foreign missionary, if he is master of the language,

and the people have confidence in him, is most trusted and influential. But there are great advantages in setting these native Christians to wrestle with each other—it deepens Christian convictions, it gives the Christian preacher great insight into the weaknesses of the defenders of heathenism. It compels a Pagan to feel the superiority of the gospel force when wielded by one of his own kind not superior to him in either intellect or learning. One of these native preachers was a great foe to Christianity for a long time—a man of superior learning among his people and one whose hostility was up to the required standard of their fanaticism. But he was won by the gift of a Testament, a translation in his own tongue, and read it on account of his literary tastes and abilities, and after years of reflection, struggle and persecution gave himself to the cause that he now so ably exemplifies and defends. The natives admire his abilities and learning, his fearlessness, even if they do not follow his Master. He has not an equal among his unbelieving countrymen in all the country of the Punjab.

The motives which bring men to church, good and bad, sincere, hypocritical and detestable, have illustrations in India as in America. In their worst form they ought to be no surprise, for so they were shown the Master. A man sat listening to him, all ears and eyes, when he was delivering that fearful discourse on the sin against the Holy Ghost, when the impatient auditor broke in upon him, saying, "Master, speak to my brother that he divide the inheritance with me." This had been all that he was thinking about all the time, how he might engage the Saviour in a family fracas through which he might get his brother to terms, or might overreach in settling up his father's estate. So

during the night service in Ferozepore an intelligent-looking native was, with transfixed gaze, taking it in. We thought to ourselves this man is either a pillar in the native church or he is in the very throes of repentance or inquiry after new life. But, alas! how much sober judgment about others ends in the absurd and ridiculous. After the benediction this sanctified-looking individual followed Missionary Newton on the way, and in the course of conversation told him that he had come to the services to get an opportunity to ask him if he knew of any dye that would color his whiskers, as he was a widower and wished to get a young wife!

But hypocrisy only exists where there is true, sincere worth. It really pre-supposes good. One of the most marked examples is a native convert of high caste, a neighbor of Mr. Newton, named Mai Das, now one of the wealthiest men about the city, who lives in a handsome residence built in European style of architecture, surrounded by grounds that recall to the visitor the traditional idea of Paradise. It is furnished within in the best European style of the country, his family have risen from the floor to chairs. His wife is the daughter of a native Christian of Lahore, and is beautiful and attractive, the mother of several bright and happy children. Mr. Mai Das is a large agriculturalist and has a farming estate of several hundred of acres, is advanced in his ideas and watches every improvement in agricultural implements and methods, a gentleman farmer, a man of refined native and European culture, and speaks the English with the fluency of a native. He had a thrilling history of his entrance into the visible kingdom of heaven. He was when a little boy impressed with the uprightness and gentleness of a venerable foreign missionary,

and when he came into his young manhood he fell under the influence of the Rev. Charles Newton, now of Lodiana, who led him through the enlightening influences of the Word and Spirit into the truth and its convictions. The day was appointed for his baptism. It was the culmination of bitter trials, for he encounted the most relentless hostility of his friends and all Hinduism. The government chapel was asked — for the services, but English Episcopacy, with its Papal insolence and inborn Phariseeism, refused, as usual, the use of property in a country held and defended as much by Nonconformist treasure and blood as by their own.

The greatest hindrance to the conversion of the heathen is this oppression of the most unjust, unscriptural and un-Christian ordination-caste on the face of the earth. The parlors of the officers' quarters were given, where the English rector was willing not only to be present, but to take some part in the service. Often the men in the mission field are as shade trees, with body and top above the boxes put around them in their planting. All was ready for a remarkable event, the baptism of a high caste Hindu, but he did not come. Some, ever ready to impute low motives, said he was a fraud and never intended to come, others believed that he had been hindered by the hostilities surrounding him, which was both charitable and true. As he was on his way he was dragged out of his vehicle by a fanatical mob of his own people, beaten and forced into another conveyance and carried to his own house and locked in a chamber, while the mob howled on the streets. He called for the police, but they were in sympathy with the crowd, and while they did not give this as the reason they did nothing.

At last, after hours of cruel detention, he called to the police in the name of Queen Victoria, "I demand that a British subject be released," which the police understood and dare not disobey, for there were barracks filled with British soldiers not a mile away. He was released, his family begging him with tears not to be baptized, saying that there was no sacrifice in their power they would not make for him; they said they would not oppose his going to the meetings of the Christians if he would only give up his baptism, which would separate them forever. His mother plead in tears and agonies that she might not forever be separated from her son. But disfigured as he was and in his garments soiled in his encounter with the mob, he presented himself and made confession of his faith and was baptized by Rev. Charles Newton.

His family mourned for him as for one loved and lost and infamously dead. They never recognized him for years; all that had been his in the household was destroyed and every trace of him put out of sight. He entered the kingdom by violence, he endured persecutions, but God blessed him. His fine house now stands at the point where the mob dragged him out of the conveyance and beat him on his way to his baptism—a memorial house which is his Ebenezer, for here and hitherto God has helped him. The English government on account of his Christian integrity and abilities appointed him Commissioner of Canals. He is liberal to the church, carrying that end of the load which remains when the other members have done all they will or can.

The mission has a fine site for a church near his mansion, all embowered within the shadows of beautiful trees. There is a little chapel on it

quite inadequate to the demands of the growing congregation, and they have about half enough money to finish it, the gifts mostly of Christ's blessed poor, though some of them have come from the heathen about, who respect what they have not yet embraced as all their own. Five hundred dollars would, with what they have, finish for them a commodious and to them a beautiful church. We wonder if this mention will not touch some kind heart which would like to have the blessings of the poor to come upon it. The congregation assembled on a Sabbath evening and the writer addressed them on the work of Foreign Missions as seen on his journey that far on his way round the world, and they were enthused over the progress of the gospel, strengthened in their hopes for India, and took their collection for the cause as does the Church at home. This same man, plucked from the violence of the mob for Christ's crown, interpreted for us. His mother changed her mind about her dead and disgraced son before her death, and he was oft with her, but though she loved her son she never gave up her idolatry. The Hindu people, so hostile at his conversion, have given up their hostility, and honor him as a Christian now. It is marvellous in our eyes.

CHAPTER X.

THE PUNJAB AND ITS CAPITAL.

THE Punjab means "the Province of the Five Rivers," and is the greatest Province in India; not in its populations, nor its soil, nor wealth, but in the manliness and progress of its people. The natives here approach more nearly the European ideas of men and women. They have taken more kindly to Europeans, have gotten more out of them, and have given more return for the efforts bestowed upon them. They are the bravest of people, and courage and progress are more or less allied to each other. The men are warlike; none know this better than the British, who found it out in both their hostilities and friendships. The most soldierly and noble people in the Punjab are the Sikhs, who had their organic origin in a religion which was under military discipline. The originator of this sect, Nanak, lived in the fifteenth century in the vicinity of Lahore. He was a religious fanatic who preached against caste. He also exhorted to purity of life and declared the unity of the Godhead. The Sikhs have been constantly persecuted by the Mohammedans. When the Mogul Empire was broken the Punjab became a self-governing territory. The Sikh kingdom was founded in 1780 by Ranjit Singh, who was first Governor of Lahore, and then established a despotism on the basis of the Sikh religion, which extended to Multan, west to Pashawur and north to Cashmere. At his death the kingdom was torn by rivalries and dissensions.

In 1845 the Sikhs felt able to attack the British

army with the purpose of driving them out of the country, and did defeat them, and if they had known how badly the English were worsted would have annihilated them. There were sixty thousand in the army which invaded British Indian territory. Several battles were fought near the Sutlej, one of the five rivers, running between Ferozepore and Lahore. The final result of the contest was that the British rallied from their defeat and encountered the Sikhs when their councils were divided, and in four battle drove them back from Lahore, and at their surrender the Punjab became British territory. The British had only beaten them in the battle-field, however, for they had worse contests with every form of insincerity and intrigue. The wife of the old, one-eyed king, who was the greatest of his line in both courage and intellect, by his death became Regent. She was an abominable creature in every element of her character. She chose a minister like herself, and their combined knowledge in the dishonest and the infamous made them a terror to all decency. He was alike her paramour, her slave and her master, and a curse to the kingdom. He had but a few principles, and these can only be classified by bad names—avarice, uncleanness, trickery, dishonesty, vicious ambitions to enthrone his selfishness and to fill his pockets with ill-gotten gains. Though protected in his authority by British arms he was a traitor at heart, and instigated and fostered the rebellion in Cashmere, which had been ceded to the British as a war indemnity. The crisis soon came, for his rascalities were aggressive. He was disgraced and imprisoned, and in his stead a Regency was established, composed of Sikh chiefs, under the control of a British Resident, who virtually ruled the country.

The Sikhs and their heroisms introduce us to some of the greatest and best characters in the history of the foreign colonial governments of Great Britain, the names of those pure, high-minded, brave and just rulers, and withal model Christians, Sir John and Sir James Lawrence. But for these great and good men England would be without one of the brightest stars of her colonial history. Sir Henry Lawrence was first and wisely chosen when the Sikh Regency was overthrown, a man who had participated in the recent struggles. He had a conscientious regard for his responsibilities, a pure nature, and had what a multitude of rulers have never thought of, truthfulness and sincerity toward their subjects. He was none the less able on account of these sterling qualities to cope with the natives in shrewdness and that far-sightedness which circumvented them by their own cunning. The natives came to believe that there was nothing sordid or selfish about him. He established a government of confidence, and order superseded corruption. But the queen mother ex-regent was plotting, and many high officers of the old Sikh army were sharers of her intrigues. Colonel Lawrence's health failed and he was obliged to leave for England, and Sir Frederick Curry was made Resident during his absence. After him came Lord Dalhousie, of whom it is said that he found the Punjab and Oudh foreign States and left them British Provinces. A second Sikh war grew out of the exorbitant claim of Moolraj, the son of Sawum Mull, Governor of Multan, which could not be fully met and was compromised. Moolraj continued his intrigues, which resulted in an attack upon some British officers, who were wounded and afterward dragged from their beds and overpowered

by numbers, though making heroic resistance. They were murdered and mutilated with every indignity. The insurrection being at first personal and local, became general and national. Multan was invested and after a long resistance surrendered to the British.

The queen was still plotting, though in banishment, she was therefore sent by the British to Ferozepore and eventually to Benares. The insurrection continued to spread and resolved itself into a contest between the Sikhs and the British. Lord Gough came to the help of the latter and battles were fought without any decisive victory on either side. At this time Sir Henry Lawrence, though still ill, returned, and appreciating the position pushed up the Indus and took part in the siege of Multan. The British suffered a disastrous defeat at Chillianwalla, but after other encounters finally gained supremacy over the Province.

This intriguing woman was the mother of the somewhat noted Dhuleep Singh, and there are grave doubts about his legitimacy, but this did not hinder his being the heir apparent, and it was during his minority that his mother lost the kingdom. He was educated in the Presbyterian mission at Futtehghur and gave great promise. He was a person of rare beauty, gentle in disposition and inquisitive in knowledge. He united with the Church while young, led an exemplary Christian life and was princely in his gifts to the mission schools. As he could not come to the throne of the Sikhs the British government recognized him as a native Prince, and settled upon him an annuity of fifty thousand pounds. His marriage to a Christian girl, without rank, in a mission school of the United Presbyterians in Cairo created

great excitement, as being so far from Oriental custom and withal in his Christian character, so wise. His own reasons showed unusual wisdom for his years and surroundings. He said that if he married in India of his own rank his wife would be a heathen and separation would be the result foreshadowed from the beginning. Instead he had chosen the highest rank in the world, a daughter of the great God. She was well educated, a woman of rare excellence and a wife and mother worthy of a better husband.

The Christian world has been sadly disappointed, as it usually is when it expects much of the princes of the blood. He visited England and was, as usual, lionized and debauched. Much of his downfall is laid to the Prince of Wales, who will, no doubt, have many others added to his list of wrecks by his disgraceful career. The Maharajah has not only lost all relationship to religion, but almost of decency. He became a spendthrift and, overwhelmed with debt, is an exile and enemy of England in Russia, plotting for the invasion of India, and is under British surveillance. Worse than all, he has left his family, and his wife died a short time since in neglect and broken-hearted.

Lahore, the capital of the Province of the Punjab, includes one-tenth of the whole Province, containing 110,000 square miles and 22,712,120 inhabitants. It is one of the oldest and most historic cities in India and has witnessed more of the stirring movements of the past than any other. It felt the tread of the great Alexander, who was arrested in his conquering course at the river Sutlej, only a few miles beyond, where the mutiny of his troops compelled his return. The city is beautifully situated on the river Ravee;

it gives the pilgrim a sense of repose at evening when the long beams of the evening sun lie aslant the magnificent foliage, of which there is the greatest abundance. There are superb boulevards and public gardens in the European part of the city. The rest is a jumble of thin brick buildings, sheds, tumble-downs and mud huts. In the city is a museum containing art remains and present art products, agricultural and horticultural growths, and beside great collections of skins and skeletons of animal, reptile and insect life of the country, which surprise those coming from the temperate zones in their magnitude, variety and beauties. There is a first-class English book-store, the building a gift of a benevolent Englishman, and erected in the interest of Christian missions and their advancement.

At the north-west angle of the city is the citadel which is occupied by detachments of British troops. Near the citadel is the tomb of Maharajah Rungeet Singh, known in history as King of Lahore, whose end came in 1841, and the place of his bodily repose is of considerable pretensions. The doors are of carved sandal wood. The adornments on the walls are Indian, consisting of statues of Vishnu and Siva, varied by a somewhat extensive assortment of villainous faces on one head. There were also many brawny arms. Such object teaching can only be equalled by our modern Sunday-school devices for putting piety into the heart through the eyes. One hand on one of the many arms of this well-furnished idol has the proverbial small boy by the hair, which is the way, we suppose, that the goddess "nabs" sin in the concrete, and the moral derived, which we mention for the benefit of the inventors of Sunday-school "jim-cracks,"

is that every male Hindu is shaved to the skin and the skin sand-papered so that her grip will slip in her desire to send the young manhood of India to the bad. The king has a good crib for his ashes under a lofty marble pavilion, double arched, so that one pavilion seems to stand within another; here is the urn that holds the little dust which a Hindu makes after he is dead. The domes of this beautiful monument are made of fretted silver and the ceiling between the outer and inner pavilions is constructed of mirrors and an arabesque of frosted silver.

Beyond in another entrance are the vases in which is all that is known to exist in time or eternity of his two sons and grandson, not one of whom died a natural death. The first reigned only a year and was poisoned—a kingly pastime of the thrones of India. A younger son was proclaimed king under the Regency of his mother and was killed before his father's funeral was over by the falling of a beam on him, a genuine Indian accident contrived for the occasion. Then the third son of Shere Singh, who was not a son, contended with the widowed Regent and ousted her, but had the opportunity to learn the peculiarities of assassination—another recreation of this country. The people most concerned in this business and their doings have already been mentioned, and this may pass for any elaborate descriptions. These Sikh kings hated Mohammedanism and its monuments of every kind, and not without a reason, for they had felt its tyrannies, and when their time came they dishonored its monuments with an ingenuity half diabolical. The mosque built by the great Emperor Arungzebe is not only desolate, but dishonored, the marks of which will abide until it dissolves into dust. The ruin

of this iconoclastic Emperor is magnificent, but the Sikhs have done their best to make as contemptible as he did all that did not suit his religious or devilish fancies. The late Maharajah converted it into a barracks for his soldiers and slaughtered Indian hogs; nothing but scavengers are in its places sacred to prayer.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND PROGRESS.

WE are hearing just now much of Christian unity, its influence, its joys and its assimilation to the divine ideal in the valedictory prayer of our Lord. Much of this talk is sheer sentimentality, as shallow as superficial; much of it means the aggrandizement of one church, the least in membership and in that benevolence which marks a living Church. **The church which sits as the frog to swallow the** ox. Much, however, in this and in all other churches is sincere. Men are ready to sacrifice even identity if by it Christ shall be glorified and the world saved. This spirit is not visionary nor sentimental, but practical, and its results are to be seen every day in heathen lands—Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and even Romanists working in harmony for the perishing heathen. Here is the place to begin union; here Christ's prayer "that they may be one" is realized in the world, and if the churches in America and Europe which are trying to effect compromises by shearing off corners of each other's phylacteries would begin at the soul-saving end of the Church, unity in mission work, especially in the foreign field, we should be united before we knew it, one Church in Christ

Jesus in heaven and earth. There is no reason for denominational lines in the foreign field, these divisions only work mischief.

The whole evangelical Church ought to work together here; and that this is not a vagary we will quote the testimony of a venerable missionary, a clergyman of the Church of England, in Umritsur in the Punjab, India, concerning our Presbyterian missionaries laboring in Lahore, in his account of the founding of the work of the Church Missionary Society in the Punjab:

"It was in the year 1849 that God put it into the heart of one who, like Cornelius, the Centurion, 'feared God and gave much alms.' This officer of high rank in the East India Company's army, after the Sikh war had terminated in the annexation of the Punjab, sent secretly, as he thought, the sum of ten thousand rupees to aid the Church Missionary Society to begin work in the new dependency; and here we come to the Christian unity and trustfulness which must ever be included in the prayer of our Lord. This famous general sent it through a Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. John Newton, who, after fifty years of faithful service, still labors in Lahore, revered and honored by all, together with the Rev. C. W. Forman, his son-in-law, and with his sons, all of them missionaries, and all working around him, with the exception of one who now rests from his missionary labors in God's presence above. Thus happily commenced the Society's work in the Punjab; and thus also the intimate relationship of the Church Missionary Society with the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, which has existed for more than thirty years. Whatever others may say, or think, we who are in the Punjab have seen, and therefore we

bear witness that God's grace is not confined to any one Church or people. Dearly as we love our own Church, we have seen that converts are not made only in the Church of England; and we have seen also that converts of the Church of England are not better Christians than those of other Churches. And we say this because the Punjab owes a great debt of gratitude especially to Dr. Duff and to the Free Church of Scotland in Bengal, who have sent to the Punjab many of the most influential and useful native Christians, who are now laboring in the Punjab in connection both with the Church Missionary Society and with other Societies. We cannot blind our eyes to facts; for we see that God is no respecter of persons, and that in every nation, and in every Church, those who fear him and work righteousness are accepted and blessed of him. We speak not of other matters, but of God's blessing; and we wot that whoever God blesses is blessed, and none can reverse it."

The next question is, What is the mission work of India accomplishing, and how is it doing it? The ways are as varied as the motions of truth, and it would be impossible to write the history of a single truth in motion through the minds of men. If the work is measured only by converts some might ask, "Why was this waste?" But if it is computed by the divine estimate of the soul's value the question could be easily answered, for though the number of converts is not great compared with years, money and vital forces expended, and many have been hypocrites, yet the most are loyal and true, and are tried almost every day by tests that would make a like number in Christian lands falter. No language will describe the tortures to which they are subjected. They are forever

boycotted by a tyranny almost omnipotent and fiendishly ingenious, yet they have suffered martyrdoms daily, and in the mutiny, that may be placed beside the bloody histories of St. Bartholomew or Smithfield. But this, at best, is but a partial estimate of the results of a century's seed-sowing. The great heathen mass has been modified in every doctrine and practice. Its most horrible rites have been abolished, suttee and child murder, and now hundreds of educated Hindus are denouncing child marriage and the curses of an enforced child widowhood, &c. The following will give an idea of the heathen estimate of the work in one locality:

"They say, Hindus should not boast any longer of being such in the ancient sense of the word. They should not think their children will remain faithful to the religion of their fathers. Hindus cannot hold their own much longer against the preaching of the Christian padres who go about impressing every individual with the great importance of possessing a pure and spiritual religion instead of one having nothing but hollow outward signs, and of the importance of schools where the child is taught its duties toward every member of the family. The Hindus do not find fault with the padres for all this, as they do these things for the glory of their religion, and they are sure to succeed, as we have not the means of defending our religion, whereas the padres can afford to spend any amount of money to induce one Hindu to accept the faith of Jesus Christ. The poorer classes will soon be induced to give up caste, religion and family connections for the sake of the worldly honor and comfort to be gained by accepting Christianity. Our boys in your schools are like greedy fishes and

are easily caught by the book of missionary lore. These boys do not regard the worship of the gods nor care to offer *Sradh* (feeding the Brahmins) for the benefit of departed souls, as once they did. This token of loving memory offered year by year for the sake of a departed father, or mother, or brother, or sister is vanishing from our community. These young men view things and persons as they are taught in the schools by the padres, and hence they cannot be any longer living members of a Hindu family."

The impression that the old systems will never revive is well nigh universal, yet these hereditary relations and the power of habit and intellectual biases, together with caste influences, will make the work slow. The nation may have to be made infidel before it is Christian. It may have to be denuded of all its religious faith before it will turn to Christianity. But the work will never go backward. It has passed into the circulations of the national mind and will never leave until it has made a place for itself. The priests know that the change is coming by their diminished influence and waning moneyed resources. Even the fakirs complain that gifts are few and often shams. Education is opening the way and there is no element of power like teaching English to the people. When once a man gets to thinking in English he never can get back again into the sinuosities of native thought. This will first revolutionize, and then unify the nation with the British. A native is more than half English when he can read and think in the government language This was the departure for which Dr. Duff had to contend alone, not only against native hostility, foreseeing its future effects, but against the truckling of the English, in order not to displease the natives. These are

his sentiments as described by the gifted woman who has devoted her life to India and has written so many delightful books under the *nom de plume* of "A. L. O. E.:"—"Dr. Duff looked on the English tongue as the key to a rich store-house of science, wisdom and truth, where eager minds and hungry souls might feed and so grow to manly stature. One of his dearest friends besought him to give up his purpose, but when he found him immovable said, 'You will deluge Calcutta with rogues and villains.' The authoress exclaims, 'O, what a strange mistake was made by this doubtless well-meaning man. India has at this moment no nobler sons than the boys taught in the College by Dr. Duff.'"

Another form of mission work quite modern, but scriptural, and found in the catalogue of the evidences of Christ's Messiahship, as it was sent to reinforce the wavering faith in the last shadowed days of John the Baptist, is the healing of the sick. The Medical Mission has become a wonderful institution. We have already referred to its blessings in connection with the work of Ferozepore. But it appears everywhere a new and powerful body and soul-saving agency. It has opened up new resources suited to the conditions of the people, and attractive to them, as relief from sufferings is grateful. It has also come as a revelation of another life to women; a profession for which she is eminently qualified by nature when she is led into it by her sympathies for suffering. Her delicacy of touch, her quick perception, her sympathy with her patients, her conscientiousness in the discharge of her work put her in the front ranks of missionary workers. Beside all this, what a blessed outlet for the wasting energy of our own country, where woman for ages has been com-

pelled by the slavery of public opinion to fold her hands either in idleness or has had to be a servant to drudgeries, to labors in which the treasures of her genius and sympathies could have no mission. Our judgment has everywhere been confirmed that the conversion of the heathen world will be largely the triumph of the sanctified devotion, genius and untiring love of women. This is infinitely better than wearing her life away on the heartless drudgeries of the needle or as sales-woman or in clerkships.

In Lahore this work is appreciated by the natives—it breaks down their hostilities. The cured and the relieved will tell of their benefactors; restraint on these glad hearts is as futile as the Saviour's charge to the healed man not to tell it, but gratitude being greater than obedience they published it everywhere. A kind word about our diseases is a charm, but an act of healing is a power which can never be reproached, words of sympathy and works of healing will yet open to the gospel every door in India. The work in Lahore has grown with marvellous rapidity, and it brings men and women in the best mood to hear of the grace of the great Physician, who healed the sick. It meets them at the time when they will be true and prejudice will be disarmed. The increase of the number treated is more than two thousand a year.

In a beautiful part of the city of Lahore is the Young Ladies' Seminary. The property belongs to our Board, but the school is conducted by Scotch ladies, one of the many good results arising out of the unity of the Christian Churches in India by which they work in beautiful harmony with each other. The buildings are spacious and comfortable and

the work done is first-class. It was a surprising and touching sight to see so many young girls lifted from the unspeakable degradations of heathenism into the culture of Christian ladies. Some of them were beautiful and the very impersonation of grace. Their hair was plainly, but faultlessly, dressed. Their movements were lithe and their eyes glistened in their native blackness. The costume is simple, only a wrap of cotton cloth, but gracefully draped about the form without a seam in it. They are usually barefooted, but their feet are perfect, and it does not look out of place in this land of beauty. Their attainments were considerable. Most of the pupils speak English. We were invited to address this company of washed womanhood with clean chuddas, and we hope clean-souled. They were as appreciative as the same number of young ladies at home would have been, and when the advice was given as to the careful mastery of the English language, if for no better reason that "a woman is more powerful in scolding her husband if she can do it in two languages, and that the change would relieve her tongue and enable her to hold out longer," they laughed outright. One cannot but fear for the future of many of this sunny-faced crowd of young life, for they are bound to suffering, and will feel it, perhaps, all the more because they have been lifted for a time above its dreary level.

The Zenana work is a part of our missionary agencies, and one that by its merits demands a place in any true estimate of the moral forces at work for the uplifting of India from its dreary centuries of degradation. Among the workers in this service is Mrs. Morrison, the wife of the revered missionary, so well-known the world over, and especially in our own

country, Dr. Morrison. She is laboring for the North Broad Street Presbyterian church, (Dr. Harper's,) in Philadelphia, in Ferozepore. She is an accomplished lady with a devotion only known in those born in India, to whom the people are nearer than to foreigners, the very sunshine and cloudless skies making them akin. Her work is prospering and the story of its trial and hopes very absorbing. (Since the above was written we have learned of her death.) In the work at Lahore Mrs. Forman and all the wives of the missionaries, together with native helpers and the Misses Harris, work in this department of the soul-saving service, having schools and zenanas under their care. Of course, there was no admission except to ladies, and from them the facts have been gained from their observations. A visit with Mrs. Forman was made to the schools, which were approached through the narrow streets of the native city, reeking in filth, so that progress was a gymnastic performance to avoid unpleasant contacts. The greatest privation of the journey seems to have been the want of clothes-pins to clutch the nasal organs, which forethought had not supplied.

When the school, called so by accommodation, was reached the teachers and scholars were found huddled over in a dark corner where scarcely a ray of light had the temerity to appear. Mrs. Forman asked the native teacher why she did not leave her darkness for the light. The teacher said she sat there for luck, as the days she sat in those sombre shadows she had most scholars—revealing a superstition as deeply wrought into the minds of the natives as the facts of their life. Mrs. Forman examined the scholars, who had made real progress, repeating the Catechism with prompt-

ness and accuracy. They also read the Scriptures well. The habits and conditions of the pupils will be surprising. All of them had rings in their noses, some fully two inches in diameter, hindering any possible use of handkerchiefs, though they all needed them, for the natives in this climate are not often found without bad colds. The flies had settled in dark rings about their eyes and were vigorously plying their proboscises to the inflamed lids, but this did not disturb their equanimity sufficiently to cause them to drive them away. Their feet and legs were bare and their brown skins were apparent through the thin chuddas, and this was in the winter, which would correspond with our early October. Their ears were pulled out of shape by the cheap ear-rings and trinkets hung from the top to the lobe of the ear, which is pierced in slits to accommodate them; but these conditions do not indicate poverty, for Mrs. Forman said all these girls were from families in comfortable circumstances. One was disgustingly dirty, upon whose face there was no indication of the presence of water in the universe. This attracted the attention of the stranger, and to satisfy her curiosity she asked the cause of this superlative dirtiness. The answer was that she had lost her mother, and it was their custom not to wash the orphan faces for three days after the parental demise. Among the number was a little girl dressed in boy's clothes, and this was explained as a mark of the greatest paternal devotion, when they dress a daughter as a boy. This may not raise the reader's ideas of the progress of the work, but when these children were compared with the average of those out of the schools it would not take a moment to see that the progress had been wonderful.

From this educational centre a detour was made through more narrow, crooked alleys, the turns so short that one felt the need of a pivotal vertebra, and skipping and leaping over things to be dreaded, another school was reached. As the approach was observed the teacher ran out into the neighborhood to gather up her scholars, who come and go as the notion takes them or their parents, as they take no note of time. After they had been gathered they numbered about fourteen, ranging from five to fifty years of age, and one "yaller dog," all sitting together on the earth floor. The lessons began, which brought out the abilities of the school. There were two old women, fifty or more years of age, who had one pair of great goggle-eyed spectacles, about two inches in diameter, between them, which, when in use, were tied with a dirty white string to go over the head and keep them in place. The first one called to read squatted on the floor dressed in bright calico trousers and a dirty white chudda. In her nose she had a cluster of seven pearls and in her ears huge ear-rings, which had distorted them by their weight. There is said to be a profound reason for the wearing of dirty clothes by high caste women in India. We were told that it is a mark of virtue to wear dirty clothes, the dirtier the more immaculate the virtue one would surmise—prostitutes wear spotless linen, and are known by the cleanness of their garments—so no respectable woman in India, unless she is an advanced Christian or high enough in government favor to defy custom, will wear clean clothes. When a virtuous woman gets a new chudda, we were told, she will have them soiled by her servants before appearing in them. The old woman, who began the re-

citation performance for the benefit of the visitor, was distinguished, she had made such progress in her studies as to call official attention and admiration. The English government gives free scholarship to those who stand examination by the government school officals, and are by them promoted.

The other old woman took the big-eyed spectacles and read her lesson and recited her Catechism, and so they went on from the eldest down to the "yaller dog," who, for some unexplained reason, was excused, though no one had been more attentive. Over in one corner of this small and badly-lighted room was the woman who lived in this house and sub-rented her premises for the zenana school. She had a tiny baby lying between her limbs almost out of sight. Near by was another playing, dressed in girls' clothes, but he was a boy for "a' that." It was a prank being played on their god just to fool him. That "gal" was a "sure enough boy," and the mother had a reason for this little fraud, which Mrs. Forman explained. It was to deceive the gods so they would not take him away, for the gods are not supposed to have much use for girls.

In this connection there was an incident which is given to illustrate one of the many phases of privation in missionary life. Mrs. Forman takes with her on these zenana services her little flaxen-haired girl, a dear little creature, and as the mother went into these dreary places the child would drop down beside the wretched children, knowing no distinctions. Her guest said, "How can you take this delicate child into this poisonous atmosphere and in contact with this dirt and disease? Are you not afraid that she will not only be poisoned but infected?" She sighed as if

in a painful strait betwixt two, and said, "It is a question between the life and health of soul and body, If I leave her at home with the servants her soul will be contaminated by their vileness, and if I take her with me her body will be poisoned, for she has just recovered from typhoid fever, no doubt the result of the exposures of which you speak." Another incident in connection with this child will illustrate how soon childhood catches the spirit of its surroundings. We took this little girl upon our lap in the carriage, and said, "What a nice little girl you are. If you would come home with us to America we would find so many nice things for you." She replied, "Nobody cares for me. I am nothing but a little girl." This sentiment she had caught from hearing the sad wails of motherhood and daughterhood that girls were ever born into the world.

Preaching is constantly employed as God's own ordained mode of saving souls and as constantly honored in results. Lahore is pretty well provided for in chapels, which free the missionary from many of the annoyances of out-door preaching, where it is constantly interrupted by those who desire to break up his services or turn them into ridicule or rows. It is not often that he is interrupted when in the chapel, beside the law protects him, and even the Mohammedan has a respect for the house of God if there are no pictures or images in it. There are two of these, one near the Lahore Gate and the other at the Delhi Gate. Four regular services a week are held by Messrs. Forman, Velte and Golok Nath, assisted by as many natives preachers and workers. In these chapels good audiences have been gathered, many of the people coming regularly; beside these formal services

there are informal meetings held in the morning and preaching in the bazaars and street-corners. There is a union church in the European part of the city and a Sunday-school where two services have been conducted by the missionaries, the evening service usually by Rev. Mr. Forman, and the morning by Rev. Mr. Velte, who has superintended the Sabbath-school. The congregations are mostly of European and Eurasian Christians. This church is a giver and helper in every good work. It would be tedious to describe every point at which the pulses of Christian life are felt. What we have said will give an average idea of the work, its quality and quantity.

The boys' schools and college are the most important agencies to be described. These must influence multitudes whose whole ideas and character are being changed into the intellectual image of their teachers, if no more, but many have assimilated the principles of their moral character. These schools have government aid and the classes must stand examinations to assure promotions and help. The Rev. Mr. Forman acts as superintendent. There are over one thousand boys in these classes. Every day the fourth period of instruction is devoted to the study of the Bible, the whole school being divided into seven sections and taught by the missionaries, Messrs. Das, Charn and others, and many of the small boys will compare favorably in their accurate Bible knowledge with the best in our own country.

The great influence of godly and devoted Christian men tells nowhere with greater force than in India. Here true character is appreciated. The heathen honor consistent goodness, and trust men whose religion they do not espouse with a confiding devotion little

short of veneration. They swear by them, appeal to their opinions of what is right, and no two men living on the earth to-day have more of this confidence than these, not only from the natives, but from the whole missionary church, representing every denomination. The civil departments of the government, the military, and the natives in every caste and no caste revere the two venerable and noble missionaries who have wrought more than a half century, Revs. Mr. Newton and Forman. Their names are spoken in sincerity and devotion. This will have confirmation in what will follow. The demand for a college was urgent. The government has its schools and colleges of a high order, but, like most government schools, they are godless, hot-beds of materialism and infidelity, if not of atheism outright. The government of India, by the lack of Christian instruction, is hatching nests of rebel vipers to rise against it whenever there shall be an opportunity. Such schools convert men from superstition and idolatry to atheism, teaching them neither to fear God nor regard man. The best men in the civil and military service in India feel this and are endeavoring to meet the fatal want by contributing to help the great mission church to do it.

A mission college, under the care of the Presbyterian Board, was established in 1864, which grew out of a school founded by Rev. Mr. Forman in 1849, and continued in operation until 1869, when the Principal, Rev. Mr. Henry, died, and with other untoward events it had to be suspended. It was a trial to the missionaries and a daily regret to the Christian Europeans and native Christians in the Punjab. In June, 1886, it was revived under the most favorable circumstances. A class was organized of sixteen

members, who will be ready to enter the intermediate examinations of the Punjab University in 1888. But how can a few missionaries start a college, buy ground, erect buildings, found libraries, endow professorships, &c.? The Presbyterian Board has no such resources, and has never attempted any thing greater than supporting missionary teachers. The influence of these missionaries, so trusted and true, has made the long desired wish a fact. The college is in operation in the building known as Ring Mahal, in use now by the Mission Hill School, with a faculty consisting of the Rev. C. W. Forman, M.A., Principal; Rev. H. C. Velte, M.A., Professor of English Language and Literature; Rev. J. H. Orbison, M.A., M.D., one of our Pennsylvanians, a graduate of the University in Philadelphia, Professor of Chemistry; and the brother of a gifted native scholar and preacher, heard to the delight of so many before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America; Rev. Hari Das Chatterji is Professor of Mathematics and Physics; Maulvi Bakhsh is Instructor in Persian and Pundit; Ganesh Dutt is Instructor in Sanscrit.

But where did the money for ground and buildings come from? The government, which knows these men and their works and trusts them, gave them six acres of the finest land in the city of Lahore and from thirty to fifty thousand rupees. This is but one of many examples of the appreciation of the Anglo-Indian government of the American Board of Foreign Missions, as well as constant favors from Europeans to the missionaries and their work, and it is a poor response to these gifts that we hear it said, "We won't give money to the Indian missions. England

ought to take care of India." England is doing her best, and has given as much to our missions as we have done ourselves. The Presbyterian Board holds thousands of dollars worth of property, not far from a quarter of a million, given by the Anglo-Indian government and British subjects, and we could not show ourselves more unworthy of the confidence our missionaries have inspired than to be careless about the obligations of such trusts.

The Presbyterian Church has lost territory once occupied, for want of men and means. Territory has gone from our hands sactified to us by the martyr blood of our own countrymen, and it is now time to retrieve and not curtail. Of course, these faithful men and women on the field have not been governed by church selfishness, and have invited other churches to occupy, as it is all Christ's work. The Church Missionary Society was invited by missionaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to occupy Lahore and work side by side, which they have done in great harmony and mutual helpfulness. And now this Society has stretched its lines from Lahore and Umritsur up into Afghanistan itself, and is occupying what many have thought to have been the birthplace of the race, for Paradise has been located here. It has its Divinity School in Lahore, orphanages and other agencies, for Lahore is a strategic point in the spiritual conquest of India. The British government in India has opened up a military railroad as far north as Peshawur, and this has brought that north country into the heart of the Christian operations of India. On the map Goojerat will appear a most important point, and off a little west will be found Sialkot, Gujranwala, Jhelum, and

Shahpoor. Here the United Presbyterians of America have a mission, wonderful in its somewhat novel yet gospel mode of reaching the people. It is a continued marvel to other missions how they manage to disciple so many. The number of baptisms is anomalous, and if one-half hold out it is in converting power the most prosperous mission in India. Even if a large percentage are ignorant when baptized, it still breaks caste, and they are segregated from their heathen associations and are more accessible to gospel influences ever after. So far as we can form any just judgment, it is in their favor; their work in many respects is Pentecostal, and shows the honor God ever puts on his own methods of saving souls by first separating them from their soul-destroying associations, and then instructing and raising them up in the opportunities God's providences afford in daily life.

The work in this mission was begun by the Rev. Andrew Gordon, D.D., who, with his wife and sister, Miss E. G. Gordon, sailed from New York city, September 28, 1854, and commenced operations in a very humble way and among the lowest of the people, the inmates of the poor-house near the station, several of whom afterwards became Christians, another example that Christ's gospel never fails with the rich because it begins with the poor. In 1856 two other ordained ministers were added, and educational agencies were organized and orphanages founded. The work suffered by the mutiny, and the missionaries had to take refuge in the fort at Lahore. Seven years after they began their seed-sowing the first harvest fruits were gathered. The first two converts, two men, were baptized, and the first native ministers, Revs. E. P. Swift and G. W. Scott, to whom these honored names had been given

in their baptism, were ordained in 1859. The mission has had its reverses—it would have been no account without them. These were mainly for want of proper and timely support, the cause of mishap to most missions. An industrial school and a boy's and girl's orphanage were closed in 1872. But a Theological Seminary has been a blessed success. There were opened also a Christian Training Institute and a girl's boarding school. Two mission high schools are in successful operation, one at Sialkot and the other at Gujranwala, and over seventy other primary schools in cities and villages in their missionary district. While the first converts were of high caste, raising hopes in this direction not realized, the progress of the work among the poor and lowly has been phenomenal. The mission has had an unexampled growth in numbers, extending from one hundred and twenty in 1870 to near four thousand now.

CHAPTER XII.

A SPEECH TO THE ORIENTALS.

ONE of the indications of the presence of an institution of learning is speech-hearing and speech-making. Nothing takes hold on the aspiring youthful mind like this mode of conceiving and uttering thought. It is in India as much, if not more, of a passion than in America. Oratory was born in the Orient, and its methods were first formulated in the land of the sunrise. The American pilgrim was not long in Lahore before an invitation was extended to address the students of the mission college, and the subject chosen by the Hindus was "America." It is everywhere the land of promise. It is the romance

and poetry of the Old World. Students from the government institutions were invited, and the chapel was filled with "puggerried" heads; such an audience had never been seen or addressed before. We could scarce believe in our own identity while in circumstances not even dreamed of in the wildest fancies of the imagination. The danger of such an attempt was not apprehended or it would never have been made. There were all the hostilities of fiercely contending nationalities present, both toward the foreigner and between each other. Caste divisions, national and local hostilities of birth and religion, habits of thought, opinions, life and society, which made this congregation a collection of inquisitive hostilities. It would be impossible for a Western foreigner to address Mohammedans and Hindus at the extremes of religious antagonism and not tread on convictions sacred to both. But they had made up their minds to let the stranger say what he pleased in his address about America and to take out of it what suited their tastes, and be polite at least to what they did not like, or charge his mistakes, in their conceptions, to his ignorance. One thing he relied on, when one party was being lampooned he would have the sympathy of the other, so he would be uppermost half the time with half the audience.

This was an assembly of married men. This condition can be guessed with the eyes shut—marriage is something done for the men of the country in infancy. President Forman asked a class in college of one hundred, "How many of you are married? All who are rise up," when all but one rose, and he immediately explained in embarrassment that he was very soon to be married. It was a splendid audience,

for there is a surprising beauty about the cultivated manhood of India. As a race they are handsome, with high foreheads and heads erect; their eyes are bright and expressive and their bearing stately. Having said this much of the audience we may venture to report, as far as possible out of memory, the speech on "America."

Gentlemen, we take it for granted that in your desire to hear of the greatness and goodness of the government of the United States, the country of free men and free women, that you desire to imitate all that is good in it and to abhor all that is evil. This reminds us in the beginning of the fable of the humming-bird, which, being dissatisfied with its position in the world, so diminutive in size, so limited in its sphere of usefulness and restrained in its ambitions, sought council of an owl, the philosopher bird, to find the secret of success in the world. The owl rolled his dreary eyes, squinted and blinked for some time, and then, in great deliberation, said in a voice of deepest gutturals, "Mrs. Humming-bird, you are tired of your insignificance in the world. It is not for me to say whether your description of yourself is true; but, as you have asked my advice, I will say that if you desire to raise your race from humming-birds to owls, you must first lay owls' eggs, and if you will hatch owls' eggs you must spread yourself."

Gentlemen, if you will be free and raise your country to a place with the great nations, you must begin by doing great things, and if you desire to find where they are and the results wrought by them you will find them in the Christian's Book—the Bible. This book and its teachings have made the greatest nations on the earth—England, Germany and America. The

Bible is the chart to each, the truths of the Bible are the pulses to their noblest endeavors. It is not the Book of any party, as the Koran to you Mohammedans, or the Vedas to you Hindus, but everybody's Book. It unites men in general purposes and movements. Each reads it for himself and thinks about it for himself, but in great movements all are united. In England and America there are many divisions in the Christian Churches about a great many things, but if danger comes they are all united, while you in India hate each other, and would as soon see a foreigner rule as either of the parties of your own country. In America, at the beginning of the country, Africans were brought and held as slaves, and in part of the country continued in bondage for nearly a century. The Bible said it was wicked to hold a fellow-man in servitude as a man would an ox or ass. It is the Book of freedom and teaches how men can be free. Here is a single utterance:—"If the truth make you free ye shall be free indeed." These various divisions in the Christian Church read the same Book and soon agreed on the one fact, that slavery was a great curse and it must be removed, and so it was. It cost millions of lives and dollars, but the Bible taught them that it was wicked, and all these many Christian denominations **united** on this and accomplished it; and so they will go on in unity about every great issue. You Mohammedans and Hindus cannot agree long enough on any one policy or purpose to free India.

The principles of government in America are all in the Bible. The laws of the free people of America are adaptations and formulations out of the great Book with which your missionary teachers are trying to impress upon you that the peoples of India may be free

and united in the great truths of the Christian religion and Christian politics and government administration, which will make India as free as America, or England, or Germany. Some of you may have wondered why American teachers and missionaries have come all the way to India to teach its peoples. Some may have thought it was only to destroy your religion, to put another in its place. But this has not been your experience. Whatever is good in your religion is taught by the Christians, and more. They teach a kindlier and better way to live, not to hate each other. The Bible says, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself.". The Christian religion teaches us to be kind and helpful to each other. One of you might be dying on the streets, and if a man did not belong to your caste you would not receive from him a drop of water. But in sickness and suffering the Bible forbids all caste—the Christian must do good to all men.

And now I will explain how it is that your Christian teachers have left such countries as England and America and their friends and homes to come here. It is because this Bible teaches them that this is their duty—that those who have the blessings of the Christian religion must share them with those who are poorer than themselves. The missions to India began in a college somewhat like this. Some students had been reading the command of our Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach or teach the gospel to every creature." They thought it was their duty, and so they went out by a hay-stack, near a river called the Hoosac, to pray God to show them their duty to India, and there they made up their minds to come

and give their lives to this great and oppressed country. They have been here since, and their countrymen read in this Bible that it is their duty to support them in their efforts to help you to be better and to give you the freedom we have at home, and so millions of dollars have come and are coming to give better religion and government to India. But for the Bible they would have stayed at home, and said, "Our country is enough for us. What do we care for India, another race of people and no kin of ours? Let them fight, or starve, or do what they please." But for the Bible no money would have come when the famine raged. Only Christians ever give money to help the suffering of other nations. Did China send any money when your people were starving? Did Turkey or Egypt? No, no! I perceive that the infidel productions of Robert Ingersoll have reached you, and I am, for your sake, sorry for it, for you have enough of this kind of men, who have never done you any good. The people who denounce Christianity never do any thing for down-trodden humanity. Mr. Ingersoll never sent a *pice* to feed your starving people during the famine. He and his kind have never started a school to instruct; never have they founded a hospital or a home for orphans. Christianity only lives and moves and has its being in its benefactions. Mr. Ingersoll taxes you for books that never help you, that condemn only those who are trying to raise up India and gives you no help in the place of those institutions he would destroy.

You have asked me to tell you what has made America so great, her people so free and prosperous. I have told you where India can get principles which will raise her to the same grandeur, and you have not

only the Bible, but men and women inspired by it to help you, and others are coming. All you need is to fall into the grand and victorious march of Christian principles, freedom and progress. These Christian principles of equality before God will give every man an opportunity to get up by diligence unrestrained and to get the reward of his labors. One class of society cannot tyrannize over another. Every man is protected in the possession of what his diligence has gained for him. But here in your country the strong trample on the weak and your goods are never safe except under the protection of the English government. Now, every man ought to be safe in his liberties and his effects, because his neighbor would feel it was not right to take what did not belong to him. Right ought to be your police and not a man with a gun or sabre, and this would be the case if you believed in and followed the teachings of the Bible. Now, there are things a nation must do for itself if it would be great—it must raise the stature and character of its manhood. You must become stronger men with bigger legs and stalwart bodies, and to do this you must avoid excesses in youth; restrain your passions and eat stronger food. Nearly two-thirds of the world are rice-eaters and the rest are meat-eaters, and the meat-eaters overcome the vegetarians.

You cannot become a free and great people unless you are united in purpose and able to defend yourself in battle if it is required. But you cannot be men of intellect and culture without physical strength—a strong body is necessary to a strong mind and to endure the strain necessary to intellectual culture. Your nation was young once and powerful as any, but it lost its strength. The men of the North came

across your mountains and conquered you. They were stronger in body and more united. To get back the glory of India you must be first good and then strong. Every thing here is old; your philosophies are feeble with age, your ideas of government are decrepit; you must get newer and more vital ideas, and this you can best do by learning the English language. It will put you into a new world of thought and its relations. It will make old things new, and it will put you in the circles of the greatest intellectual, political and commercial national life. As long as you only speak and read Hindustani so long you will think and live in the effete ideas of the musty past and cling to the institutions of two thousand years ago. The difference between the old Oriental nations and the Western is in the inverted ends by which you grasp facts and think on them. You are intellectually at the wrong end of things. This will be seen in what we witnessed in Bombay a few days since. There was an ox on one of the streets which had not a single joint of his tail in place. It was a question of investigation what had injured the tail of the brute, when, to our amazement, it was discovered that his owner drove him by the tail. When he wished him to go to the right he twisted his tail in this direction, and so if he desired him to go to the left. This fact has a wider generalization than most of you young men, so familiar with the tail propulsion, would notice. This is Oriental. The trouble is that every thing is worked rather by the tail than the head. Your policy must be right about face, and govern more by the head of things. If there was any intelligent force in that ox it was in his brain and not in his rear; beside it is a law of mechanics to gear your desired

motion as nearly as possible to the motor. A Westerner would take the beast by the horns in order to get as near his intelligent motor power as possible and let his tail subserve the purposes for which it was created—to keep the flies away and for ornament.

Another custom strikes a foreigner strangely, and one he can only think is indicative of weakness of character. That is your constitutional reluctance to stand on your legs. You prefer to sit at your work. The carpenter sits down in the dust and holds the board, or piece of lumber, he is planing between his toes or feet, instead of standing up beside it on a bench where he can employ his whole person. The man who wears out his seat instead of his feet cannot do more than half as much work as the European, though he may have as much brains and skill. The blacksmith tries to sit at his work. In Europe shoemakers and tailors sit, but they are not the equals in strength of the man who does not get off his feet until he leaves his works. So you see what big legs Europeans and Americans have—they grow large by constant use. India cannot rise to any thing great because she sits in the dust. To use a slang phrase of my country, you must "get up and get" if you are to take your place and march on beside the living nations of today.

The future of India to a foreigner, freed from your local environments, is bright. The most beautiful country on the earth, supporting now more people to the acre, China excepted, than any other, and with vast plains, able to support millions more, untouched. It has a climate that draws from the earth all its resources, and yet exhausts it less than in any other part of the world's surface. You have the most beau-

tiful skies, the widest expanse of never-exhausting floral wealth, the sublimest mountains, towering above all others, moistening and cooling the summer heats around, and standing forever above the clouds with diadems of virgin snow. Your rivers are singularly directed from mountain heights to divide the land for irrigation and commerce. Stately palms producing the choicest food, great fields of wheat like golden seas, vast ranges of pasturage, fruit trees innumerable, the odors of countless floral beauties that garnish your fair fields and gardens and load the atmosphere you breathe. Your people are quick, active, patient and diligent, with great natural capacities for learning, for politics, for art, for war. The monuments of your race awe and overpower the travellers of every country. You want nothing but life in new relations. You need a new religion which will unify India in the bonds of universal brotherhood. You need progress forward, not backward. Cease to dream of the Empire of the Moguls, or of those before them, but of an Empire to come when India will take her place in the onward march of national life, the brightest of all, and to this end think not of bloodshed but progress by peace. You need not overthrow the government under which you live, but fit yourselves to become its integral parts, fit yourselves to fill its offices, to be the executives of the royal will and the royal purpose that India shall be the brightest jewel in the British crown, because Victoria's Indian subjects can adminster every department of the government for their own best interests and their own glory, through their own equities and their usefulness to her own people.

It was not the intention of the speaker to protract the remarks into a speech, fearing the crossing of the

prejudices of the several parties before he was through, but such was the desire to hear that when a stop was proposed shouts went up from all Hindus and Mohammedans to go on. They had invited the speech, and were determined that the speaker should talk as he chose, whether it ran against their cherished ideas and institutions or not. It was a wonderful welcome, manly and appreciative, and but few natures would have been patient under such an arraignment from a foreigner. It only shows the progress made in this wonderful country by a no less wonderful people. One young man said as the address was coming to a close, "We are not tired. You might as well go on all night. We have nothing else to do."

CHAPTER XIII.

POLITICAL AND MILITARY CONDITIONS IN INDIA.

"HE shall be eyes unto thee" was a promise long ago uttered, but the service of vicarious seeing has not ended. The traveller goes to see for others, and his duty is to see, think of and decide on, every object or subject that intrudes itself upon him. He is not only to see what may be to his own taste, but what may suit others, and thus be a source of pleasure or information. India, to the thinking world, cannot be appreciated without the consideration of its British occupation. But for England it would be of no more special interest than Africa. No man would venture into the domain of prophecy so far as even to conjecture when, in its factional state, it could guide itself into any other condition than barbarism. The cockpit of

India has now been reached; from Lahore to Cabool the battles, decisive of her destiny, have been fought, and must be fought in the future, for if an invading army ever reaches Lahore the country is gone. Afghanistan is the battle-field on which the possession of this crown jewel must be contested. It is about two hundred and fifty miles to Peshawur from Lahore. There is a good railroad to this point with capacity for supplying an army.

The dangers to India come from two sources—internal and external. To understand these it will be necessary to go briefly into the political formations and conditions of the country. The government of India was not made, but grew out of strange and apparently contradictory elements—it usually came up out of ruins. The Queen in England moves through the will and work of a Minister, who is responsible to Parliament. But in India she acts through a Minister who is Secretary of State for India, and is always a member of the Cabinet; so he represents the body of which he is a responsible member. This Secretary of State has a council to assist him, the members of which are acquainted generally with, and skilled in, Indian affairs, who are appointed by the crown —a council of convenience to the Secretary of State, for there is no obligation on him to follow their advice any further than it suits him. The Viceroy represents the crown of Britain, and of late years he has always been the exponent of the views of the English Ministry in power. He has been a Governor-General rather than Viceroy since the union of the Presidencies of Bombay, Madras and Bengal in the title of Governor-General. The Viceroy, or Governor-General, is counselled by a per-

manent Cabinet of seven persons appointed by the Secretary of State. One of this council is always Commander-in-Chief; one of the Cabinet is what we would call Secretary of the Treasury, a chief financier, and the other must be a lawyer, whose office would correspond to our Attorney-General. The Viceroy is ostensibly a much advised man, but this is only a matter of will, for he can do as he pleases, and generally does. His executive council exists for the purpose also of legislation, and to widen its influence the Viceroy adds to it such persons as he thinks best for his own English or Indian interests, some of the natives at all events. It looks as if the natives might have something to say, if they said it pleasingly, to their masters, which they generally do.

It might be inferred from the title that the Viceroy has the whole of the government of India in his hands, but local government is also a factor, and of these there are several, such as Bombay, Madras and others, each of which has a Governor and Commander-in-Chief, appointed by the British government, having a certain independence of action belonging to the office itself. Bengal has a Lieutenant-Governor and so has the Punjab. Some other territories, as Burmah, are ruled by Commissioners. These territories are subdivided into districts, and this is the working centre of the British government in India. The more important man to the people on the one hand and the government on the other is the Collector-Magistrate. He may be the practical ruler of a million of people, for whom he is responsible. In our country every governmental movement for the people is started by the people, but in India every movement for or against the people starts with the government, and the Col-

lector is the factotum. He is responsible to the government for the revenue and the assessments by which it is attained. But he is responsible to both government and people for the order, health and peace of society, for he is a Magistrate. He sits in a court, too, in petty cases, and decides whether they shall go on to a higher court. He is a moving intelligence office, or bureau, for the Governor, who expects to know every thing about his district whenever he desires and on every conceivable topic, wise and unwise, and he must supply him with the munition and means by which every thing necessary and unnecessary is done. Some one is ready to ask what kind of government is it. It is not British; it is not a republic; it is not exactly paternal. It is difficult to describe definitely. But it is nearest a semi-civil, semi-military despotism, modified by a sense of responsibility of generally just and good men, a government where every thing is done for the people as a whole which their turbulent character will permit, and nothing by the people as a whole, though enlightened individuals have great influence in directing it.

The people are generally peaceable and well-behaved. Though naturally turbulent they do not often come in collision with the authorities, and this will be evident in the fact that only one policeman is needed to every twelve hundred people, while in Great Britain it requires one to every six hundred and thirty-five. The judicial system is partly according to English law and partly to native customs, ingeniously interwoven by the late Lord Macaulay, and in the main is equitable and efficient. The Supreme Court is in Calcutta, and the judges are native and English. The military establishment usually consists of from sixty

thousand to one hundred thousand Englishmen on a peace establishment and the native army from one hundred and twenty thousand to two hundred thousand. The support of this vast army is a prodigious problem to British and Indian financiers, and the people and the country cannot afford to reduce it, either for its internal or external safety. It must rather be increased while Russia holds her menacing attitude. The revenues of the country have been equal to the strain thus far, but the development of the country by canals for commerce and irrigation, railways and other improvements has been greatly impeded. The collection of taxes is not difficult so long as the people are able to pay them. There is some difficulty of an Irish sort in Bengal, where the landlord system prevails. But most of the land in India is owned by the government, and the government rents it at a fixed sum, which is collected as taxes. There is also an income from the salt mines, which belong to the government, and this tax amounts to about seven pence a head, and there being about two hundred and fifty millions of population this tax is considerable. There is also something accruing from the opium trade, customs, &c.

This will in some way prepare the reader to consider the sources of danger to the Empire and the exigencies that may arise in meeting them. The first is in the fact that great military establishments breed dangers in themselves and are always like charred surfaces ready to receive the sparks of insurrection. These native armies would, if combined, make quick work with the few Europeans, for they are well drilled and supplied. But unity is nigh an impossibility among the great, varied and hostile populations of

India. Beside every man who has any property is perforce, if not by love, on the side of the government. "For," said a wealthy native, "before the English took possession of this Province I should have been murdered if I had been known to have one thousand rupees on the street. Now I can carry ten thousand in my hands without even thinking of danger. I tell you the wealth of India is on the side of the government whether we like it or not." But there is a danger which will soon become more apparent. The government is educating rebels in its free school system, where the intellects of the young men are educated but their consciences and moral sense are left heathenish. The young men of India, educated in godless government schools, are becoming not only bright, but devilish; they will some day bite the hand that warmed them into life. The government will soon be unable to give them all positions, then it may look for a harvest of statagems and strifes. The next form of danger is foreign, and in some respects the least formidable, because foreign assaults ordinarily unify a people who have either property or patriotism. This danger the Indian government is making gigantic efforts to render impossible.

From Lahore a railway is completed to Peshawur, over two hundred miles away. This road is thoroughly furnished and from Peshawur to Cabool is a little over half of this distance, and Candahar is not more than five hundred miles distant, which would be about the place of meeting an invading army, if such an army were permitted to get into Afghanistan at all. Forcing these mountain passes in the face of the defensive resources of modern warfare is something fearful even to consider. The Indian government is

fortifying every available point with the most effective weapons of destruction and provisioning them against all danger of siege. The Russians must practically force their way through, either as allies or foes of Afghanistan. If the English keep the sympathy of Afghanistan the issue will be decided near Herat; for the Afghans are the fiercest and most resistless warriors on the globe, and nobody knows this better than England. And if the Russians attempt invasion it will be either by Cabool and the Khyber Pass or by Candahar and Quetta. To bring the defensive force of India on either strategic point with the greatest despatch, for time will be every thing, has taxed the genius and resources of the Indian government, and to this end the wonderful railway system of India has been planned and constructed so as to make the northern line meet lines from Bombay, Calcutta and Madras. A line has also been completed from Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus, to Peshawur, at the entrance of the Khyber Pass, so that English reinforcements by the Seuz Canal might land without disembarkation at the nearest threatened point. It is evident that the continuance of India in the British Empire depends first on the unity and loyalty of the people, their hatred of Russian invasion and after rule. Second, on the hostility of the Afghans to Russia, for all the strategic points of combat are here, and on the help of the Afghan army, who understand mountain fighting, being born bushwhackers.

This Afghan help would be to either party worth more than one hundred thousand effective men on the plains; so England will make prodigious sacrifices to keep Afghanistan her ally. But if the last condition should fail what is left? an open canal way through

Egypt, and this will explain all Egyptian policies and Russian antagonisms. This was the moving cause leading Beaconsfield to the purchase of Cyprus, so that England might be ever able to protect the entrance to the canal. It is this necessity that has brought England and France into constant frictions of such a nature that were it not that France is afraid of Germany, there would be war between her and England, or a divide, or a backdown. This is also the reason why Russia cannot have an outlet by the Bosphorus, because she would dominate the Mediterranean and England would not only be cut off from India, but Malta too would be in constant peril, and her invincible Gibraltar would be only a relic of her former grandeur.

So India is the grain of sand in the nations' eyes, as Bulgaria and Turkey are now, and all the more so because of England's possessions in the East. But so long as England can have free course through the Suez Canal, the route to which is guarded by Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus, she can go through the Red Sea to Aden, her great Eastern coaling station, and from thence to Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus. Reinforcements can be in the defiles of Afghanistan before Russia can get her forces to Herat. Three weeks will be sufficient to send men and supplies from England, while Russia, even with her railway in operation, will take the best part of a month, and her men and means will have to be brought through deserts. Supplies also will have to be brought from Russia, while India can easily provision an army of a million of men as long as the exigencies of a war would require. Moreover, if such supplies had to be brought from Europe water courses are always cheaper

and surer than railways, especially over almost interminable deserts. So Russia would not, under any conceivable circumstances, have an easy victory, and the probabilities are that while she may harrass she will not soon try the desperate experiment, while every year India will grow stronger and her defences more impregnable.

CHAPTER XIV.

UMRITSUR, THE HOLY CITY OF THE SIKHS.

THREE hours east of Lahore is one of the monumental wonders of India—a city and country hoary with age and half buried under tragic histories. This social centre of the Punjab is, for history and antiquties, the Palestine of India. Centuries before Christ its name was resplendent. It has been the gateway of successive waves of invasion, and its populations have been as constantly changed, and these ethnical periods have made radical transformations not only in politics, but in religion and philosophies of the country and habits of the people. The intellectual character of the people is more like that of the English than in any other part of the Empire, and this, to some extent, may explain the greater progress of the religion and civilization of England here than in any other part of the country, considering the years of effort given. The Sikhs, who dominate in this district, are reformers and an improvement on the Hindus. Their founder, who threw over caste, was an ascetic, and ordered that all his followers should dress in dark blue and always have iron in some form on their persons, which their warlike natures readily interpreted to mean that warfare was a religious duty.

So they were conscientious soldiers, and of them Lord Lawrence says, "They are the bravest and most chivalrous race in India." The religion of their leader Gooroo was largely hydropathic, if he could keep his skin wet, not clean, he was in celestial felicity. So he was like a duck, most of his time in dirty water.

The Sikhs had a sanguinary chief called Bandu, an ascetic, which means in India, uncommonly devilish. He overran nearly all of the Punjab, massacring old and young in wanton barbarity. But retribution, too, is a god in India not to be trifled with, and he and his followers were at last captured. When retribution comes from the Mohammedans none will dare criticise its effectiveness. A portion of the Sikhs were executed on the spot, but Bandu, their leader, and seven hundred and fifty followers were taken to Delhi dressed in sheep skins with the wool on the outside, and were paraded through the streets on camels; afterward the whole number were beheaded during seven successive days, each refusing to save his life by renouncing his religion. Their chief was torn to pieces with hot pinchers, but through all was sustained with the thought that he had been raised up to resist the corruptions of the times.

Umritsur is the Jerusalem of the Punjab. It is the brain centre, and so far as they have any religion the religious centre of all thought, tradition, history, hopes and activities. In it is held a religious fair every day in the year. The most populous city in the Punjab, numbering 151,896, it is also the commercial capital; the best products of the country are gathered and manufactured here; its exquisite fabrics are sought and prized the world over. Here are wrought those priceless shawls of Cashmere, of which

tribute is paid yearly to Her Majesty, who deems them worthy to be the gifts of royal favor. In the little shops in the narrow streets the visitor sees the workmen busy with embroidery upon the incomparable scarlet chudda, or fitting the sections of loom work into designs of wondrous beauty.

On the way to Umritsur a good providence brought us into the companionship of the Rev. Dr. Clark, who holds to the Church Missionary Society the same relation that the Revs. Mr. Newton and Forman hold to the Presbyterian Board's missions in Lahore. He is a glorious missionary character, in whose heart the salvation of the heathen holds a higher place than any ecclesiastical establishment. He is an honored clergyman in connection with the Church of England; but a more honored minister of Christ, whose seal of acceptance is seen in his work. He has lived and wrought beside and with the Presbyterian missionaries in cordial fellowship at Lahore and other stations, and has penned the best tribute to their faithfulness and unselfishness in their life-work in India. This Nestor tendered us Christian hospitalities and conducted us through the schools and orphanages for boys and girls in Umritsur. He gave testimony to the value of these schools as agencies not only to enlighten the heathen mind, but in saving souls. Out of the boys' school twenty-five or thirty had made confession of faith, and of these ten had become preachers or teachers of Christianity. In this connection he gave this remarkable and encouraging testimony:

"There is no one department of missionary work in a heathen land of which it may be said that it alone is working in the right way to evangelize a heathen country, and that all other ways are wrong. The

right way to propagate Christianity is to preach or teach Christ crucified; and wherever this is done the preaching of the Cross is effectual to the conversion of people in all circumstances. In India we find success in every department of missionary work when it is carried on with faith and prayer; whether it be in the pulpit, or the bazaar, or the school; whether the special sphere of labor be literary, or medical, or pastoral, or evangelistic, or educational; wherever the workers are faithful and the work is true we meet with the divine blessing."

There is an orphan's school for girls with a capacity for sixty, to prepare them to be wives of Christian men, who, by their profession of Christianity, are either boycotted or are drawn away by the heathenism of their wives. The inmates are of the poorer classes, and their education is in the vernacular. They cook their own food, sew, spin, and do whatever else is required in the sphere of their probable future lives. Their dining-room is a verandah, where, to Americans, it is strange to see them sitting on the ground pushing their food into the red openings in their dark faces with their fingers, but this is the way they do it in this beautiful land. They are happy, singing all the day while working or playing. One is confounded and ashamed that it is possible to be happy on so little. This institution is entirely supported by voluntary contributions of Europeans and natives.

Another school greatly interested us called the Alexandra Girls' School, a long red brick building, but every part faultlessly clean, plainly furnished, with little more than bedsteads, called charpoys, and only a piece of matting for the bed and a cover. This

was about all that could be seen, but this to them is luxury, even to the higher classes. The parents of these high class girls pay about one-half the expenses of the school.

There are Zenana schools accomplishing a great work about Umritsur; some of them are medical, and so have access to souls through the ills of humanity. One thousand visits were paid by Miss Hubells, medical missionary, to the homes of the people, and more than three thousand out-patients received relief. These are but glints of heavenly light on this dark land. Time and space will allow no full description, the purpose is to fairly sample the lot of this, the greatest Missionary Society for its years in India. There is a work carried on by men and women of high estate without cost to the Societies. There is an order of "honorary workers," in which are some of the wealthy and distinguished women of Great Britain, who have renounced the comforts of happy homes for Christ's sake and the salvation of the neglected and oppressed. Among the number of the illustrious workers is Miss Tucker, known under the *nom de plume* "A. L. O. E.," (A Lady of Old England,) who came to India to obtain material for her writings, and while there became so enchanted with the country and so absorbed in the lives and souls of the people that she has devoted her life to them since, and though nearly fifty years old has added more than a decade to her illustrious literary life, one more glorious in two worlds with rewards to her sacrifice. She is often the only European in Batala, a city of thousands. She presides like a heaven-born genius over her school of boys, and is adored as if she had come down on a chariot of glory out of the clouds. Her life magnifies itself in all the elements of

greatness and goodness as she moves the queen of her own love-conquered empire, more supreme in her sovereignty than the great Queen Victoria, for her sovereignty was not conquered by war, but by doing good, in daily helpfulness, to a wretched people. She is described in her daily life by a venerable and gifted missionary thus:

"To see her, indeed, among the boys; now by the sick-bed of an invalid, now leading the singing at the daily worship in the little chapel, now acting as private tutor to a candidate for the Entrance Examination; now setting her own words to stirring tunes, as 'Batala Songs,' to be sung in school boy chorus; sharing the meals, the interests, the joys and sorrows of each and all, and withal insensibly forming and elevating their character, raising the tone and taste of the boyish society, as only the subtle influence of a Christian lady can do; and to older and younger the object of a warm personal affection and a chivalrous deference—to see this is, indeed, to realize, as it has probably seldom been realized, Charles Kingsley's beautiful conception of the Fairy Do-as-you-would-be-done-by among the Waterbabies. And in this case the Waterbabies are swept together from a range wide enough to satisfy even Kingsley's world-wide sympathies; the oldest boy in the school is an Abyssinian lad, picked up during the war as an orphan baby, to be made the soldiers' pet, and then to find a home at Batala. Of the remaining forty boys, of ages ranging from five to eighteen, six are Afghans, two or three are from Calcutta, two from Lucknow, the remainder mostly from one or other of the races and tongues found in the Punjab."

This band of sacrificial spirits, known as "honorary workers," support themselves—a glorious sisterhood

with a mission and commission to the lost ones of their own sex. This is an outlet to the multitudes of gentle-women of England who may not have been called to motherhood or who may have finished their mission and are childless, who are cut off by necessities of their station from doing what their hearts long for. These find success and comfort in helping the wretchedness of down-trodden women in India. We hope a multitude of wealthy and refined women will turn to mission work, who can stoop to heathen need without degradation and lift them up all the higher and better because they are so high themselves. The poor cannot save themselves, the race can only be lifted by those who can reach down after it. There are also native women of noble birth, surrounded by wealth and influence, doing the same service. One of these has sent an appeal to the great Christian sisterhood in England in poetry, which would be a gem in any age or land. We know our readers will agree with us as to the quality of genius and goodness that inspired it, and perhaps catch its inspiration to lead to imitation:

"Listen, listen, English Sisters,
Hear an Indian Sister's plea,
Grievous wails, dark ills revealing,
Depths of human woe unsealing,
Born across the deep blue sea!
'We are dying day by day,
With no bright, no cheering ray;
Nought to lighten up our gloom—
Cruel, cruel is our doom.'

"Listen, listen, Christian Sisters,
Show ye have a Christ-like heart;
Hear us sadly, sadly moaning,
'Neath our load of sorrow groaning,

Writhing 'neath its bitter smart;
With no hope of rest above,
Knowing not a Father's love;
Your true sympathy we crave,
You can help us, you can save.

"Listen, listen, Christian Sisters;
Hark! they call, and call again;
Can ye pass them by, unheeding,
All their eager, earnest pleading?
Hear ye not their plaintive strain.
Let your tender hearts be moved,
Let your love to Christ be proved:
Not by idle tears alone,
But by noble actions shown.

"This is no *romantic story*,
Not an idle, empty tale;
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal:
No, your Sisters woes are *real*.
Let their pleading tones prevail,
As ye prize a Father's love,
As ye hope for rest above,
As your sins are all forgiven,
As ye have a home in heaven.

"Rise, and take the Gospel message,
Bear its tidings far away;
Far away to India's daughters:
Tell them of the living waters,
Flowing, flowing, day by day,
That they too may drink and live.
Freely have ye, freely give,
Go disperse the shades of night,
With the glorious Gospel light.

"Many jewels, rare and precious,
If ye sought them, ye should find,
Deep in heathen darkness hidden,
Ye are by the Master bidden,
If ye know that Master's mind.

Bidden, did I say? Ah no!
Without bidding ye will go,
Forth to seek the lone and lost;
Rise and go, whate'er it cost!

"Would ye miss His welcome greeting,
When He comes in glory down?
Rather would ye hear Him saying,
As before Him ye are laying,
Your bright trophies for His crown,
'I accept your gathered spoil,
I have seen your earnest toil;
Faithful ones, well done! well done!
Ye shall shine forth as the sun!'"

There is in Umritsur, among the many hopeful and useful agencies for saving the bodies and souls of men, one that attracted special attention and enthusiasm, not only for its own merits, but from the earnestness, devotion and success of the young man who has the care of it. This hospital is in charge of Dr. Martin Clark, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, but a native of India, a medical missionary of the Church Missionary Society. In the medical work among heathen is realized the sublime conception of Livingstone, so Christlike in its utterance:—"God had but one Son and he was a medical missionary; a poor imitation of him I am, or wish to be." The great leverage so lately added to the soul-saving force is the raising of humanity by its own weaknesses, the lifting of it into life eternal by its own sores, its helplessness producing the inclination, which is crowned by divine power. The medical profession in its legitimate work is great anywhere, but if it have to do with only one-half of man's dual nature it is only a specialist and loses the co-operation and blessings, after cure, of one-half the life. The medical missionary heals both halves of life and

has a higher and nobler plane of thinking and acting, of diagnosing and curing. His work rises above that of the ordinary professional, as the soul is more than its temporary casket—the body. The Lord was the great Healer who commands both admiration and imitation, who not only went about doing good, healing men's diseases, but out of his victory over organized matter breathing into them spiritual life in the formula, "Rise up, thy sins are forgiven thee," the *anastasis* which freedom from sin gives. This young medical missionary has summed up the purpose, spirit and work of a medical missionary in the following words:

"A medical mission is not an institution in which in return for medicines people are expected to listen to preaching, and be instructed in what they consider an alien faith; neither is it an institution in which works of mere benevolence and philanthropy are done, and the gospel commended by a demonstration of its practical benefits. It is rather a work in which the noblest of sciences, in its highest developments, is brought to bear on the greatest of all objects, the salvation of the soul. The spiritual and medical works cannot be separated; neither can they be subordinated the one to the other. They must be *co-ordinated* so as to work harmoniously for the attainment of the one object for which all missions exist."

In this hospital fifty-four thousand patients were treated last year; fourteen thousand surgical operations were performed with only one death. As to furnishings, our Eastern hospital is bare enough; it is really only a shelter. The sick people usually bring their own beds, do their own cooking and washing when able; or some relative comes, or all the family,

and huddle in some corner of the premises or on the streets. The services rendered are medicinal, surgical and spiritual. The Bible reader is on hand to read the Scriptures, or exhort, or teach the Catechism. While the patients who come to the dispensaries are waiting for their turn prayers are offered for those being operated upon. Personal conversations are held on the destiny of the soul for a better life, explanations and applications of the Scriptures are made, all watch to give the word in season to him that is weary. Many of the patients may live hundreds of miles away, and when cured go home to tell, at least, the wonderful things done and said and heard from the missionary healers. Thus the gospel is published and its blessed truths diffused. There was something peculiarly pitiful in the appearance of the sufferers in this strange land—strange faces, strange ideas and strange ways. They all seemed sad, as if hope had been bleached out of them. The Doctor in his round would rally them, and sometimes tickle them under the chin, or stroke their weary brows, and their faces would relax from that pensiveness, which was to us so peculiarly national. They are a people by nature gentle and winsome even in their almost nakedness, which would be offensive and vulgar in any other nationality.

Blood-thirstiness comes on this people as an epidemic in which they seem to lose all control, but we do not believe that it is to any great degree their normal disposition. They look to us like a people of great possibilities, which will be reached only through centuries of discipline, in which the fetters of the past religion, philosophies, customs and caste, will have to be entirely broken. They must be, in a sense, reborn Hindus, not Europeans reborn into a life from above,

but peculiar, their own in its development. So all foreigners and the English government, also, are only missionaries leading to this Apocalypse of their coming glory. If they shall become Christians they will ever cling to their faith and honor it and raise their nation to the highest level by it.

One of the tokens of the triumph of the gospel floats over this medical institution in the form of a banner with the device of the all-conquering cross. Shaumien, once a priest in the Golden Temple, was one of the first converts to Christianity in Umritsur, and was many years a faithful witness for Christ. Every god in India has a flag, and he was oppressed that there was no flag for Jesus. It was a grief all his life, and when dying he left all his property to the mission, with directions that a flag should forever wave to the honor of Him who died on Calvary and rose again. So out of this money this hospital was built, and is called the Hospital of the Flag of Jesus, on which this banner moves alike in the zephyr and the storm.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT UMRITSUR.

CHRISTIANS are not the only missionaries in Umritsur. The heathen are conscientious and even aggressive. The Christian religion is stirring them up. They feel that their hold is being broken; so all along the narrow streets as the multitudes were returning from their duties and labors the priests were holding street meetings and haranguing the crowds to faithfulness to their ancestral beliefs. Street preaching is carried on by both Christian and heathen some-

times at opposite corners. Another street sight illustrative of the practical belief in the transmigration of the soul was a gathering of a multitude of all kinds of dogs. As Goldsmith says:—"There were mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree." This canine congregation was remarkable. There were dogs with ears erect and dogs with flapping ears, "yaller dogs" and brindle-haired, black and white, and dogs shaded off to every degree of color; poodles and "fistes," mastiffs and mongrel, wolves scarred and marred, with tails and tailless, howling, barking, baying, whining, and biting each other, and yelping from their wounds. These were all gathered in the street by a shop where they and their ancestors had come for a quarter century to get their food without reproach or price from this baker, and the secret of his benevolence was that a Brahmin priest had told him that his father's soul had gone into a dog and he was feeding all available dogs to assure himself and all good Brahmins that his defunct parent was well fed and in a good growing condition. If that were filial duty in our country it is to be feared that the stomachs of many of our male ancestors would be sadly puckered or collapsed most of the time.

The most remarkable object in this great and wealthy city is the Golden Temple and the Lake of Immortality, which surrounds it. Umritsur is derived from *Amritsa Sacas*, "the Pool of Immortality," a high sounding name given by Rane Das to the original tank, whose waters he said were sufficient to wash away the blackest sin and give a religious dabbler right and title to heaven The people and their chieftains were bellicose and inured to the necessitudes of warfare. They hated

the caste of their Southern countrymen and their pride of caste as bitterly as the Mohammedans. The grandfather of Rungeet Singh was one of these chieftains who were Quats before they became Sikhs, a lower caste than the Rajpoots. The temple is said to be the work of the famous Shah Jehan who will appear the central figure in Delhi and Agra. This beautiful creation forces its perfection on the admiration of the beholder—"far off its presence shines." It looks like a mount of glistening gold coming up out of a lake all golden from its reflections. Its outlines may be seen in the clouds, the floating lakes above and in its watery seat below. But we shall be obliged to go more into detail and describe it **minutely** to give any thing but the most general impression of its grandeur. Its surroundings must first be seen before the central object takes its proportions or reveals its beauty. There must be four or five acres in the pool, perhaps more, as there was no way of measuring it, and no reliance can be placed on native testimony, for it is a part of their religion to magnify every thing that belongs to them.

Around this lake on every side was a wide pavement of variegated marbles, of priceless quality **and** color, set in diamond squares. This pavement breaks down towards the lake by marble steps. At the first flight is a vestibule where all visitors must change their shoes for sandals. The first objects visible were four men naked to the waist in this pool, into which all filth ran, for it is a basin that catches all that flows, and these devotees were drinking the waters, believing that draughts of immortality were going down their throats; twenty thousands of them will come and wash in it every day. It has taken not a few out of mortality,

for it is full of cholera; whether it stranded them on the shores of immortality is a question which might be in dispute. In front of the temple the pavement widens into a piazza on which were crowds worshipping, trafficking, talking in groups, according to opportunity or affinities. There was at one spot a greasy fakir with his long hair braided, his coarse appearance indicating a cross between the devil and the brute, whose long crab-like fingers waited to clutch the alms that might come to him.

On an overhanging balcony of marble was a man preaching to about a dozen followers with as much spiritual zeal as an auctioneer selling other people's goods. In this building is the receptacle for the great Sikh "Book," which lies during the day on a costly cushion in the Golden Temple, the object of worship, and which at night is brought out and put in his dormitory, which ceremony is called "putting the Book to sleep." On this piazza were stands consisting of white sheets spread on the pavement for the sale of flowers which enter into the offering services; one was for the sale of marigolds in heaps, golden heaps amounting to bushels. Near was a group of a dozen or more listening to an exposition or running comment from some old manuscripts which had the appearance of the sermons of some preachers dried in the smoke of the pipes and segars of their authors; having the odor of any thing but sanctity, rather of their daily burnt offerings.

As we passed by, Dr. Clark, Jr., who seemed to know all the heathen dignitaries of the place, gave the man in fervor over his dried up provender a significant look, which was returned as if being wholly understood, which the doctor reported as being the admission of

the expounder that he did not believe what he was saying and that he did not try to disguise the fraud to a foreigner. As the journey was first made around the Lake of Immortality on its beautiful pavement surrounded by arcaded buildings, with balconies overlooking, extending three and four stories, we hear a strange hum-drum kind of music from orchestras of stringed instruments, no doubt a part of the complicated temple performances. Down at the very edge of the pool were women lighting little candles and starting them adrift in paper boats—a scene which Mrs. Browning has so beautifully described in poetry. At intervals all along the way were little shrines with images. On one side was a company of men hurrying through their devotions, while the hashish was being prepared for a "big drunk." The odors of the drug were perceptible all about. The scene suggested what had been told us in other years of hard-shelled Baptists in the Southern States, who were reported as providing whiskey when they had their convocations, as an essential in every pious and well-regulated family in the long ago. When the time came for breakfast, and the family and ministerial brethren were seated, the head of the house laid the Bible on the table and put the bottle hard by, saying, "Come and have prayers and then we will have something better." These are but incidents of daily occurrence on this pavement; sometimes scenes occur far more tragic.

The temple is situated in the centre of the Pool of Immortality and is reached by a stone causeway. At the entrance opening off the piazza is a lofty gateway, magnificent beyond description. The gates are of wood on one side, overlaid with silver re-

pousse work, exceedingly costly and exquisite in design and finish. The other side of the doors was of carvings in sandal wood, such as can be seen in no other country and almost matchless even for India, where workmanship is generally equal to the demands of creative genius. After the gates are passed there are about two hundred yards of causeway, paved in variegated marble, the balustrades on each of exquisite marble fret work, which look like a fabric of lace, on which are caps and balustrades wrought in marble and polished like mirrors.

This causeway is crowded all day with people of every nationality. It is a strange, bewildering scene —people in all the costumes of the world and no costumes, looking like a moving garden of every kind of grave and Oriental flowers. Fakirs were there in their salmon colored garments, with hollow cheeks, unkempt beard and long tangled hair, the incarnation of that hypocrisy which is their life-long profession; with fierce intolerant eyes, having avarice marked in their whole expression and love of adulation and of adoration; and there too were the multitudes as ready to give as they were to demand it. There were the tribes with their marked differences in India, itself a world in number and variety. There were the priests of the temple coming and going, and at times Europeans mixing with the motley crowds, whose appearance called forth only contempt and curiosity. This was a scene only once witnessed, and of which even the vague impressions can never be forgotten.

The building is of that general kind which marked its century as the time of the triumph of architectural art in India, whose solitary patron was Shah Jehan, though the genius who brought it to its perfection is lost as

light goes out in darkness. It is square, with domes rising in the centre, the top resting on arches, with domes on the main corners, and upon the battlements small ornamental domes of the same general pattern and finish. Around the temple is a pavement rising out of the lake, and this is wide enough for the vast crowds to move about on great occasions. Half way up the sides it is covered with pure marble inlaid with mosaics of precious stones in designs of flowers and fruits of the varieties of these matchless tropics; on one panel is inlaid in precious stones a melon halved, looking as if its juices were starting from its sundered parts, and in one half the knife is represented as sticking. Beside the great doors an elephant is set in mosaics. The floors were not less costly, nor less surprising in design and workmanship. All the multitudinous domes and battlements and entablatures are covered with copper polished and gilded, so that the effect is of a vast and varied temple covered with purest gold, which has defied the centuries of time even to tarnish it. It was in the last hours of sunlight that this beautiful creation was surveyed. The polished gilt surfaces sent the rays of the parting sunlight flashing out over the buildings of the city and through the high trees, like rainbow lights when the golden rays of the sun have triumphed over the storm. The temple abides in the golden halo of its own, formed in cloudless skies; sometimes the sky is red and then tinges of these golden reflections take its hues and the effect is changed from yellow to the color of copper alloyed with gold.

We were not permitted to cross the sacred threshold, but viewed the scene in the interior from a side door which stood open. The main audience-room of the

temple was lofty, the ceiling and sides being elaborately gilded and decorated. Upon a heap of silken cushions, gorgeous in gold embroidery, lay "the Book," the object of Sikh adoration, and behind it sat a priest, one of the three hundred who constantly minister in this temple. Before the Book a white sheet was spread to receive the offerings of the worshippers, and the priests complain bitterly that owing to the influence of the missionaries these offerings, which were once rupees, are now reduced to shells. The religious service consisted of shrill music made by a group of musicians squatting upon the floor, who accompanied their atrocious vocal discords with the confusion of inharmonious stringed instruments. The worshippers formed a procession around the sheet, going around and around, mothers carrying or dragging their naked children, gray old men and a very few men of middle age.

Wearying of the monotony of this scene and willing to rest our ears, we ascended the stairs in the rear and entered a room under the main dome whose vaulted ceiling was set with mother-of-pearl, and with mirrors in geometrical designs. The oriel window is not a modern idea or contrivance, but belongs especially to the sunny side of the world—it is an importation in Europe and America. Its original home was in India, so that noses on faces are no more indicative of race than this beautiful pendant of the architecture of this land of undimmed sunshine and flowers. The wood carving on an ordinary oriel window in India would, in our country, cost more than the most elaborate marble and stone structures of this kind. They are usually built of sandal wood, when new highly polished, and of a cinnamon color; but as India de-

spises paint as an unworthy sham such works are left to the defacements of time without protection, hence they all look old, weather-stained and dusty, but are beautiful in their place, in the land of their birth, for all this. They seem peculiarly at home among the airy arches of Indian architecture, and being one of the elements of essential beauty they cling to its very temples. So at Umritsur they are found at every angle or break and at irregular intervals on the facade, and sometimes these breaks seem to have been made only for the introduction of this beautiful device. As we reluctantly departed the last rays of the declining sun lay upon the sacred pool and the glorious temple of gold, rising like a dream, changing the very waters into its own color. Its halo is caught in reflections from the domes of lesser temples and its glory lies aslant the plains beyond. This scene is a suggestion only of the description of Jerusalem the Golden in the poetry of inspiration.

Were it not that material grandeur and moral beauty never dwell together in this life, the Temple of Umritsur might fill the imagination with conceptions of Apocalyptic vision. But as we passed along the streets from the great temple, the people were worshipping according to their fashion, offering devotions to what no foreigner can ever know. One can only recall the words of the great apostle in the Acts of the Apostles when grieved that the city was wholly given to idolatry, but with this sad and depressing contrast, the Athenians worshipped their creations of genius, beautiful forms, or embodiments of abstract qualities—virtue, courage, beauty, heroism, discovery, eloquence, art, navigation, music, the stars, earth and its products,

while in Umritsur beastly degradations are turned into objects of worship and command the reverence of men. Beastiality is raised to the throne of the Holy One. Dogs must be revered. Every cur must be placated, because in him is believed to be imprisoned the soul of some ancestor. The thought of the dead millions of India believed by their successors to be going about in the bodies of beasts on all fours lifts the beasts beyond the men honoring them. They will suffer each other to starve, to waste into death by hunger and disease, but they will let no animal die unpitied, unfed, so that in India a man-eating tiger is better than the best of the sons of humanity. The parasites on the wretched bodies of the Hindus will not be killed but removed to some more comfortable place. If they could they would transfer them to the missionary. They will not kill the deadly cobra, but if he is troublesome they will remove him to the compound of the missionary, so that if he kills him the sin of disturbing the soul of some defunct ancestor will not be on them.

It is utterly impossible for those who have not been among this people even to imagine the degradation of this servitude to the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. All beasts are not only free from restraint but come into indescribable relations to men because they are believed to possess the souls of their kin. We dare not describe, if we could hold in our thoughts the loathsome subject. It were better for the multitudes of men not to know the infernal ingenuities of their kind by which they ally themselves to the beasts, in which man only is the loser. Neither is it possible to conceive of the Christian faith and heroism of the mis-

sionaries, their sublime patience, from the verb *pascor*, to suffer, rather than our modern idea merely to endure, in which they undertake what is utterly hopeless to all reason, and which can only be relegated for explanation to the two statements that "All things are possible with God" and "All things are possible to him that believeth." The American Indian has a thousand possibilities for improvement to one of the Hindu, for the former knows and will admit his ignorance concerning God and his destiny after death, but that other Indian assumes to know a thousand times more than it is possible for any Christian to tell him. He pities the ignorance that proffers to him the cup of life. He knows every thing, and as he sinks by the gravity of unutterable depravities he rises into the sublimities of self-conceit.

The most masterful argument to prove that the love for Jesus Christ passes knowledge is in the patience and hopefulness, the abnegation of self-pride, and in the patriotism and expatriation of the men and women in India who have left all for creatures whose contact is, to the European or American, as repulsive as that of a serpent; who will squat with them in the dirt to teach them; will cleanse and bind up their ulcers, the inheritance of ages of iniquity; who will take into their arms their dirty, disgusting children just because Jesus Christ set them the example and the fact that his love has given them boundless compassion for the souls of all in human form. It is a monumental miracle greater than any recorded in the New Testament—miracles whose explanations are in the statement of the Master, "What I do ye shall do also and greater things than these, because I go to my Father." But these miracles are

not wrought by the missionaries only. They are wrought by the natives who have believed their report, which shows that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," for under this passion of love to Jesus Christ the native of India has been lifted to be the brother and peer of those who have sought him to save him.

No people ever lived so morally depraved who have so kept their physical beauty, as if the strange paradox were only here exhibited that the loss of moral qualities contributes to physical beauty. But the fact, which proves it to be exceptional remains, that when a nature is clothed in its right mind toward God, man becomes not only a physical personality wonderfully symmetrical and lithe in form, with lofty forehead jeweled with orbs flashing intelligence, but when his soul has been poised on saving truth, he is a being of supreme beauty and a joy forever. We saw hundreds of these saved men and women and talked with them, for the fact of their salvation soon finds utterance in English, as if English were yet to be the tongue in which the redeemed of all nations and kindreds should utter their praises to him that hath redeemed them. We know here as a truth that the grace of God brings all men unto universal brotherhood, lifts all into unity in Christ and equality with each other.

CHAPTER XVI.

RAMIFIED CURSES.

HUMAN nature is full of bitter roots running out into seen and unseen curses, and all work in life can be classified into efforts to extend or repress these radical tendencies. It may be safely asserted that no evil exists by mere agreement among men, none have their origin in mere volition, but all are rooted in an evil nature to which the will itself is subordinated. Caste is a universal illustration of the fact predicated. It exists the world over, not by agreement, but by evil instinct. It is arbitrary in the extreme, because it is inborn; and so deep is it in our nature that all reformations have been but the changing of one caste into another, with conditions a little less oppressive, and possibilities wider and more beneficent. The Master, whose coming was a protest against and a war on caste, did not contend against much else in his short, sacrificial life, until caste finished his career on the cross, his death gaining a greater victory over it than his life.

Caste is the curse of curses, in it are the shadows of all curses. Society is cutting itself, like the Gadarene demoniac, by its innate hostilities. The divisions of society in the present, socially, politically, commercially, Nihilists, Anarchists, Communists, and all other "ists" and "isms" which work by strifes against the unity and peace of men, proceed from the same bitter hereditary root. The law of God summarized by Jesus Christ, "Love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself," is the only antagonism against it

which gives any hope that it will ever be subdued or extirpated. It can be seen in our own free country both in petty and national oppressions, in business, in society, in birth, in wealth, in real and unreal distinctions. It exists more distinctly in countries where the governments are built upon the basis of caste distinctions, and nowhere more oppressively and offensively than in Great Britain, and were it not for the greater prevalence of the antagonistic force of Christianity it would be as universal and oppressive as in India. But Christianity has been fighting it longer and more effectively than in India.

Justice Talfourd, in his last judicial deliverances, lamented the separation between class and class, which he sadly said was the great curse of British society, for which we are all, more or less, in our respective spheres responsible. But here Christian equities and sentiments have gained visible victories even in the political situation. What Cardinal Newman says of Christians is true of the English nation even in its caste conditions. "They never pronounce of any one now external to them that he will not some day be among them."

Having said so much of the radical existence in human nature of caste distinctions, its oppressions and the source of its tyrannies, we come to consider Hindu caste, the most perfect development of the ideal of a cursed and unrestrained depraved human nature on the earth. The English word "caste" is most probably derived from the Portuguese "*casta*," race—"*varna*," color, and "*jati*," race, are Indian names. Chaturarnya, the country of the four colors, is an ancient and distinguishing epithet of India. Nowhere has caste such absolute control over all life from birth

to the grave as in India. "Caste-ridden" is the best possible description of the whole country. The learned Dr. Wilson, of Calcutta, describes it in these terse and epigrammatic sentences:—"It has for infancy, pupilage and for manhood its ordained methods of sucking, sipping, drinking and eating, of washing, anointing, of clothing and ornamenting the body, of sitting, rising, reclining, of moving, visiting, travelling, of speaking, reading, listening and reciting, of meditating, singing, working and fighting. It has its laws for social and religious rites, privileges and occupations, for education, duty, religious service, for errors, sins, transgressions, for inter-communion, avoidance and excommunication, for defilement and purification, for fines and other punishments. It also unfolds the ways for committing sins and putting away sin, of acquiring, dispensing and losing merit. It treats of inheritance, conveyance, possession, dispossession of property, of bargains, gains, loss and ruin. It deals with death, burial and *burning*, and with commemoration, assistance and injury after death. It reigns supreme in the innumerable classes and divisions of the Hindus, whether they originate in family descent, in religious opinions, or civil, or sacred occupations, or in local residence, and it professes to regulate all their interests, affairs and relationships."

And stranger than all, even the outcasts are in bondage to the shadows of castes, or to caste regulations of their own, more oppressive, if possible, than caste itself, according to the well-known fact that imitators are always most servile, and they that take disease by voluntary inoculation have it in its worst forms. India lies impotent, bound hand and foot for thousands of years under self-forged manacles, the most

relentless, the most servile and unreasonable ever exercised by the human mind. Its willing, anxious subjection is a phenomenon unparalleled in the histories of the depravities of the race. It is also a most hopeless oppression, for the people have so adopted it and so adjusted it to themselves that they have ceased to groan over its servitude or to sigh for any change. No change but a revolution, which will extinguish the history and the very thoughts of the race, will efface these distinctions by which a Brahmin must always be a Brahmin, a Sudra, a slave, must always be a Sudra—there is not so much as a line drawn from the Sudra to the Brahmin on which hope could make her way across the chasm.

Caste has developed only the law of social repulsion. Caste is derived from birth alone. It is not transferable. It cannot be the reward of merit. As well dream of changing an ass into a humming bird. The Empress of India can make changes in social order in Britain, she can raise the jockey to the peerage, but she has no power, backed by her armies, to change a single religious or social distinction in India. She cannot make two starving lepers of different castes eat in the presence of each other. Added to the dominations of caste is old age, only another form of it. Nothing is revered until decrepit with age and disgusting in its dissolutions. The ancients are wise, they say, the present is babyhood, so that their philosophies are stenchful with decay. The whole of Indian philosophy is a system of inversion—a hind-foremost system. The fact is, the men of to-day are the ancients, for this is the oldest age from Adam the world has ever seen.

This all-potent system can give no account of its own existence any wiser than that found in the servility of its followers. The popular belief is that the Brahmins, the priests, proceeded from the mouth of Brahma, the Kshatriyas, the soldier class, from his arms, the Vaisyas from his thighs, and the Sudras from his feet. But their own histories do not even prove the pretension. Caste, like the system of Papacy, had come through the ambition of priests, and from the instinct of the race which always develops itself in Pharisaism. The oldest reference to this fourfold division is in the Veda, ninetieth Hymn of tenth Book, and this is, according to Oriental scholars, the latest written, but no two of the cosmogonies of the Vedas agree. The facts show that these distinctions were the growth of years. In the Santa Parva Brigu it is said:—"There is no difference of castes in the world. They were at first entirely Brahmatic, and here separated on account of works. Those twice-born men who were fond of sensual pleasure, fiery, irascible, prone to violence, who had forsaken their duty and were red-limbed, fell into the condition of Kshatriyas. Those twice-born who derived their livelihood from kine, who were yellow, who subsisted by agriculture and who neglected to practise their duties, entered into the state of Vaisyas. Those twice-born who were addicted to mischief and falsehood, who were covetous, who lived by all kinds of work, who were black and had fallen from purity, sank into the condition of Sudras. Being separated from each other by these works, the Brahmins became divided into different castes." Vayu Purana, eighth chapter, says:—"There were then no distinctions of castes or orders and no mixture of castes. Men acted towards each other without any

feeling of love or hatred. In the Krita age they were born alike in form and duration of life, without any distinction of lower and higher."

Caste really rose from the universal cosmic source—differences of race. In the Vedas are only two castes, Aryas and Dasyus—Aryas from Ar, to plough, agriculturists. Early in the history of India a tribe speaking a language not Sanscrit, nor Greek, nor German settled in the highlands of Central Asia. They were adventurous from necessity; more territory must be gained or starvation was before them. They were herdsmen and led a migratory life, always in search of pastures. The main stream flowed toward the north-west, and the earliest to migrate were the ancestors of the Celts. They were followed by the ancestors of the Italians, Greeks, Germans and Sclavonians. Professor Max Muller says the Hindu is the oldest and was the last to leave the central home of the Aryan family. He was the youngest of the family, the weakling, the last to quit the maternal breast. He had seen all his brothers set their faces toward the glowing sunset. He was the reactionist, as he always has been; he started on the back track for the East. There is not a reasonable doubt that the nation that now rules India, despised as it is in the eyes of the natives, is of the same blood, of the same parentage from the old homestead in the highlands of Central Asia. The language of each shows it in radical words. The terms for God, house, father, mother, son, daughter, dog, cow, heart, tears, axe, tree are identical in all the Indo-European idioms. They all lived under the same skies, gazed on the same stars, sunned themselves under the mild or fierce radiance of the same monarch of the skies. They worshipped

the same God, for we have in the Vedas the invocation of Dyanspitar, the Greek *Zeupater*, the Latin *Jupater*. The race started in its unity around the same Heavenly Father, and now the older brothers, who left the family to seek homes in the far West, are coming, in their mission of family love, back to teach the younger children a knowledge of the Divine Father and the mediation of his Son, the knowledge of whom, in the dark ages that have rolled over them, they have lost. Hence the European, whom the caste-ridden despises, and feels accursed if his shadow but fall upon him, from whom he would not take a cup of water to save his life, whom he calls Mlechcha, the vilest name his hatred and imagination can conceive, is his long-absent brother come to the divided and accursed family in their famine, ignorance and spiritual and temporal needs, with cups of blessings in both hands.

It may interest to describe how the younger children of the Aryan household got down into these Indian possessions. They descended through the passes of Hindu Kush and entered by the highway of all Indian invaders, except Alexander the Great—the Khuyber Pass, through Kabul, and probably crossed the Indus at Attock. And when they reached this fair and flowery land, more beautiful than Canaan ever was, they found it occupied. The hostile Dasyas were there, remains of whom are still found all over India; and these had to succumb, as all nations have since, to the men of the North. The vegetarians must move South from before the meat-eaters. Dasyas simply means *enemies*, all the name their oppressors had for them, and so many were enslaved that the word now means slave. They were driven to the South and are probably the Tamil Telegu Canarese, whose language is quite distinct from the Sanscrit.

The Aryas, from the North, were fair-skinned, and as usual prided themselves on their color, and called the Dasyas black, or, probably, the "niggers." The noses of the Dasyas were flatter than those of the Arians, hence they called them goat-nosed. It will begin to dawn upon us in this history where and how caste distinctions in India appeared, and that these distinctions are neither incidental nor accidental, but come out of the pure cursedness of the mind and heart of the race, showing that total depravity has been a constant quantity in all its history. It is the history of the oppressor with which we have to do in caste. The Dasyas, in the contest, were often captured and made slaves to the Aryas, and became the lowest grade. So there were added to the first distinctions between white and black, sharp noses and flat or sheep noses another—Sudras, the lowest of the four castes. The Sudras were the aborigines of India, conquered by the Aryan invaders. On these distinctions was based the distinction between the three twice-born castes and the Sudras.

The word Arya (noble) is derived from Arya, which means householder, for the Aryans were householders on the steppes of Northern Asia, and from this comes the name of the third class, Vaisyas; and Aryas and Vaisyas formed the bulk of Brahmatic society. And this leads us to a subdivision of Aryans according to their occupations. The first were those who worshipped the gods, hence the priesthood; second the fighters, or army, and third the cultivators of the soil. At the first those who fought were ahead, for a state of actual war is not a good time for priestcraft. The men who defended the people were most revered, and their leaders appear in the Vedas as the rajahs or

kings, and those who furnished the bread and butter Vaisyas householders. But when peace came the worshippers of the gods gained the ascendency, which they have held ever since. It would be interesting to show just how this ascendency, which has existed for more than a thousand years, was gained, for at the first anybody could preside at a sacrifice.

Caste in India is an incremental growth; each age has contributed something to the power and pride of that fungus of society known as the priest. Hymn singing was an early devotional exercise. The gods were invoked in a hymn at the beginning of a battle. If a victory for the king followed it became a sacred war song of a whole tribe. These hymns were handed on from family to family. A knowledge of them became the distinction of a certain class, who told the people that the loss of a single word, or a mistake in pronunciation of it, would bring down on them the wrath of the gods. Soon they became masters of all religious ceremonies and were revered. Kings became the creatures of their caprice. A Brahmin was at first only an assistant at the sacrifice, afterward a family priest, and his office became hereditary, after that they became the advisers of kings. The Brahmins pushed their claims through every avenue of power. They not only fortified their own position, but began crowding the warriors and householders for position.

"This Brahminic constitution, however," as another says, "was not settled in a day, and we find everywhere in the hymns, in the Brahminas, and in the epic poems, the traces of a long-continued warfare between the Aryas and the aboriginal inhabitants, and violent contests between the two highest classes of the Aryans striving for political supremacy. For a long time the three

upper classes continued to consider themselves as one race, all claiming the title of Arya, in contradistinction from the fourth caste, or the Sudras. After long and violent struggles between the Brahmins and the Kshatriyas, the Brahmins carried the day, and if we may judge from the legends which they themselves have preserved of those struggles, they ended with the total destruction of most of the old Kshatriya families and the admission of a few of them to the privileges of the first caste."

This will give an insight into the origin of caste; the details given in Brahminic literature are fabulous and almost endless. They have incased themselves in every conceivable form of protection and absolutism. A Brahmin is under no circumstances liable to capital punishment. The ordinances of Manu constitute the highest authority for the laws of Hindu caste, and in these shaving the head is ordained as the equivalent of capital punishment; in the case of other castes capital punishment may be inflicted. His superiority is declared in the following:—"Whatever exists in the universe is all the property of the Brahmin, for the Brahmin is entitled to all by his superiority and eminence of birth. The king should not slay a Brahmin even if he be occupied in crime of every sort, but he should put him out of the realm, in possession of all his property and uninjured in body. No greater wrong is found on earth than killing a Brahmin." The atonement for killing a Sudra, the lowest class, is the same as that for killing a cat, a dog, a lizard. The following laws regulate the life of a Sudra. "Even if freed by his master, the Sudra is not released from servitude, for this is innate. Who then can take it from him? A Brahmin may take possession of the goods of a

Sudra with perfect peace of mind, for as nothing belongs to him as his own, he is one whose property may be taken away by his master."

"If a (man) of one birth assault one of the twice-born castes with virulent words, he ought to have his tongue cut out, for he is of the lowest origin.

"If he make mention in an insulting manner of their name and caste, a red-hot iron rod, ten fingers long, should be thrust into his mouth.

"If this man through insolence gives instruction to the priest in regard to duty, the king should cause boiling hot oil to be poured into his mouth and ear.

"If a man of the lowest birth should with any member injure one of the highest station, even that member of this man shall be cut (off): this is an ordinance of Manu.

"If he lift up his hand or his staff (against him), he ought to have his hand cut off; and if he smite him with his foot in anger, he ought to have his foot cut off.

"If a low-born man endeavor to sit down by the side of a high-born man, he should be banished after being branded on the hip.

"If through insolence he spit upon him, the king should cause his two lips to be cut off."

These are but a few fragments, moderate in tone compared with other invasions on human liberty, many are not fit to be read; they belong rather to the lingo of the pit. The Buddhist religion is vastly superior in spirit and tone, and was a reformation. Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, is believed to have lived about the sixth century before Christ. He was a Kshatriya, the second order of caste, but he freely admitted all castes into his priesthood. In the

Dhammd Pada, or footsteps of religion, he gives his ideas of a true Brahmin:—"Him I call a Brahmin who does not offend by body, word, or thought, and is controlled on these three points. Him I call, indeed, a Brahmin from whom anger and hatred, pride and envy have dropped like mustard seed from the point of a needle." "Throughout the whole of the Buddhist period in India," says Sherring, "of a thousand years and upwards strong opposition was cherished by the Buddhists against caste throughout their domination, lasting between six and seven hundred years." Caste was declining. Jainism is half-brother to Buddism and its successor in India through centuries, and hostility to caste still exists in this organization. But Buddhism perished through persecution, and Brahminism again gained the ascendency.

"Madhava Acharya relates how his royal follower, Sudhawan, a prince in Southern India, 'commanded his servants to put to death the old men and children of the Buddhists from the bridge of Rama to the Snowy Mountains; let him who slays not be slain.' In Hindu temples in South India may be seen representations of Buddhists and Jaines impaled, with dogs licking the blood which trickles down. The Hindu account is that they seated themselves on the stakes rather than renounce their faith. There were certainly local struggles; but whether there was any general persecution may be doubted.

"The Brahmins, on regaining their supremacy, made the caste rules more stringent than ever. Marriages which were freely permitted by Manu were forbidden. The facility for intermarriage gave place to rigid exclusiveness, so that it is now absolutely impossible for the pure castes to intermarry

with the mixed, or for the mixed to intermarry with one another.

"Not only is intermarriage between different castes forbidden, but the same castes are split up into numerous subdivisions, which keep nearly as much aloof from one another as if they were distinct castes. Mr. Sherring, in his work on 'Hindu Tribes and Castes,' enumerates nearly two thousand subdivisions of Brahmins. Sir W. W. Hunter says:—'They follow every employment from the calm *pandits* of Behar in their stainless white robes or the haughty priests of Benares to the potato-growing Brahmins of Orissa, half-naked peasants struggling along under their baskets of yams with a filthy little Brahminical thread over their shoulder.'

"Mr. Sherring thus describes the divisions among the Brahmins:—'Hundreds of these tribes, if not at enmity with one another, cherish mutual distrust and antipathy to such a degree that they are socially separated from one another as far as it is possible for them to be—neither eating nor drinking together, nor intermarrying, and only agreed in matters of religion and in the determination to maintain the pride and secular dominancy of their order. The Brahmins display all the vices of a family divided against itself with more than ordinary intensity, for each one presumes on his purity of caste and birth, and affects the airs and ostentation of an eldest son and heir.'

"Sir W. W. Hunter says:—'In 1864 I saw a Brahmin felon try to starve himself to death, and submit to a flogging rather than eat his food on account of scruples as to whether the birthplace of the North-western Brahmin, who had cooked it, was equal in sanctity to his own native district.'"

The physical and moral defects of such a system of bondage can be worked out by logic, but the human mind would falter if not assisted by the senses to understand its otherwise inconceivable effects. Physical degeneracy stares at the traveller from every possible angle of vision; children die like flowers overtaken by unexpected frost; a dead baby is no more of a surprise than a dead rat, and this is the result of necessary intermarriage from this cursed caste system. This can be conceived in the fact that the Mudaliyars of Madras are divided into fifty sections, no one of which can intermarry with another.

The second curse of humanity, begetting tyranny and degeneracy, is child-marriage. The doctrine is that if girls are not married early they will marry outside of caste. One of the saddest sights in India is the marriage procession of a pair of children whose heads have to be held up by their attendants—the consequences are seen in every native form and face in the millions of her population. It is a tap-root from which radical mischiefs are carried all through society. It utterly precludes any progress in female education. One of the chronic difficulties in mission schools is that before the female children can learn any thing they must be married. The fountain of intelligence must dry. There is maternity, but little motherhood, and children are as neglected as newborn mice, if they are permitted to live at all, for there is no country where infanticide is so universal without compunction. The marriage ceremonies impoverish the people through all generations. No man born can catch up to the hereditary curse entailed by the follies of his ancestors. No marriage was ever consummated among the middle or poorer classes

without incurring debt, and that debt follows the sons to the third and fourth generation. This is the place for the sons of Jacob with their usury. The Jew should have his hand in; the usurer loans the money true to his instinct, and destroys generations by his entailed claims. These drastic customs exist among both Mohammedans and Hindus. The luckless father who has to celebrate a marriage in his family has to send out his invitations on powdered and tinselled paper a month before the day—if he leave out an enemy he is sure to be denounced in the local vernacular newspaper.

"Nor can he calculate the probable number of his guests by the number of invitations he has sent. An invited guest will be sure to bring his brothers and nephews, and not improbably a friend or two to whom he owes a kindness. Meantime the feelings of the giver of the feast are of a very mixed nature. He cannot quite avoid the thought that for a few brief hours of popularity he has wasted his substance and irretrievably beggared himself and his children. Still the sight of so many hungry friends and the evident thankfulness of the diners buoys him up. He runs to his wife and tells her what a name he has won in the town. She is proud of her husband, and tells him that a good name outweighs mortgaged lands and heaps of bills. At last the great day is over, the account has to be met, and the dinner-giver finds himself a ruined man. He is turned out of house and home, and his wife is received with black looks and blows by the neighbors from whom she begs crusts."

The following incident will let in the light on the marriage customs of the Hindus and the incoming harvests of miseries. A poor man, who is fighting the battle for existence with the odds against him,

said, "My father owned six acres of land, but when his three boys became marriageable he said, 'Come what will, even if my land goes from me, my boys must be properly married.' So he mortgaged and lost his land. He was happy two days and in beggary all the rest of his existence."

Infanticide is common among the Rajputs; many of them murder their infant daughters to avoid the ruinous expenses incident to their marriage, and so deeply rooted was this system that the British government had to employ a special agency for years to suppress the practice, which interference looks itself like an inhumanity when their lives are maintained in everlasting misery. The laws of the Brahmins are extortionate; a money-lender may take eighteen per cent., or, reflecting on the duty of good men, he may take two per cent. a month, and not become a wrong-doer for gain, "or he may take a monthly interest of two per cent., three per cent., four per cent., or even five, according to the order of the castes, beginning with the Brahmin." "The Sudras, the lowest caste, have often to pay sixty per cent. Poor debtors have often to pay seventy-five per cent. per annum." Borrowing is a passion among the natives, and paying is a perdition. Caste degrades labor. It is almost indecent to be energetic. There are but a few avenues to honorable livelihood that are not closed by it. The civil architect is branded as a bastard. The carpenter and goldsmith are accursed by the Brahmins, and their curses are stuck on for one caprice after another, until all art is debased in the eyes of the people. This curse lies on all knowledge, all intellectual effort is discouraged, and the consequence is a total prostration of intellect and of mental energy, not only in the gen-

eral mass of the community, but even among that favored class itself.

"Learning has dwindled down to childish frivolity, and religion to ceremonial purity." "Our Pandits of the present day are a set of lazy, superstitious, weak-minded men, living mostly on the community, without contributing at all to its welfare; having, some of them, a little dexterity in threading the dreams of metaphysics, and the unenviable ability of framing specious pretexts for disguising the plainest truths."

Caste is hostile to every hope of nationality, and India will never govern itself until this is broken down. Think of fifty thousand Englishmen conquering the manhood in two hundred millions. It is possible only in the divisions and hatreds of caste. Max Muller says, "The Indian never knew the feeling of nationality." He never thinks of his country as a whole; an Indian army is an impossibility. The Mohammedans and the Sikhs are the fighters, because they are not enslaved by caste conditions. Hence the Mohammedans have invaded and conquered India for centuries. It produces utter heartlessness; charity cannot live among such a people; "love thy neighbor as thyself" is still-born; there is not liberty enough in all India to give it a single healthy pulsation. This is not because of natural hard-heartedness, but from unnatural restraint. A man lies dying in the street, people pity him, but they dare not touch him because they know not his caste, and they will not touch him if they do, and if the jackals do not eat him out of his miseries, he will die breath by breath until his prostrate lungs will take no more. While this is going on children pelt him with stones and mud.

Caste dries up the springs of charity, and the result is a chasm even wider than that which separates man from serpents in Christian countries. It is a perplexing paradox that supreme natural beauty and disgusting moral ugliness dwell together. There is not in all India a single opportunity for a man to rise above the conditions of his birth. The whole Empire lies under this hoary curse, and the people would cringe if even Christ's shadow should fall upon them. It compels the Hindu to be forever narrow and ignorant. He cannot go beyond his own country without losing caste. If he return loaded with useful knowledge for his people, they receive him as an outcast; he can only regain his lost position by the most unspeakable degradations.

Animal worship exists all over India in its most disgusting forms. The cow is not only worshipped, but her very excrements are considered sacred. We quote in the interest of truth only, and apologize as we quote from Sir Monier Williams' book "Religious Thought in India" the following:—"Cow urine is the best of all holy waters. Among the Parsis it is brought into the house every morning. Cow manure is supposed to have equal efficacy. The ashes produced by the burning of this substance are of such a holy nature that they have only to be sprinkled over a sinner to convert him into a Hindu saint. To swallow a pill composed of the five products of the cow—milk, curds, ghee, urine and excrements—will even purify a man from the deep pollution of a journey to England." We have at this time in the United States not a few who bow to the beauties and verities of comparative religion, and who are ready to cherish Hindu adventurers. Such may be surprised to learn that

Babu Amrita Lal Roy, much made of in New York and other Eastern cities, has repented. He has gone through the interesting penitential ceremony after the style described in the choir antics, where one word is repeated until all its connections are ridiculous. "Take thy pill," by the soprano; "Take thy pill," by the alto, and "Take thy pill," by the bass, and "Take thy pilgrim staff" in chorus. Babu Amrita Lal Roy has taken not his pilgrim staff, but a penitential pill of the cow combination in deep contrition. On account of the defilements which he suffered from contact with the elegant American, "Mlechchas," who so lavishly entertained his Oriental eminence, the *Liberal*, a native journal, says:

"It sounds odd," says the *Liberal*, "that a person who has eaten no end of cows should finish by showing his veneration for the same animal by swallowing dung-cakes.

"The worst feature of the case is that an influential Bengali newspaper, the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, regards Mr. Roy as having 'shown an amount of heroism which ought to form an example to those impious wretches who rebel against the laws and customs of their own country. After a keen observation of several years he comes home, and he prefers his superstition and idolatry to all that he had seen in the so-called enlightened countries of the world. This is a fact, which ought to give some food for reflection.'

"The *Bombay Gazette* says: 'We agree that this does afford 'food for reflection,' in illustrating how possible it is even for men, claiming respectability, to debase themselves before the whole world, and for them and their friends to glory in their shame.'

"It would be unfair not to give other native comments on such proceedings. The following quotation

had reference to another case, but the principle is the same.

"The *Hindu Patriot*, the leading native paper, while under the editorship of the late Hon. Kristo Das Pal, remarked:

"'As Indians, we should feel humiliated to see any one of our fellow-Indians, with silly caste-notions in his head, travelling to Europe—especially, when the traveller pretends to represent the rising and educated classes.'"

This pivotal representative of India is not a representative of any thing but of reactionary hypocrisy. There is a young India coming to the front with the manliness to scourge it. Mr. N. G. Chandavarker, the Bombay delegate to England, said with truth recently:—"Above all, we are a caste-ridden people, and where caste exists, there the political spirit can and will never prosper." Professor Bhandarkar says: "The caste system is at the root of the political slavery of India." Another native journal says:—"It is humiliating to have Europe to believe that what we call 'education' has not yet freed our intellects from the trammels of superstition; that we are afraid even to drink a glass of pure water from the hands of an Englishman, lest the recording angel should make a damning entry against us in his books! India can never be regenerated till she has outlived the oppressive institution of caste; and she can never outlive the oppressive system of caste, if we are to look to men like . . . who begins like a daring rebel, but ends into an imbecile swallower of penitential pills!"

CHAPTER XVII.

LODIANA.

SOUTH-EAST from Umritsur about one nundred and fifty miles is this important city and district. It is not rich in historic wealth. Its claim to consideration is altogether modern. It was formerly part of the Loodi Afghan principality of Jalunder, and when the British made the treaty with Rungeet Singh, King of Lahore, it was a part of the agreement that if he had no heirs to the throne it should come under control of the East India Company. Duleep Singh, being the last legal heir, the English succeeded to a splendid estate, in which Lodiana was the centre. It had at the beginning of the English occupation only about sixteen thousand inhabitants. But the presence of the English always brings financial assurance and strength. Wealth sought out for itself a place in Lodiana, and it has increased in bulk and influence ever since. The city is situated on an elevation, a rise in a plain of great fertility. The dazzling sun disclosed in the distance the presence of the river Sutledge, which we crossed near Lahore. It was harmless enough lying sunning itself in its bed, but it goes about generally in the rainy season regardless of all barriers, public opinion not excepted. Sometimes it takes up its watery skirts and marches away from towns or ghats, sacred watering places, and makes a new way for itself by that right of eminent domain which it has never surrendered to any government.

The fact is that Indian rivers are the most mutinous and rebellious subjects of the country, to which even the British government is but too glad to defer. The Behat was the Hydespes of Alexander's time, and at a point further north-west he found limits to his purpose to conquer the world. Northward the outlines of the Himalayas are seen, the sun glistening on their eternal snows; and the atmosphere, shortening the distance, brings them apparently almost within the touch of the hand. In the same direction, hung up among the clouds like a continent of pearl silvered over in early light and gilded by the last rays of sunset, are these vast regions of unrelenting ice that seem to be rather in the clouds than to belong to the foundations of earth below. Through these peaks, marked by notches or depressions, are the passes which lead into the valleys of Cashmere. But surroundings are of no consequence unless they surround something. The grandest quality within the circle of vision described was missionary hospitality as it manifested itself at two o'clock in the morning in a carriage in the person of Rev. Charles Newton, who seemed actually to enjoy the service of carrying two of his weary countrymen, one of them being a woman, into his hospitable compound and refreshing them with food and drink given by his own hands. The remnant of the darkness and a considerable portion of the sunlight were passed in profound sleep, without the shadow of fear, in this spot of our Church's first endeavor to reach heathen India through the gospel. Here was the birthplace of American Presbyterian missions, destined to be a greater triumph in the future of the world's history than the discovery of the sources of the Nile. A Church without mission purposes and achievements

is dead. If it lives its life will flow mainly in this channel. The young Presbyterian Church in the United States began early to show indications that it would be a living, standing Church. The unfolding of its potentialities began in Pittsburgh under the title of "the Western Foreign Missionary Society," and its first effort was made in 1834.

The Lodiana mission thus commenced was afterward conveyed to the Board of Foreign Missions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which succeeded it. The word Lodiana had come to be a household word in our childhood home; all subsidies and all hopes went toward it. The old pastor talked in the monthly concert of missions of "Lodiana," "Shanghai" and "Futtegurh," and going now to these spots was, in a sense, coming back to childhood again and into the companionships of dear ones gone before, the echoes of whose prayers that "the heathen might be given to Christ for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possessions" were caught up in India, while the forms of beloved ministers and elders, father and mothers re-appear in memory at this centre of their expectations. We see the long pole with the ring and bag at the end going from pew to pew into which we children were taught to put our pennies, when we thought it a great thing to send the gospel to the heathen at Lodiana. We can, in this far-off spot, recall our devoted fathers, so reverent, so hopeful that the promise of God and the little that they could give would bring the heathen of India into the kingdom of heaven. We see those stately elders and deacons stop after all had given and open their slim purses and put their portion in as conscientiously as they prayed, "Let thy kingdom

come." The day of Foreign Mission was a great occasion for the young ones, so full of the mysterious, and yet so attractive in the way our parents described it. The old minister shook his head at each emphatic sentence, and when he repeated "Lodiana," "Shanghai" and "Futtegurh" it fairly lifted us from the seat it was so awful—all about us were deeply moved, and when "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" was sung, in our youthful imagination, there never was, or could be, a tune so grand. The thin childish voices chimed in with the stalwarts, who fairly shook the rafters with the delight which faith, the substance of things hoped for, always inspires. The men and women prayed and praised with their hearts, their hopes, their mouths, their tongues, even with their noses; they praised God that they had missions in Lodiana, Shanghai and Futtegurh. They saw from these centres, all India casting its idols to the moles and bats. Dear, faithful souls, who waited so patiently and died without the sight; some of their children in the places which they knew only by the hearing of the ear have seen and appreciate the work, which, to them, could only exist in faith.

Wondrous memories are these which start up here in the battle-fields for Christ. We remember the delight in the household when the monthly foreign missionary magazine was due, and when we walked four miles and back from the post-office to get it. Then its very green cover gave delight; it was read on Sabbath afternoons, after Catechism had been recited, as a luxury after the weariness and sometimes spanking of that good old service, which was put up the spinal column in a thoroughly orthodox way. We had not learned the complaint of days to come that it was

stupid; that hurt our feelings for a long time after we first heard it. It was like dismissing the precious memories of childhood to give it up. The big book that has now taken its place is good, but is no kin to us, as was that green-covered pamphlet that made its monthly visit to our childhood's home, read by mother, whose calls for help were sacred, in answer to which the finances of the family were ever on a strain. Such was the reverence of childhood for these places and their names that when the first Shanghai rooster came into the neighborhood we begged to be permitted to see him as a gratification to our missionary zeal. These childish fancies that have come back to us in memory are given here not to lower the subject, but to show the hold that Foreign Missions had on the childhood of the past, and how deep its roots were in the beginning, which explains its hold on the heart of the Church to-day, and how certainly it will perish if it does not contrive to plant itself deeply in the young life of the Church.

The names of the first missionaries are as sacred as the reminiscences of the work itself; the sacrifices made of home and country started many a tear. Our parents told of the young soldier of Christ who left his home and bade farewell to his venerable father, who had devoted his life to nourishing the efforts of the Church, which has grown into such glorious proportions as we see to-day. Our hearts were touched as our father read to us of the death of young Walter Lowrie by pirates on his way to Ningpo, and in later years of the death of Reuben Lowrie in Shanghai in the dew of his young manhood. These were the kind of sacrifices that made the cause dear to the men and women who now work for its progress. There is no

progress but through sacrifices; no living cause but must have its roots in these. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." So the foundation of the mission work to be built up in India was at its very beginning to cost life. The first missionaries appointed to India were Revs. John C. Lowrie and William Reed, who, with their wives, arrived in Calcutta in October, 1833. They determined to found the foreign work for Christ at Lodiana, led to this decision partially by the advice of British officers in the Indian army. But they could not begin until life had been offered up on the altar of faith and obedience. Mrs. Lowrie died in Calcutta of consumption and Mr. Reed was attacked by the same disease and was advised to return to his native land, and having embarked died in the Bay of Bengal, and his remains were given to the deep near the Andaman Islands. Two gone before a word for Christ to the heathen was spoken, and Mr. Lowrie had to make the sorrowful journey of more than twelve hundred miles up the Ganges sorrowful and alone, with nothing between him and despair but the promise of God. Then after the mission station was reached he was so sick that he had to depart for Simla, suspending the work for nearly a year.

In 1835 Messrs. James Wilson, and John Newton, now of Lahore, arrived in Lodiana and entered on their work A school was founded, which has poured forth its light in this dense darkness for more than fifty years. A printing press was set up and put in operation about the same time, which has sent forth its winged seeds to start immortal growths. Lodiana has from the first been a centre for literary as well as evangelistic work. The missionaries

have generally been superior scholars. Here a literature for the missions of all Northern India has been prepared. The men of Lodiana have made straight the way of the Lord. Books in many languages, translations, tracts, and school books have been sent forth from this centre. The Lodiana Press, since its establishment, has printed and scattered millions of pages, which have had a circulation through almost all India. The issues of this publication house have been as high as 250,000 copies a year, 13,460,000 pages in at least four languages, and for eight different societies. The numbers now are not so great, for other agencies have sprung up, with appliances for more rapid work.

This spot has been the theatre of great thoughts and consecrated learning. It holds the histories of courageous souls, and if its founder could return, he would be astonished at the results of those few years of self-denial and suffering, for in 1836 he was obliged to leave the scene of his first youthful endeavors forever on account of failing health. Others have come after and endured and finished their course, and whatever Lodiana has been and shall be as a light centre must be attributed to all its toilers.

The present incumbent, worthy successor in the line of those who out of weakness have been made strong, is Rev. Charles Newton, a man born to his mission and fitted for it by natural gifts and high attainments. He is known all over Northern India as one of the best preachers to the natives in the land. He is quick and ingenious in handling those pests, the Mohammedans and Brahmin priests, who try to break up the street and bazar preaching. He has discomfited them so often that the knowing ones fight shy of him. Being

a native he knows all their dodges and sharps, and, having the language at his tongue's end and all the advantages of high culture in the English, he is more than a match for heathenism in its scepticisms. But beyond this he wins them by his ability to show the superiority of the gospel, its suitableness to their needs, and its comforts in their sorrows. The heathen believe in the man, if they do not in his religion. The Indian government has given the right to the natives to elect a certain number of their justices in the courts, but there are many parties among them and they distrust each other. They concluded that all could trust the missionary who had been born among them and whose life they knew, so they unanimously elected him as a member of their local court. If getting the people to join themselves to many of our missionaries as the objects of their adoration were the main object, it could be done far more easily than to get them to give up the religion of their life, nation, and social standing for Christ's sake. It is the change of religions, not masters, which tries them so sorely. We regret that Rev. Edward Newton was out on an itinerant mission among the villages, which is a work carried on with zeal and success from this mission, but one does not need to see the missionaries to know their good qualities. These one hears from the lips of both natives and Europeans, for the admiration of good missionaries is almost universal in India. It is not the men, but their faith, as an assault on their own, that the people antagonize.

The old mission compound is beautiful. The trees are clothed in foliage now, in winter, and the flowers are lovely and abundant. The famous old printing office is in full operation, throwing off the words of eternal

life in strange and, to us, meaningless characters. The church is an object of veneration, the survivor of many lives and years. It has its own histories, shading over into eternity. About these premises and in this church are to be seen veterans whose Christian lives reach back to the beginnings, and there are young men rising up to take their places. The old *punkas*, which have fanned the faces of the preachers and worshippers, look as if they were weary and exhausted in their long service. Those for whom they made life tolerable have found rest, and hands that moved them have fallen, but they must go on forever. In this compound is a school which had nearly perished when the Christian women of Philadelphia took it up and provided accommodations in room and furnishings, and now the schools are making hopeful progress. If the givers could see the glad faces changed from the dullness and degradations of heathenism into happy, buoyant childhood, industrious, intelligent, and reverent to the teachings of the word of God, they would feel it the best investment of their lives, which may bring them surprises from unlooked-for sources in heaven. Prof. McComb, of Western Pennsylvania, an able and devoted educator, is in charge. The scholars were heard in recitation, and appeared not only to understand their studies, but to be enthusiastic in them. There is an industrial department, absolutely necessary, both to make scholars more efficient in gaining a living and also to fortify them against the boycottings of caste. All boys cannot find government employment, all have not the capacity to receive the preparation. The great trades need men skilled in modern attainments, in hand-craft, and it is better that they should become good mechanics and

agriculturists than poor teachers and preachers. To meet this want an industrial department has been founded. It is practical and appeals to good common sense, and it needs help. Here is a field which will be appreciated by men of business. They make beautiful rugs and carpets; why cannot our Christian people order them from our missionary schools, and thus give employment to these poor children? We hope that a lucrative business will spring up to help this good work.

Zenana work. This is carried on with success by all the missionaries' wives, but specially by the Misses Downs and Given. Both of these ladies are from Chicago, sent out by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the North-west. They are reaching their wretched, imprisoned sisterhood who sit in darkness. Some of the zenanas were visited by the companion of our pilgrimages. The zenana missionaries and their visitor started in a *ghari*, which is a one-horse institution of the country for conveying native and foreign humanity from place to place. All must defer to its coming. The outfit consists of a horse and a four wheeled vehicle, the doors and sides being of lattice work to let in the air. There is a driver and a runner, the business of the latter being to announce the coming of the chariot with fiery steed. As there are no sidewalks and the streets are narrow, a way must be made through crowds. The crier's shouts translated mean, "You woman, there, with the basket, get out of the way! You man with the green turban, get out of the way!" and so at a screaming pitch the way is cleared. The *ghari* brought up at a high gateway of what would require a stretch of imagination to call a palace, with a mud wall shutting it out from an

inquisitive world. Here lives the last heir of the famous kings of Cabool, a pensioner on the English government, who, with his family, is now a resident of Lodiana. The history is interesting.

Shah Shiya had applied for assistance to the old king of Lahore, Rungeet Singh, and lavished on him nearly all of his immense treasure of jewels, among which was the famous Kohinoor diamond, besides offering to confirm his possession of the country of the five rivers to him as king. Finally a treaty was made between the English and the king of Lahore, by which they were each to send an army to reinstate the fugitive on the throne of Afghanistan. After doing this the troops remained a year to consolidate his power, but he became unpopular and was slain by the people. On the 6th of January, 1842, 16,500 souls marched out of the cantonments at Cabool, on their return march to India. Of this multitude only one person, Dr. Brydon, survived the retreat through the mountains and lived to reach Jellallabad, one hundred miles away, or nearly half the distance between the starting point and the Indus River. They were constantly harassed by the enemy, and amid storms of snow, were betrayed by false guides into blind paths, where they were remorselessly massacred by the pursuing Afghans. This disaster has scarcely a parallel in history. The son of this last king, and heir to the throne of Cabool, is in comparatively poor circumstances, his harem being reduced to only eighteen wives. He has a number of daughters, none of whom are married, because there are no princes of equal rank in the matrimonial market. One of the younger princesses is regarded as a great beauty, and having a will of her own, eloped with a lover; but the prince,

her father, sent the police in search of her. She was captured and brought back to her father's house. She came scuttling across the dusty courtyard in her little slippers, down at the heels, with some of the other women, to see the foreign visitors. The oldest princess, to whom the visit was paid, was, apparently, about forty years of age, with a face expressive of much strength of mind and common sense. She was seated on a cotton comfortable on the floor, but one of the luxurious(?) furnishings of the room was a chair for each guest. The apartment was low and uninviting, opening off the dusty courtyard, the only handsome thing in it being a mantel set with bits of mirror in geometrical designs. This princess has the munificent allowance of ten rupees (about $4) per month, with which she maintains her princely state. Spiced tea in dainty cups was served, while one of the younger princesses squatted at the feet of the missionary ladies and read the lessons which they had taught her. The older princess said that if her sisters would spend more time reading the Koran it would be better for them. She herself is a natural artist, and showed us a pen sketch of her royal papa smoking his hookah, which is said to be a very correct likeness; but being a devout Mohammedan, the father disapproves of his daughter's talent as being a breach of the commandment, "Thou shalt not make any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above or in the earth beneath," &c.

The foreign visitor wore a hat upon which was a bird, which was duly examined with the exclamation, "and it has an *animal* on it!" then the arrangement of the hair was commented upon. The needlework of the ladies was displayed and admired; also their dainty little slippers in gold embroidery. After a

ceremonious adieu departure was made, passing a dilapidated old carriage in the outer court, which serves as a royal equipage on state occasions. A custodian at the door was reposing in the glaring sun upon a bare *charpoy*, with heels high in air, who never budged or blinked as we passed out.

Our next visit was to a lady, a relative of this royal Cabool family. We entered the courtyard by a small ante-room, which had been occupied by goats. The lady of this house was the melancholy mother of six daughters, and two others had happily died young. She was deploring her sad lot, which the spirit of American womanhood resented, so we proceeded to compliment her upon her good fortune, saying, "you are rich in daughters and I have none," when she rose and kissed the cheek of her guest in sympathy with her; an unusual demonstration, we were afterward assured. The trousseau of one of the daughters soon to be married was displayed—dainty chuddas of transparent cardinal and gold, and a skirt of cardinal silk to match, which were very becoming to her dark beauty. This woman, instead of loading her daughters' ears with crude ornaments, spends her money in making her house beautiful. The luxuries thus secured consisted of a carpet, a table, a German student lamp, a waiter with huge red roses, and a Yankee clock! If our ladies in America would send to the Zenana missionaries the pictures and articles of adornment of which almost every house has a surplus, they would greatly aid in securing to them a welcome, and would bring new thoughts and aspirations to those secluded women, who have so little in their conditions and surroundings to inspire them to higher aims. Many of them never go outside the courtyard, are unfamiliar

with the commonest objects in the street, do not know what a river is, and scarcely what a tree would be, as the courtyards are often bare and dusty, without a suggestion of green.

Pretty cards and pictures and the thousand dainty devices of tasteful women's fingers would be worth more than their weight in gold to these weary women pining in seclusion. It is said that in the Province of Bengal the women are anxious to learn and gladly pay the zenana visitors of the Church Missionary Society liberally for teaching them, not that they care for Christian teaching, but for the novelty and interest it brings with it. Many of these women in India are intelligent and sensible and chafe under the narrowness of their lives, despising the senseless chatter and constant bickerings of the women with whom they spend their lives. To such the zenana visitor is an angel of blessing and the doors of Hindu and Mohammedan homes are opening to their coming. The great need of India is the education of the women, for as long as they are bigoted and ignorant so long will heathenism remain supreme, for women are a power even in India. The men are fast losing their ancestral faith, and if they do not embrace Christianity become infidels. If there were more of the influence of Christian mothers and wives the fields of India would soon be white for the harvest of Christian reaping.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOMAN IN INDIA.

INDIA cannot be redeemed from her degradations until the women of the land are elevated. Any thing that men can do will have no foundation. All progress must radiate from the family. As Tennyson has said, "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free." There is a homely Saxon saying, true as lowly, "that a woman can throw out with a spoon through the window faster than man can pitch in through the door with a shovel." In India all forward movement is crippled, minimized or destroyed by the ignorance, superstition and degradation of women. This is not necessarily so, for Indian women have natural abilities and virtues, but all these are ruined in the very bud of promise by enslaving environments. They are, considering their long ages of enslavement, beautiful women, with wonderful eyes, lithe figures and graceful motions. If their minds were imbued with Christian principles and culture, and if they could live as the equals of their husbands and have the advantages which cultured association gives European women, the fables of the ancients about their wonderful beauty would be realized. It is a constant marvel how much of purely innate taste and passionate love of beauty survives all the exhaustions of their long moral enslavement. If their ignorance and want of noble ambitions were confined to themselves alone their case would be distressing, but they fetter their hus-

bands and suppress their rising aspiration of progressive manhood. Professor Chuckerbutty, a native, in his first lecture delivered in the Medical College in Calcutta said, that "of all the great problems to be solved in India the woman question is undoubtedly the greatest. It is useless to hide from ourselves the fact that the degraded condition of the women of India is the foundation of numerous social evils." There is not power enough in man to rise above the domination of an ignorant and vulgar woman. He cannot lift her up, but she exercises over him a constant downward gravity. Another eminent native editor speaks of man's bondage and hopelessness in these depressing sentences:

"The educated native is nowhere so miserable and crest-fallen as in his home, and by none is he so much embarrassed as by his female relations. His private life may be said to be at antipodes with his public career. A Demosthenes at Debating Societies, whose words tell as peals of thunder, a Luther in his public protestations against prevailing corruptions, a thorough-going Cockney in ideas and tastes, he is but a timid, crouching Hindu in his home, yielding unquestioning submission to the requisitions of a superstitious family. . . Between husband and wife there there can be no rational conversation, no hearty exchange of thoughts and sympathies, no co-operation in really useful undertakings, and even no companionship beyond the pale of the zenana. The only way of patching up a temporary and nominal reconciliation is for the husband to forget his scholarship, and lay down his crotchets of reform, and assume the attitude of complete orthodoxy and foolish ignorance. Surely an educated husband and an illiterate wife

cannot possibly agree, and so long as the latter governs the household according to her orthodox prejudices the nation cannot make any real advancement."

This debasement of the women came through the Mohammedan invasion, the curse of curses wherever it has planted itself, the monumental destroyer of man and nature; all things have been defiled, perverted and distorted. Before the Mohammedan invasion Hindu women had about as much liberty as the average modest European woman.

"The Ramayana and Mahabharata contain many allusions to women appearing in public. In the Raghuvansa, a king, Dilipa, travels with his queen in an open carriage, both of them asking questions of the people they meet about road-side plants. In the Mahavira Charita princes and princesses, entire strangers to each other, are openly introduced in the same company.

"The Koran permits polygamy and divorce. Marriage can be dissolved at any time at the simple will and fancy of the husband. A traveller met an Arab, not an old man, who had been married fifty times. According to Mohammedan law, a man can look upon any married woman (near relatives excepted) as within his reach by marriage, the present husband consenting. Every married woman can become the lawful wife of any man she may captivate, if she can persuade her husband to pronounce a divorce. Mohammedans are, therefore, compelled to keep their wives closely confined, or the foundations of society would be broken up.

"The Musselman rulers of India took into their zenanas beautiful Hindu women, even although married. To avoid such outrages, women were kept

within doors or carefully veiled. In course of time the Hindus, in the seclusion of women, acted like Mohammedans."

This tyranny has grown into absolute seclusion throughout India. It has established an order or caste of dirt. We have been told no woman who considers herself chaste will wear clean clothes. She gives her garments to her servants to wear until they are soiled. Clean clothes belong to and mark the vocation of the prostitutes, who become so by being married to the gods, and are the common associates of all who frequent the temple. Their clothes are immaculately clean, as are the garments of all this class throughout India. The hostility to learning among women arises from the same source, only this class of girls were taught to read and write; so learning became the badge of shame, and they too were accomplished in music. Hence the missionaries have been met by this sense of outraged virtue in their attempts to teach the women of India to read. It is not within the bounds of decency to describe the loathsome degradation of this temple prostitution.

Dr. Henry J. Bruce, of the Maratha Mission of the American Board, one of the most learned, fearless and faithful missionaries in India, in an interesting book entitled "Letters From India" has given a case which will throw light on this subject. He had in his station school at Rahuri two little native girls, whose names were Bhagoo and Nivai. They had attended the mission school for years and had made hopeful progress, and seemed to be in the way to the kingdom of heaven, were impressible and showed considerable firmness in their Christian convictions, and the teachers had determined to admit them into the

church. But Bhagoo turned back to the degradations of heathenism, while her companion went forward. The causes of this departure are what we are concerned with in our present relations to the subject. Bhagoo's mother had made a promise to her god, when Bhagoo was but a babe, desiring a son, without which an Hindu woman feels in disgrace, if not accursed, that if he would grant her request she would consecrate her daughter to the temple service, one of life-long prostitution, in which she becomes, in heathen phrase, a Murali, or wife of the god.

Thousands of these unfortunates, given by their parents at birth or in childhood, are forced when they arrive at womanhood into this appalling servitude. These parents were quite willing that their daughter should go to school and learn to read from the missionaries, which would fit her for this ultimate service to which she had been consecrated in babyhood. But when they heard that she had determined to be a Christian it woke all the resistance of their superstitious souls. The mother threatened the life of her daughter if she ever could get her hands on her. But the daughter stayed on the mission premises. Her mother said, "Come home and we will have you married to the god Khandoba in a private way." But the proposition found no favor. Afterward she left the mission and went far back into heathen ways until she was fifteen, the age to be given to the abominable service.

"The mother said the time had come to make preparation to take the girl to Ahmednuggur, intending after having performed the necessary rites, to leave her there in the temple of Khandoba. When Bhagoo saw that her mother was in earnest, she was roused

from her lethargy, and remonstrated, saying:—'Do not lead me in the way of destruction. I will not become a Murali. I am going to be a Christian.' But the parents would not listen to her. They replied that they had promised her to Khandoba, and that she must become a Murali. She would not consent, and they therefore began beating her. She then ran away from them, and as we were absent from Rahuri at that time, she went to the pastor's house. Her mother rushed after her into the house and caught her, and gave her the most wicked abuse. 'If you will not become a Murali,' she said, 'I will kill you;' and suiting her action to her word, she seized a large stone to beat her on the head, but some bystanders caught it out of her hand. The Hindus have a proverb, 'Like god, like worshipper;' and here we see how the worship of a god, characterized as impure and sensual, can crush out all the finer sensibilities of woman's nature. The Satanic expression on that woman's countenance is photographed on my mind to this day, and I think I never saw its equal. She carried out the heathen idea of consecration, but she sacrificed to devils, and received her reward. The girl went before a government officer and openly declared her purpose to be a Christian. She told him that her friends were using violence to make her become a Murali, and begged him not to deliver her into their hands. Upon this the officer called the parents and told them that the girl had sufficient understanding to act according to any religion she preferred; and that if they troubled her, or forbade her acting according to her wishes in this matter, they would themselves be punished. They were thus compelled to desist from their endeavors."

The marriage question lies over the possibilities of the regeneration of India—superstition directs all such associations. Astrology reigns supreme in every relation that reaches out into the future. Horoscopes of the boy and girl are given by the astrologer. After much professional humbuggery, of which they are masters, the astrologer says it will not work because the horoscope of the boy shows that he will not live, and the parents of the girl see all the curses of a child widowhood settling down like vultures upon them. The boy's horoscope shows that he is destined to lose his first wife and to marry a second; and the effects of this have been seen far away from India. Even wives in America object to an early prospect of heaven if it is to give some other woman a chance for their husband. No charity has been heard of, to this date, so large-hearted and unselfish.

The horoscope of the girl shows by the manipulations of the astrologer that she will not have a father-in-law nor mother-in-law, and this means the demise of the boy's parents soon after the marriage, and the poor girl will have no mother-in-law, a calamity that might be borne in America, but is a terrific disaster in India, and this will be a glint of comfort to this much depreciated class in our country that there is one country where the absence of a mother-in-law is a grief. The parents of the boy or of the girl, not relishing the prospect of an early departure, negotiations are given up. So a new start is made in the duty of husband hunting under most trying circumstances, because if the former failures are known nobody will have her, and the parents of the boy fare no better, for nobody will have him, so the parties are left stranded between the "devil and the deep, deep sea." Of many examples two will suffice:

"A rich Brahmin in the Fort wanted a wife for one of his sons; but he had to write letters without end; and to search for *five* years in about a *hundred* famlies before he could find a girl whose natal star would fulfil the required conditions. Another respectable man in Mysore had three daughters. For one daughter he searched for a husband about two years in twenty-two families; for the next he made inquiries three years; and for the last one he has been writing, looking and seeking in vain for the last four years. A Brahmin, thirty-two years of age, wandered about for more than two years with five hundred rupees in his hand looking for a wife; and he has now only succeeded in obtaining a girl of four years old by giving a dowry of seven hundred rupees."

The animals, too, must be consulted on the subject of marraige, not bipeds as sometimes occurs in other places, but mammalians, reptilians, &c. Crows stand high in the annals of Hindu philosophy as seers, and prophesy for the direction and comfort of their wards. The lizard also bears a high reputation. An Indian treatise on divination says that if a lizard fall on the head, it prognosticates death; if on the right ear, good; on the left ear, evil; on the nose, disease; on the neck, joy, &c. Its chirp is also a certain sign. There is, however, a Tamil proverb, "The lizard which was the oracle of the whole village has fallen into the broth pot."

The ass holds an eminent place in directing life in India; nor is that country solitary in the ways of the nations in this respect, with some slight differences, hardly noticeable. If in India an ass bray in the east, success will be delayed in the south-east, this has occurred even in our own country, showing national paral-

lelisms the world over. The second fact concerning the place of the ass in omenology is that if he bray in the east, it forbodes death in the south. It denotes gain of money in the south-west, good news in the west. We know in the line of parallelisms such brayings have been made in our country in the south-east, but whether effects according to Indian ideas have taken place in the south, south-west and west, we must await further intelligence.

The mother-in-law in India is the greatest institution of the Empire. She rules every thing. The sons never leave home, so the daughter-in-law comes under the rule of the constitutional Tartar of the household. If the daughter-in-law have not a son she finds hers a hard road to travel. But when she is the mother of a son she is set up mightily. She cannot hold her own with the old tyrant at the foundation and apex of the family, but she can begin bossing operations on her husband, who has lost all control by the incomer, and if there are any sisters-in-law or her husband has any other wives who have not come into possession of male babies, she will get even with the old woman by making their lives a burden as hers was before the birth of a son promoted her. It is literally true that India is ruled by petticoats, from the great Empress down to the tyrant of the household. No man can hold his own against even one woman, but a multiplicity of wives is the beginning and continuance of sorrows. A man in India never comes whistling into his household; he comes home with his plumage down, and slips in as if he were going into a wasp's nest. If he escapes himself, he has to witness conflict between his mother and some or all of his wives, which makes such a racket that he wishes he were dead. Man is utterly nonplussed in a female fight.

We had in our boyhood a great cur dog which would never permit the male animals on the farm to fight; he would run in between belligerent cocks and part them instantly, but one morning two hens became greatly enraged. Nobody could understand the cause. The old dog at first bristled up and showed his teeth and was about to interfere when he perceived that there were neither combs nor spurs on those belligerent heads and legs; immediately his bristles fell, his lips closed over his set teeth and his caudal extremity swung low, he looked toward his master to help him out, but perceiving no sign of sympathy, he left the premises for two days—that dog's spirit was forever broken. He never interfered in any fights, when he perceived that they were coming he turned his rear to the combatants and made for a place of sure retreat. When a husband in India comes home he does not think of staying in the house if the weather will possibly permit his presence out-doors; he gets his mat, if he has one, and spreads it in the corner of his yard furthest from where his wives stay. If he has no mat he spreads himself on the ground, if possible near a cocoanut tree, or some other lofty object on which he can rise to the restful sublimities of the stars of evening. A thorn tree would suit him best for a calm and sure retreat, up which neither his mother nor wives can come. He is always alert; he sleeps *erectus auribus.*

The racket begins in the high-pitched tones of the *mater familias,* the woman who taught him his first lesson in wholesome restraint, while he lay across her knee. She is like a hornet, who, if he feels ordinarily well in August, can break up a whole camp-meeting, and the old lady attacks number seven, it may be, who is a baby, and the baby wife resists in kicks

and shrill notes. The parrot joins in and mocks the head of the house and pities the baby wife. Then number one comes in for her share in neglecting her duties. She resists and shouts to her husband for protection, but the mother dares him to touch her. Number four says, "I would never take a dare," and assaults his manhood, and number three slaps her in the face for her disrespect to her husband. A lithe form is seen moving up the trunk of a cocoanut tree, about seventy feet high, covered with rough bark; later, half way up, a rag is seen fluttering in the zephyrs that has been left behind in the flight, and is all of that husband's earthly effects, while he under the plume-like branches sighs for "*Nirvana*," which being freely interpreted means "let us have peace."

CHAPTER XIX.

SAHARANPUR.

SAHARANPUR is a city which might be a copy of an equal number of huts of any other Hindu city. It is located on a plain, is regularly laid out and filled with an almost naked population eighty thousand in number. There are some good public buildings and a considerable number of showy European houses. It is a military station, and has one of the most beautiful parks in the whole East, with delightful drives, cool, and fragrant with the odors of more than a thousand flowers. The Botanical Gardens are kept in the perfection of European landscape art. There are on each side of the public drive large, square, tomb-like stone monuments, on which are inscribed the names of those women who gave themselves to the rite of Suttee, not willingly,

but by the continuous "nagging" of their friends, reproaching them for their want of devotion and its heroisms until life became a burden, and until it was a question of time whether it were better to be burned than to be driven out of existence by heartless heathen superstition. These tombs are on the famous Suttee grounds, where multitudes have suffered, and the banyan trees have taken them in their arms and are literally lifting them aloft.

The only other object of interest in Saharanpur is the missionary work and its results. The first planting in this part of India was at Lodiana, and the first offshoot from the parent stalk is seen one hundred and eleven miles south, in Saharanpur. It gives evidence of the care of Christian people at home, and of diligence and fidelity in the foreign field. The first thing that greets the eye is the beautiful compound and its provisions of taste and comfort—only another form of mission work. It pays to have comfortable homes for the workers, in preserving precious lives, in giving health and efficiency, in saving the expense to the Board of their return, when worn-out by disease inevitably contracted in filthy, ill-ventilated native houses. It saves lives valuable in themselves, but valuable in what it costs to prepare them for their work. Besides, these neat but inexpensive homes are object lessons to the heathen, teaching them what Christianity does, what it will do for them, and educates them into aspiration for something higher than the filthy dirt hovel. They are also a testimony to the fact that while the churches in America believe in sacrifice for the cause of Christianity, the reciprocity is not all on the missionaries' side. The salaries of missionaries of all churches range from eight to twelve hundred

dollars, and their houses often do not cost over two thousand dollars, for in the East property, land, materials and labor are cheap, and the prodigality of natural beauties are so great that a house no better than the manse of the home missionary will have the effect of a palace.

People are obliged to have more servants in India than they would choose; because of caste a servant will do but one thing, and more than this, the natives have a contempt for an American or European who would live as they do, and would impute it to stinginess or ill-breeding. This is only what the colored people of the South show in their habitual contempt "for poor white folks." The wages of five servants in India are about what is paid to one in America, and they provide their own food. The men and women who started this Saharanpur mission are nearly all gone; one after another dying in the service. While we survey the place of loving labors one has fallen, who passed away as gently as the parting rays of an Indian sunset, Mrs. Woodside, whose memory is as fresh here in the place of her sacrifices as the daily opening roses planted by her own hands. She can never be lost out of the history of Saharanpur—her work is the halo left by herself where she moved in all that was helpful and blessed. This mission must be identified in history with the Reformed churches of Philadelphia. The first sent out were in obedience to its command and sustained by the benevolence of these churches. Such were the confidence and fraternal regard of the churches of the same original faith that they worked under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions until the union of both in India, and of most of the Reformed churches in Philadelphia with the Presbyterian Church.

In 1835 Revs. Rogers, Jamieson, Porter and Campbell came to Lodiana and two new stations were started—of these, Saharanpur has in its present results become the most influential. It is now, in its evangelical and educational work, especially in preparing a native ministry, become a spangle of light on the once vast and gloomy plains of heathenism. At the time of our visit the mission was carried on by our Pennsylvania countrymen, Professors Wherry and Kelso, both of whom extended to us a genuine missionary welcome. There is within the historic compound an orphanage, in which are thirty-five fatherless children, and in such institutions the Church has its best promises for serviceable fruit in her future work. It is the policy of the gospel, as it has been of the Church in all the centuries of its history, to care for the orphan and to house the young, and heaven will show the wisdom of it when it will be seen that its majorities are of saved children. As one-half the race dies before five years we have a ray of celestial light from this fact on the dark disk of heathenism. These orphan children generally turn out well, and to help them in the struggle of existence they are taught some handicraft by which they can sustain life; such as carpentering, cooking, cabinet making, tailoring, stone and brick laying, and in the compound are shops for this purpose.

One of the most formidable hindrances to the progress of the gospel is caste, and the boycotting which comes of it, by which, if it were possible, Christians would be starved to death. There ought to be in every mission schools for imparting practical and useful knowledge, and skill in manufacture, so that the Christians should be superior to the heathen

in all occupations and have a fair chance in the battle for existence, for many Christians are as sheep among wolves in their efforts to support themselves and families. Superior ability and skill in those trained in the missions would secure the favorable attention of the heathen, which out of mere selfishness would be better than hostility, and would lead to giving their children to Christian care and culture. There is in this compound a little spot which tells the story of how this mission has lived and prospered in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. It is where the slain in the moral battle are gathered together. The wordless plea to the Church from these dead is to fill up the ranks that the work which dropped from their hands in death should not perish. Of the number was the name of the Rev. James Campbell, who was at the beginning of this mission and served it twenty-seven years, who uttered the first prayer for its success, and knew nothing else except toil and sacrifice for it until he had filled up the measure of duty to this benighted land. He now lies under its cloudless skies waiting for the resurrection, and beside him lie the remains of most of his children, whose graves tell the sad story of the young lives which must be offered in the martyrdom through which heathenism must be brought to life.

Near by a stone had a mute but eloquent message to the living, to be carried to the far away homeland, a message from the dust of Rev. James Craig, which we deliver to his kindred and Christian countrymen. He served the Reformed Church seven years, short service, but all the time he had. "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not figures on the dial." As we turned from this spot other lips of stone spoke

the name of the Rev. Joseph Caldwell, and by us to his kindred and countrymen. But the graves of more than twenty children beckon the pilgrim to take their messages, too, from the dust to the happy childhood of America. But lingering with the dead is not the work of the living—the living are calling and the time is too short to stay in the garden of the departed. The church, by the way, challenged attention both for lessons of life and death. The building is substantial and attractive, with its arrangement of the so-called "punka" still up, by which the congregation is gently fanned in the sweltering heat. We thought, if such an arrangement were in use at home would not the people be greatly assisted in their church naps—it would be altogether too luxurious except where existence itself is almost a burden. This church is well-filled on the Sabbath by both natives and the English-speaking people, a considerable number of whom are connected with the East Indian Railway.

The next object of greatest interest was the Theological School or Seminary, for at the very heart of hope for the future is the native ministry. The mere Europeanizing policy will always be inadequate. India must save India; the people must be saved, not only by the blood of Christ, but by the labors, sacrifices and martyrdoms of their own sons. Foreign teachers can only prepare the way and make the paths straight; they can be teachers and leaders in their infancy in the wilderness, but leaders during this *interim* must be born from native loins, and so the preparation of a native ministry outruns all other issues. This hope has been in a measure realized. Able men the Church has wisely chosen, and God has

well endowed them for the work with knowledge and stimulated them with the inspiration of the greatness of the church's need for such a ministry in her life-saving service. The American professors are Revs. Wherry and Kelso, assisted by two native professors.

The students appeared well, nearly all of them being of mature years, thoughtful and devoted, who listened to the teachings with an earnestness which is not general in seminaries at home. This may be due, however, to the fact that these poor men have every thing to learn, while the home students always know something about every lesson taught or lecture delivered. But the Hindumen are a serious people so far as any expression of mirth can be seen upon their faces; they are wonderfully self-contained in manner, though seriousness does by no means imply sanctification of spirit or profundity in thought. They are not deep thinkers, and will not be until the habits of centuries are changed and their souls are reborn. There are in the Seminary thirty-five students, a good showing for the future native ministry of India. One class was reciting from Professor Moffat's "Church History," condensed and eliminated, to suit the needs of India. An invitation was extended to examine them, and they were found to be as well prepared as the average of those presenting themselves for licensure in most of the home Presbyteries. Another class was reciting the Greek of the Epistle to the Hebrews to Professor Kelso. Professor E. G. McMaster is able and faithful, standing among the best of the native creatures and teachers. Several of the natives have taken the names of prominent men of the past. "Robert J. Breckenridge" is a very moderate reproduction in mind and body of the distinguished

original, is pious and very gentle, but the namesake of "John C. Lowrie" is a scamp. This school is worthy of the entire confidence and support of the Church. It ought not to want for either men or means, for it is a centre, if not *the* centre of influence in India.

When the Church can send out a godly, educated, earnest, native ministry the work of the evangelization of this wonderful country is half done. The exhausted drudgery of preparing a religious literature is already accomplished for the whole empire. The day schools in the city under care of the mission were visited, and found to average well with similar schools in other places. There is also a school directed by the wives of the Professors for the education of the wives of the students in the Theological Seminary, fitting them to appreciate the work of their husbands and to be helpful to them among the native women. Work is done in this mission among Europeans away from home and all religious belongings, who too soon lapse unto practical heathenism. There are many of these in every city drawn by the railway and civil and military service. There is a special work among railway men in religious instruction and temperance, conducted by Rev. Mr. Morrison, son of the late devoted missionary. This service is appreciated by the men, and Mr. Morrison is a great favorite among them. One of the number spoke in the highest appreciation of his unselfish efforts to save the men from the curse of drink. There are six Sunday-schools in connection with the mission.

Taken in all its parts this mission is one of the very best in India; it is the result of long labor and much sacrifice of life and money. It is a pleasure to assure the

Reformed churches which founded it that they have not labored in vain; that it has gathered for them treasures in both earth and heaven. The workers are of the very best, learned and Christ-like in patience and sacrifice, hopeful too, for this is no place for the "Mr. and Mrs. Leaning," nor for the "Dicky Dolefuls," whose happiness consists in feeling badly over things in the present and prophesying evil for the future. The Board ought to be as careful in selecting both constitutionally and conscientiously hopeful men and women as those who have piety, for it can hardly be worse for the work to have hypocrites outright as to have men and women using their religion to discourage the hearts of those in the battle! They are no worse traitors who spike the guns than they who persuade the gunners that the powder is wet or powerless.

This is no place for spiritual dyspeptics; successful workers have to take down promises as a whole, and leave digestion and realization to be the work of life. There are some names at home represented in the foundation of this mission that cannot be left out. There are the churches of Drs. Wylie, McCauley, Starret and others, who are parted from them now in their work, but all belonging to the Presbyterian household, though separated for the present by partitions thin enough to see and hear through. But these are still known as holding like precious faith and like obedience to the command of our risen Lord. Nor would it be just to let slip from our grateful thoughts the service of that useful elder, George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, the marks of whose benevolence are seen all about, especially in the sanitarium property so useful now. With his gifts are seen also those of generous but now departed members of our own church, James and

William Hogg, whose benevolence began in boyhood, and others, too, of this Reformed Presbyterian church as worthy, but whose names are not known.

About forty-five miles from Saharanpur is another centre of influence, casting its benign rays from the mountain tops. This is the Woodstock school for girls. It is the trophy of the labors of that indefatigable worker, Rev. Mr. Woodside, and of the benevolent ingenuity of the ladies of the Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia and vicinity, through whose efforts $30,000 were raised, and this site, the most advantageous in all India for the purpose, secured. If the generous donors could see the result of their benevolence in the form of a splendid property bought, and improved since the purchase, and the good already done, and the promises in full bloom they would rejoice in these evidences that life had not been in vain, nor the fruit of its toils useless. The locality is a boon to those workers whose deepest privation was to be separated from their children almost from childhood by thousands of miles, if they were to be educated at all, and to feel all the fears springing from the dangers of youth real and imaginary, or the sadder alternative of seeing their children withering unto death before their eyes, unhelped, and without hope on all their future horizon. This was more than bondage, it was death. Now this burden is removed by a school where the climate is cool and tonic and without great variation. From this height the extremes of both the torrid and frigid zones clasp hands, and the tropics salute with fragrance and smiles the hoary heads of the Himalayas.

This school is under the care of the accomplished wife of a missionary gone to his rest, well known to

all. Its success under Mrs. Scott's management is the enthusiasm of all India. From the proceeds of the school about eighty thousands rupees have been expended on the buildings, and still the demand is for more room, which ought to be supplied, for the case is urgent. This school will furnish female missionaries at less cost and better fitted for the work than can be done anywhere else, and should this be not their calling the gospel will be carried into the homes of the Eurasians, the most neglected people in India.

It was vacation and the pupils could not be seen, but one hundred and twenty boarders were heard from, while the praises of the institution were repeated from friends in the English Church Missionary Society, the Irish, Scotch, Methodists and Baptists, and from the lips of men and women, on railway trains, in both civil and military life. But the greatness of the blessing for girls in this Woodstock institution only magnifies the need of one for boys in this same cool latitude, where it may be possible to study nine months in the year. Boys here become enervated in childhood and never have vigorous physical or mental strength; their morals are in constant danger in the cities, and ought to be protected by the best climate and advantage. Their parents have not the means nor friends to provide for them in England or America, nor ought their fathers and mothers to be put to the strain of separation, to sigh, pray and cry across oceans over the dangers that may be coming to their children, when ten thousand dollars would provide for their education in the Himalayas.

There is another station which is worthy of attention in several particulars, and referred to not as discriminating between stations, but as being a represen-

tative of the rest. This is Dehra. It will be associated with the devoted life of the late Dr. Morrison, whose wife is still engaged in mission work at Ferozepore, (since deceased.) The first fact is that this church has a native pastor and supports him to the extent of twenty-five rupees a month, and is working out the difficult problem in India of self-support. The whole morning congregations turns itself into a Bible-class for the study of the lesson. This mission, occupied by Rev. R. Thackwell and wife, Miss Geisinger in charge of the zenana work, has succeeded in the experiment of dismissing heathen native teachers from Christian schools. Now Christian native teachers only are employed in their day schools. The natives not only made no opposition, but on the contrary when it was proposed to remove a Christian teacher to another school a deputation of the fathers came to the school, saying, "If the Christian teacher is removed we will no longer send our children." There is in Dehra a girls' school, teachers, Misses L. M. Pendleton, S. M. Wherry and R. M. Evans. The number in attendance is over one hundred, a fair proportion are members of the church, so that nearly all the older girls are Christians; in the prayer-meetings often seven and eight girls follow each other in prayer. The older girls are reaching out intelligently after truths in a way quite surprising to their teachers. One Sunday night a young woman came to her teacher saying that something which she had heard that day in the sermon did not correspond with a chapter of Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

CHAPTER XX.

ANCESTRAL ROBBER CASTES OF INDIA.

INDIAN pests, human, mammalian, insectiverous and reptilian, require their share of attention, as there is no India without them. They enter into its identity, and whether or not make their presence and power felt. This subject will be treated from the head down. The human torments which have distressed India are innumerable. Men, not creatures, curse this fair garden of the world. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." In no country on earth has there been such relentless, bloody despotisms, and such infernal ingenuity in conceiving and enforcing their requirements. Secret societies have been the agents of her destruction, her humiliations and her everlasting servitude. Society is made a very hell by its divisions and their cruelties, and these have grown so hoary that all conscience has been lost, all resistance has ceased, and the most atrocious deeds of fraud and murder are carried on with the sanctities of religion. Thieving and rascalities in property relations belong to every country. These evil roots run down into depraved human nature. But this is both general and special. We shall be compelled to deal with something graver than the organized efficiencies of a general depravity, growing out of sinful human nature.

The magnitude and malignancy of this evil force may be seen in the fact that in India there are more than one hundred robber castes. Society of India is like a heap of sand, each vitalized grain a *caste*. and

each caste hostile to every other. There are castes for thieving, for vengeance, for kidnapping and for whatever other Satanic purpose may come into their corrupt imaginations or cruel hearts. Each has strict religious observances and its members are devoutly strong in the belief that they are only fulfilling their destiny and the destiny of others and doing good service to the god they adore. They talk of their bloody deeds and show their gory trophies as men would talk of acts of charity in a prayer-meeting in Christian countries. They glory in their exploits, magnify the little novel incidents of their cruelties, their heroisms in getting rid of life as Americans would talk over the sport they have had in a fox hunt. The system of organized robbery and murder requires religious rites and performances, and these are entered into before an excursion with as much solemnity as the sacraments of the Christian religion administered to Christian men, just before going to the front to a bloody battle on which the destiny of a nation hangs.

Formerly after the usual sacrifices they dispersed in parties of thirty or forty disguised as pilgrims on a peaceful journey to some far off shrine, or on their way to the services and obligations of worship, their principal weapon being a spear, the head of which was concealed, the handle being used as a cane. They had a secret service all through the Empire, through which they knew where the wealth of the people was hidden, and were in possession of all needed information, and thus moved for an attack. This was always under the shades of the night and arranged to carry terror in all its movements. With flaming torches and glittering spears they rushed upon sleeping inhabiants of the doomed house, and either frightened them into power-

lessness with their strange yells or coldly pricked them into nervous frenzy with the sharp points of their spears. The men of the household, who might have resisted, were overwhelmed by the cries of the women and children caring only for their lives, who would hold or hide their husbands, and with the hope of saving their lives would tell them where their treasures were. So a man realized in his extremity, if he had any courage, that his worst foes are those of his own household, and that in a multitude of wives each on a hunt under the bed for the concealed robber there is neither peace nor prosperity. If the Dacoits thought that all goods had not been surrendered they would apply torture. Ears were torn out by the roots, hands and feet chopped off to get the gold anklets or the jewelled bands from the luckless limbs. A brutal terror of this kind was not published, nor did communities join to protect themselves, this mode never entering Hindu heads, but the whole thing was kept a secret lest a worse thing might come upon them, for the Zemindar or landed proprietor, and the head man of the village, had a "*divy*" for his indifference, inefficiency or co-operation.

But their movements were not confined alone to small parties of thirty or forty, sometimes they were in force sufficient to make the native army capitulate, even when led by British officers. The Pindans sometimes went in bands of twenty thousand horsemen, clearing out whole provinces. Lord Hastings in one of his contests with them had to employ one hundred and fifteen thousand men and had his hands full in scattering and bringing them to terms. Another of these murdrous castes have gained historic fame from their atrocities, and will be mentioned here because more is known of them than of the others. Thugism is an

Indian institution peculiarly, for neither the idea or reality could be conceived or executed anywhere else. Society breeds its own curses as the generally diseased body its own ulcers. Thugs were devotees of the goddess, Kali or Devi, and were fanatics in their religion. This caste lived in influence and power, almost supreme, for more than two thousand years in India. The patronage of their god gave them immunity from punishment, and their coming, whether relished or not, was the coming of a deity. They claimed that the goddess Kali gave their ancestors waistbands with which they could destroy first demons and then men by strangulation.

The following description is given of this goddess:

"The wife of Siva has several names. She is called Durga as having overcome the giant Durga; Kali as black, and Bhairavi as terrible. Often she is called simply Devi, the goddess, or Mahadevi.

"Calcutta derives its name from Kalighat, where there is a noted temple of Kali. She is represented as a black woman with four arms. In one hand she has a weapon, in another the head of the giant she has slain, with the two others she is encouraging her worshippers, For earrings she has two dead bodies, she wears a necklace of skulls; her only clothing is a girdle made of dead men's hands, and her tongue protrudes from her mouth. Her eyes are red as those of a drunkard, and her breasts are besmeared with blood. She stands with one foot on the thigh and the other on the breast of her husband. After her victory over the giant she danced for joy so furiously that the earth trembled beneath her weight. At the request of the gods, Siva asked her to stop, but as, owing to her excitement, she did not notice him, he lay down among the slain. She

continued dancing until she caught sight of her husband under her feet; upon which she thrust out her tongue.

"Largely through the influence of Buddhism, animal sacrifice were discontinued. At present they are chiefly offered in connection with the worship of Kali. Human sacrifices were formerly offered, and it is believed that they have not yet entirely ceased. In the Kalika Purana, Siva, addressing his sons, says:—

"'The flesh of the antelope and the rhinoceros give my beloved (Kali) delight for 500 years. By a human sacrifice, attended by the forms laid down, Devi is pleased for a thousand years; and by the sacrifice of three men a lakh of years; an oblation of blood which has been rendered pure by holy texts, is equal to ambrosia. Blood drawn from the offerer's own body is looked upon as a proper oblation to the goddess Chandika.'

"The temple of Kali near Calcutta at great festivals almost swims with blood, and the smell is most sickening. The people bring their victims, pay the fee, and the priests put a little red lead on its head. When their turn comes, the executioner takes the animal, fixes its head in a frame, and then beheads it. A little of the blood is placed in front of the idol, and the pilgrim takes away the headless body.

"Dr. Rajendra Lala Mitra says:—'There is scarcely a respectable house in all Bengal, the mistress of which has not at one time or other shed her own blood under the notion of satisfying the goddess by the operation.'"

When one of the inspired murderers was brought to justice by the English he would exclaim, "I am a Thug of the royal records," with as much hope and pride of its saving him as Paul's exclamation, "I

was born free." "I and my fathers have been Thugs forty generations," said another, as if he would overwhelm the modern hated English by all the power of antiquity.

The Thugs had their boundaries and habitations. Villages were renowned by their presence, where they conducted themselves with tolerable propriety according to Hindu notions of good behavior. In these villages they left in perfect security, so far as the natives were concerned, their wives, children and effects when they went off on a religious excursion. The Thug was a gentleman of first order at home, when he was not religious he was cultivating the soil or was a landlord employing the labors of others. But when he concluded to be religious and go off on a pilgrimage, all knew that he would do his cruel work well. He was prohibited by the Anglo-Indian government, and all police were charged to be on the watch that he be corralled, but he knew a power with the Zemindar or head man of his village and its police, and this he used freely, so he was in partnership with all that could help or hinder him. After he was gone there was a tremendous excitement among the officials, they scoured the country, especially in the opposite direction from the line of his departure to throw dust in the eyes of the government.

"Before going on their expeditions, Thugs made offerings to the goddess, and carefully attended to the omens through which they supposed that she made known her wishes. They assumed many different disguises, and played many different parts. There was nothing to distinguish them from ordinary travellers. A party of them would accost a wayfarer going homewards from a journey. Cheerful

talk and song would win his heart, and he would tell them freely of his private affairs, of his wife and children he was going to meet, after long years of absence, toil, and suffering. Watching a favorable opportunity on the skirts of some jungle, one of the Thugs would throw his turban cloth round the neck of their victim. Another, seizing the other end of the cloth, would draw it tightly round; whilst a third would seize the man by the legs, and throw him on the ground. There could be no resistance. The work was quickly done. The body was then stripped, the property secured, and very soon the corpse was buried. The Thugs would afterwards kindle a fire beside the grave, and feast as heartily, sing as merrily, and sleep as soundly as if they had committed an act of the greatest merit. No compunctions visited the Thugs. An English officer asked one of them, 'Did you never feel pity for the old men and young children whom you murdered while they were sitting quietly by you?' 'Never,' was the answer. Such was the confidence of the Thugs in the protecting power of the goddess, that they believed that she would not only, if religiously served, shield them from harm, but visit with her wrath all who injured them."

But the presence of the English has spoiled many gods and the faith which the multitudes have had in them. The Saxon is a born iconoclast and follows his profession with overwhelming demonstrations. He has knocked Hindu and Mohammedan beliefs hoary with age, and taught both that antiquity has no legs and no fists and can neither defend itself nor escape the violence of progress. In the iconoclasms of Saxon progress in the Orient, Kali and Kalites alike have gone down and Christian progress

has erected her throne on her grave. When Thugee had tormented the British government until John Bull got red in the face, he resolved to try his strength against both deities and men. Lord William Bentick appointed Colonel Sleeman to give it a dose of extinction.

The change is depicted by the Maharajah of Gwalior, who contrasts the present with the condition more than half a century ago in his commendation of the success of the British Indian government in bringing peace and security to India. "Within fifty years," says he, "when Mahrattas went from time to time from Gwalior to the Deccan, small bodies were not safe. The departure was an epoch in the year. Their friends parted from them knowing that they had to set out on a journey of danger—perils through Thugs, robbers, spoliation and blackmail levied on them by the States through which they must pass; these things men not old still speak of Now all pass to and fro without danger or hindrance —the poorest traveller feels as safe as the richest—for you make as much effort to protect the poor as the rich. I never put myself on the mail-cart, unattended and perhaps unknown, without appreciating the strength of your rule. It is a substance— I leave Gwalior without apprehension, and my absence occasions no distrust."

Let those who rave at British rule in the world study its advantages to the people ruled before they give rash utterance to their malignant fancies. The blessings of good rule, hindered by ignorance, race prejudices, religious degradations, appear at every step of the unprejudiced explorer throughout that vast continent of teeming life. The English govern-

ment in India, with all its faults, mistakes and oppressions, has written on its throne the hopes and possibilities of redeemed India. Facts thrust themselves against prejudices everywhere. Even in English compounds in Calcutta fifty years ago the outer door had to be locked at the commencement of each meal to prevent the plate from being stolen, and now there is less crime in India than in England; and it continues diminishing. There were twenty-five per cent. fewer criminals in jail in 1882 than in 1887, notwithstanding the increasing population—population, 250,000,000; police, 137,377—and it costs a half a cent a person monthly for protection against robbery and murder.

CHAPTER XXI.

ANIMALS AS RELATED TO HINDU FUTURE LIFE.

FROM human torments in India we pass to a survey of animals, reptiles and insects. The number of these would baffle calculation. There is no reduction except by the constant warfare they make on each other, for no native of India would kill one of them. The parasite on his body is either endured as a necessary counter-irritant, or his heaven-appointed destiny, so he lifts it gently away, and if possible will give it a better chance by putting it on the missionary. Nor will he mean any thing malignant in the transfer. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls affords protection to all animal life. This doctrine has been referred to, but to explain the relations of human and animal life in India it will be necessary to speak of it more fully and in more philosophical form as a system pervading all Hindu

thought. The Hindu believes that the soul is eternal and that it passes through innumerable births until at last it is absorbed in Brahma. A native poet has written the essence of this philosophy in verse:

"How many births are past I cannot tell,
How many yet to come, no man can say,
But this alone I know, and know full well,
That pain and grief embittered all the way,
There are in nature about us no changes
So radical, so violent and so painful."

A human being may at one time revel in the delights of Paradise, and at another he may hop as a toad from under the teeth of a harrow in hell, at one time he may be a supreme god at another he may live in the heart, head or entrails of a dog or hog, or may have molten lead poured down his throat. He may repose on a bed of marigolds with the gods, or writhe on a bed of red-hot iron. He may become delirious with pleasure or mad with pain. Hence the dread of continued transmigration is the one haunting thought, forever wearing away his consciousness of joy or hope. He knows nothing of escaping his changeful destiny so fearful, by the search and acquisition of truth, but his longings are all to the end of breaking the links in the iron chain of forever repeated existences, which are spent in running upward and downward scales, before he can reach absorption into pure and unconscious *Spirit*. Transmigration is supposed to explain why some are born rich, others poor; some healthy, others diseased, &c. All in this life, its feelings and actions, its joys and sorrows, its good and evil deeds, like fruit from a seed, are supposed to be the necessary result of actions performed in a former state of being. If a babe agonize in pain the Hindu says, "It is the fruit of a former birth."

So all mysteries are resolved in the conditions of the past, the unkind, heartless past, which annihilates no sins but sends them down to the future. So as all animal life is the channel through which sinful men may be passing for the mishaps of their past existences, no native will hurt any creature if he can help it, and if he does it by accident he will atone for it. He will not only avoid injuries, but will render aid in every possible way, supply their wants and make them happy from highest to lowest, for in them may be the soul in its circuit to Brahma of some one dear to himself, or he may in his next state of existence be there himself for his sins in this, so India is the heaven of beasts, birds, reptiles and insects. They live better than men, and are free from their oppressions. The stupid question of the disciples, "Who did sin, this man or his parents that he was born blind?" in our time would be called an Irish bull. If the man was born blind how could he have sinned before he was born. The Hindu would be at home on this subject, in other words he would "soar." Here is the pole of Hindu philosophy; his answer would be that the man was suffering from the sins of another state of existence, that his soul, like John Brown's, is "marching on" through an endless series of births until the procreative powers wear out and then he sinks into Nirvana, or in French eternal *ennui*, or in American is "played out."

Their notion is that all souls were created millions of years ago, so they have their "all soul's" day. These souls have been gyrating ever since; sometimes in animals, sometimes in vegetables and sometimes in minerals. The soul of a man's ancestry may be in a cabbage head, where his own ought

to be sometimes, in a dose of calomel, anywhere it can get or be driven; in these several conditions there are opportunities to acquire merit sufficient, after a long time, to get into the human form, and at the first death the soul enters into another body, either a higher form of manhood, or back into a blind pup, a *scarabœus* or pumpkin, according as his deeds have been good or bad. So if the soul gets no backsets and holds on like grim death to the body until it has passed through 8,400,000 changes, and after these millions of births and deaths are passed comes to the judgment and the final reward of good deeds and punishment for sins. But if the reward of merit through births is not sufficient to open the gates of heaven the soul is condemned to go through another series, 8,400,000, and if this will not bring it out, if there is any thing left, it goes to hell, from which after the proper purifications are attained it is fired up into heaven, where it remains, according to the latest and most reliable information on the subject.

It will now appear to the reader how logical and natural the worship of animals becomes, and this is universal among the Hindus. Nor is it confined to animals; for souls may be in vegetables, in minerals, for they may have a kind of chemical existence there. The most unshapely stone to be found will, on account of its ugliness, be chosen and made a god by setting it under a tree and covering it with red paint. On a certain day they worship a plant, which is believed to be a goddess. Placing a painted stone under the plant, or tree, they perform the marriage ceremony uniting the god and goddess, that is, the stone and the tree. The traveller will, if he has his eyes open and his inquisitiveness quickened, see many

divine objects lying about loose whose value consists in the association of ideas. By the roadside can be seen a tree covered with bits of rags as if it lived to grow rags. That ragged tree is a she goddess, and receives from the multitudes homage in rags torn from their garments too scanty to hide even a patch of their lank, skinny bodies. At another time and place they can be seen worshipping their oxen, their tools, also whatever is used in making a living. This is one of the most pitiable and hopeless features of the moral degradation in India, and most so because their education does not take the heathenism and animal idolatry out of them.

Civilization does not lift a native a hair's-breadth above his idolatries. He becomes a dual creature by secular education. He reviles the gods and bows down to them; he protests and servilely accepts the things he denounces, and offers his clearer head as a servant to his dark heart. Nothing will reach idolatry but Christianity; all that he learns in the secular schools he hangs as brighter garlands on his soul-debasing idolatries. The best English universities of India cannot by all their secular teaching get a native, however scholarly, beyond serpent worship. He will ridicule it when he is well or prosperous, but when any little reverse comes down he will go on his knees to the first cobra he sees. There is a time for serpent adoration—a festival in their honor lasting through days. The Rev. Henry J. Bruce, missionary of the American Board, says that in a certain village the people assemble at the hole of a famous cobra, which is one of the largest and most venomous serpents in this country, and commence pouring their offerings of milk and grain down into his hole. This,

of course, arouses his snakeship. On finding that he is in danger of being drowned in his narrow quarters, he comes out as fast as belly and back will permit, and raising himself to the dignity of a reptilian monarch, extending his hood out from his head like a pair of field-glasses, he takes a recognizance in force. The people imagine that all this is in appreciation of their favors and begin their worship of this primal form of the devil.

Zoolatry is one of the deeply rooted institutions in India. The Hindus believe that there are eighty-four lakhs of different species of animals through which any man may pass—even a flea may contain the soul of some person who was a sage or saint. This we can most readily believe and thank transmigration for the revelation, for we have met people with souls so diminutive in respect to all that was good or charitable, and so shriveled by abundance, soured by selfishness, that their souls might live in the same shell with a live flea and have as much sea room as a pollywog in the Bay of Bengal.

Among the jungle tribes tiger worship is common. A tiger may attack one in these tribes and he will make no resistance. He may carry away his children and he will not resist. So tigers live on the best and are only exterminated by foreigners, and the animal conquest in India is as far behind as the human. The thousand headed snake, Shesha, is sometimes represented as forming the couch and canopy of Vishnu while sleeping during the intervals of creation. According to the popular ideas earthquakes are caused by the shaking of his heads. In many places women go to snake holes and place their offerings of milk and eggs with invocations and prayers.

The monkey is also a deity, inverting the order of modern development by natural selection. In India the monkey is the most select. He is a deity, and man has departed from the nobility of his ancestor, and if he would get back into deity he must rise to the condition of the monkey—monkey worship, like tiger worship, was afterward adopted by the Brahmins. In some parts of the country Hanuman is a common village god and is said to have been the son of Pavana, the wind, by a monkey mother. He had power to change his form at will, hurl rocks, remove mountains, put the sun into one of his arm-pits and dart into the air like lightning. Surasi, a Rakshasi, tried to swallow him. Hanuman stretched himself so much that her mouth was an hundred yojanas, then he suddenly shrank up to the size of a thumb, darted through her and came out of her right ear. "Hanuman's traditions and attributes," says Sir A. Lyall, "illustrate curiously the process by which a mere animal *fetich*, dreaded for his ugliness and half human ways, soon rises to be an elfin king of the monkey tribe, a powerful genius, and latterly emerges into the full glory of divine Avatar, surrounded by the most extravagant fables to explain away the Simian head and tail which have stuck to him through all his metamorphoses."

Some animals are worshipped for their *usefulness*. This applies especially to the cow and bull. Great religious changes have taken place among the Hindus. One of the most remarkable is the feeling with regard to the cow. In Vedic times the *Gomedha*, or cow sacrifice, was common. When a person died, a cow was killed to accompany him. The flesh of the cow was freely eaten. A guest was called *Goghna*, he for

whom a cow is killed. It is pretended by some that the animals were not really killed; but the Atharva Veda gives a list of the different persons who were to receive the various parts when cut up. Some say that animals were always restored to life again; but this must have been done after they were eaten.

At present the idea of eating beef is so horrible to Hindus that some never mention the word in the vernacular, and frequently there have been serious riots on account of the slaughter of cows. Among the Sikhs it was considered a greater crime to kill a cow than to kill a daughter.

The cow, valuable for its milk, is the animal which receives most worship in India. There is an annual ceremony in her honor. The prayer is sometimes offered: "O, mother, be gracious to us. Bless us with a rich harvest. Let our lands bring forth an increase. We are thy humble servants."

The ancient Egyptians were especially notorious for animal worship. Bulls received the most profound veneration. They were kept in splendid temples, they were adored and prayed to by thousands during their lives, and at their death they were placed in huge tombs, while all Egypt went into mourning. But the Hindus have reached the lowest depth of degradation in animal worship. The very excrements of the cow are sacred. Her urine is the best of all holy waters—a sin-destroying liquid which purifies every thing it touches. Cow dung is supposed to be of equal efficacy. The ashes produced by burning this hallowed substance are of such a holy nature that they have only to be sprinkled over a sinner to convert him into a saint.

The bull, useful in cultivation, ranks next to the cow. Siva is said to perform all his journeys riding upon its back. Vemana, a Telugu poet, says, "Seeing a bull made of stone, men reverently bow down before it; seeing the living moving animal, they flog it."

Every object that benefits the Hindu and helps to provide him with a livelihood becomes for the time being his *fetich* or god. On particular days the farmer prays to his plough, the fisher to his net, the writer adores his pen, the banker his account books, the carpenter his tools, the woman her basket and other articles that assist her in her household labors. The Thugs, who murdered travellers in the name of the goddess Kali, worshipped the pickaxe which they carried for the speedy burial of their victims.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCERNING SNAKES AND OTHER CREEPERS AND CRAWLERS.

INDIA is prolific in death-dealing agencies, in the forms of crawling and creeping creatures. Twenty thousand people die in a year from serpent bites. No antidotes have been found for the poison of serpents. The British government has offered five thousand pounds as a reward for such a discovery, but as yet without success. One of the most fatal is the cobra, a serpent not usually more than five feet long, whose most remarkable feature is his hood in the position of ears, which the creature moves forward when aroused, and especially when ready for combat. This hood is produced by its remarkable ability of dilating the back and side of the neck into the appearance of a hood, on account of which it takes its name

"Cobra da Capello," which is Portuguese. Its color is a rusty brown above, and bluish or yellowish below, and it carries a singular mark on the back of the neck resembling a pair of old-fashioned spectacles, from which it takes the name of the spectacle snake.

The Cobra da Capello lives on lizards and other small animals. Fatal as is the bite of the cobra, it is not aggressive, and is easily killed, but it will be remembered that being sacred it is never killed by the natives. Its bite causes death in two hours, and for its poison there is no antidote known, and rarely do any bitten recover. It is a social being and loves the society of men. Many of the Hindu houses are built of mud, which when dried is full of cracks into which serpents come, especially in rainy weather, when all reptiles are peculiarly lively, and the cobra will turn up anywhere in the house, raise himself a couple of feet, fix his hoods and hiss to warn of his purpose; sometimes he is coiled up beside the baby, sometimes under or on top of the rug or bed, often in the bath-tub or folds of the window curtain, as it suits his comfort or fancies. Most of his deadly bites are given when hospitality is not promptly extended. As has been stated, he likes human companionships and will crawl up and lie down by them when asleep. Most of the fatalities occur while men and women sleep, who lie about anywhere, wherever they tumble themselves down, for they have, as a class, the greatest disinclination to be upon their legs. At night they lie down on the ground—the cobra is hunting for a warm place and crawls up to them to get the warmth of their bodies, and in turning over or throwing their hands and feet about, they strike the friendly snake, who feels insulted and resents the infliction on his

personal rights. Instantly the swelling begins; the sufferings, until a comatose condition sets in, are terrific, but the struggle is short. The poison gland is secreted in the head of the serpent, which emits the virus when the reptile compresses its mouth on any object, which flows through a cavity of a tooth into the wound. The poison, most deadly when sent out in obedience to the wrath of the reptile, is perfectly harmless when taken internally. Its deathly qualities seem to be in the temper of the creature. The people of Ceylon carry in the night a cane with a loose ring in it which warns the snakes to get off the paths and out of their way; this may be only a superstition, of which India is more full than of serpents.

Snakes are an article of trade, and one will have as many opportunities as he desires to invest in knowledge afforded by the charmers. One's restful moments will be broken by all kinds of devices to get attention to the subject of snakes. The beating of a drum may be the signal for *salaams* which will introduce you to a "dicker" as to the amount desired for a performance. One man will have a boa constrictor, twelve or fifteen feet in length, wrapped like a spiral around his neck, while the head of the boa rears up as if commanding the institution on which he has coiled himself. This head is also bidden for attention and profit, by the investment desired to be made with the foreigners, he flashes the light from his glistening eyes upon the beholder, his tongue protrudes and he is as uneasy as if suffering from colic; soon he slowly unwinds himself from around the showman's neck and slides to the ground ready to serve the foreigner in the same fashion, though the experiment might be more doubtful, if he would per-

mit it. Upon each arm of the charmer is coiled a snake of a different species, which is making for the ground and will be soon making also for the beholder, if he will permit the approach, but turns back to the peremptory call of his master. A jar is opened and two monster cobras lift their heads into the daylight with hoods expanded like rudders to guide them to their foes; their hisses at the American pilgrim are more suggestive than salutary. But at the command of the snake potentate they double themselves over the mouth of the jar, and the last thing seen is the tip of their tails set skyward as their heads lie at the bottom of the jar.

Another professor appears for American delectation with a jar full of scorpions, which he manipulates with as much unconcern as the American boy does fishing worms. This professor in the high taming art lets them hang at his finger ends, creep over his arms and up his sleeves, if he has any; he hangs them on his ears and to his nose or anywhere his patron may demand. They are as peaceable as trained mice.

After this performance a fight was arranged between the cobra and mongoose, or weasel. One rupee was the price of the contest, which was raised and the fight declared in progress. The cobra was about four feet long, two feet of whose length was lifted up straight as a lamp-post, his hood set, his eye glassy with rage and tongue quivering. The mongoose was about as large as a half-grown kitten, sleek-haired and sleepy. The fight was on the stone floor of a hotel piazza. The mongoose seemed all through the contest to be a sleepy, good-natured creature. The cobra struck first, the mongoose dodged and caught him by the lower jaw and shook him but once,

and was out of reach before he could strike again, but catching him again by the jaw as he drew back from his blow brought blood the second time. The third stroke of the cobra finished the contest, the mongoose caught him by the neck and lifted the serpent his whole length but once and he was dead.

It is a patent fact that while no antidote has been discovered for the poison of this snake, its power to hurt is not unchallenged. There are enemies constantly making war on these venomous creatures. Hogs are hostile and kill them whenever they find them; deer and antelopes are said to stamp them to death; peacocks, of which there are thousands, kill them, sometimes seizing them by the tails fly away holding their heads down until life is gone. The warfare of death goes on among the creatures in tests of the survival of the fittest just as it does among men.

The boa constrictor is another terror chiefly from its size only, but is not half so destructive as the creatures more dangerous by their inferior size and stealthiness. The boa is not so general, its localities are known and it is more frequently defenseless when gorged, which is all the time if it can find prey, it is therefore vulnerable. We met a soldier who had returned from a hunting expedition and had rescued a buffalo calf from being crushed and bagged, by killing the boa, about thirty-five feet long. Water snakes are as fatal as the cobra, with which the Bay of Bengal abounds, also sharks, and in the Ganges, crocodiles, which take not only the free will offerings of babies, but snap off the legs and feet of the bathers in the sacred waters as quickly as a steam-cutting knife, often painlessly because done so quickly that the victim does not know what is the matter until he lifts his footless leg out of the water.

The termites, or white ants, exist in India and are very destructive. They live in great communities, and are almost omniverous in the larva and pupa as well as in the perfect state. In their communities there are five classes, males, females, workers, neuters, and soldiers, and they are the most warlike of all their kind. But there is an inexplicable fact, the workers, neuters and soldiers are all imperfectly developed females. The males and perfect females have four wings which are long and nearly equal, and which are often suddenly cast off as a preparation for death. But the greater part of these colonies consists of workers which are wingless. The soldier class have a solitary identity, are larger than neuters, generally cowards and are armed with very large meridilites which are as loaded war weapons ready for conflict. Most of the white ants make their nests in the ground and their presence indicates the richest soil, whether they make it rich or choose it because it is rich is not certainly known, but they appropriate great stretches of country, and fight for its possession with the ferocity of North American Indians. Their ground houses are conical or turret-like, ranging from twelve to thirty feet high in groups like the wigwams of an Indian village. Their houses are divided within into various chambers and galleries, and there are as many as two or three roofs within the turret-shaped interior, and the thick walls are perforated by passages leading to the nurseries and stores of food. If any intruder comes suspiciously near or breaks into the domicile the soldiers appear ready for fight, and these do not waste their time in sham battles; invaders had better take to their heels before they are surrounded and overpowered.

But these torments serve out blessings in compensation. They consume every kind of decaying vegetable and animal, and are the enemies of malaria. But no house in India is safe from them; they will consume every article of furniture, floors, girders in a night, only a shell remains, and the roofs of houses, usually made of clay covered with a dressing of red clay and cow dung, or thatched will break in without the slightest warning. Pine is certain of attack, and only teak and iron can withstand them. At present nearly all the beams of valuable buildings are made mostly of railroad iron. It is said by the natives that they will attack and devour large animals and even men, but the probabilities are that it is only the weak, whom they perceive to be dying, whom they handle so roughly. They move in vast hosts to where food may be found and are almost resistless in their march; as multitudinous as grasshoppers in the West and as pugilistic, they have no idea of defeat. Multitudes will press on over the dead bodies of their defeated companions. Their means of increase is almost incredible, a single female will lay 30,000,000 in a year. There are also centipedes with power to hurt the people fatally, and the cure they apply will only show the density of their superstition. When any are bitten the cure is that they must eat bread made by a woman whose name is Marathi, which is centipede, in order to be relieved of pain.

The lizard, a most harmless creature, is greatly dreaded as an omen of calamity. If it fall on any one, according to the place it touches the body it is a good or bad omen; if it fall on the back of the head it is a sign of death; if it fall on the front part of the head it is a sign that one will obtain a kingdom; if it

fall on the left foot it is the sign of the death of a brother, and if between the feet, a sign of the death of a wife; there are thirty good and bad signs on account of the existence of the lizard.

Cats are believed to be the authors of calamities, or rather omens of them. If a cat cross a Hindu's pathway on a journey he will turn back. In the past a king's retinue of ten elephants and fifty horses and a thousand footmen all turned back after being well on in their journey because a cat happened to cross the road before them.

Ant feeding is religious duty, a commercial side to piety. The question with the natives is how to get the most merit on the least money. The life of an insect may be the life of a dead ancestor, hence the life of an insect is as valuable as that of a man, and as it will eat less and therefore cost less, they can gain the same merit on less money by feeding ants instead of men. The same amount of food necessary for a man would feed ten thousand ants, and ten thousand times as much merit would be gained, while money would be saved besides.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DELHI, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ON the Jumna, about two hundred and fifty miles south of Lahore, is Delhi, the most historic city in India—the Athens of Asia, the wonder of centuries. It is situated on an elevation stretching down into the plain of the Jumna. The soil of the country, back from the river deposits, is generally hard red clay and is singularly destitute of vegetation. One of the greatest misfortunes of the country is in the bad qualities of the waters of the Jumna. The soil is impregnated with natron, which in the overflow of the river vitiates the water and renders it unhealthful. The strength of natron may be appreciated in the fact that it was the only known substance for centuries which would make gold potable, and is thought to have been used by Moses to reduce the golden calf to drinkable conditions—the most disgusting potion ever put to human lips. Three millions of these pestering Jews were retching, gagging and twisting in their inwards, getting a full dose of the consequences of idolatry where they would feel it most, for their stomachs were always more sensitive than their consciences. Water was formerly brought to Delhi by an aqueduct from the head waters of the river, where it leaves the mountains, thus securing purity. But the aqueduct that conveyed it fell into ruins, and the consequent distress was great, until, in 1820, the British restored the famous waterway, and the people showed their appreciation of the blessing by going out to meet it as it first coursed its way toward

the city. Their joy was irrepressible; they welcomed the stream with flowers strewn on its advancing flood. They also made offerings of ghee and sweetmeats, as if it were a coming deity, and were wild in demonstrations of delight.

The modern and ancient cities of Delhi skirt more than ten miles by six of the ruins of the old city. Within this area are the ruins of one of the most magnificent cities that ever existed. All over this vast space are fragments that would have decorated Athens in its glory—columns of matchless proportions and beauty lie broken, half covered capitals that would not have dishonored a Praxiteles, patches of mosaic pavements, heaps of arches and entablatures of polished marble, white as crystal, the most exquisite forms of amber-colored stone, cut into the perfection of shapes, still reflecting out of their fragments the ideality of the buried genius which conceived and executed. In this area of spendid ruins are the traditional seven castles and fifty-two gates, described in the enthusiasm of wonder by the Merchant Finch, as far in the bygone ages as 1611. The commercial advantages of this city are not now equal to others, but it has compensating advantages. It is nearer the hills and the modifying temperature of the snow-clad Himalayas, better conditioned as to health, nearer the frontier and better suited for defence, and with a more subdued climate.

Delhi, the older, fell into the disfavor of the capricious monarchs and ceased to attract any share of imperial favor for eighty years. During the long reign of Akbar, and that of his son, Agra and Lahore formed the chief seats of government, but in 1635 Shah Jahan ordered the construction of a totally new

city on the eve of his setting out on his second Deccan expedition. This city is what was known for centuries, says Bernie, by the name Shah Jahan Abad, and for short Jahan Abad. This is the present city, Delhi, bearing the name which once belonged to the city now in ruins. This city was the creation of a marvellous genius, of an architect never equalled, in many respects, in conceiving and executing a style of architecture in harmony with the mystic-tinted air, the cloudless skies, the land of ever-present flowers. The name of this genius was Ali Mardair Kahn, the Persian adventurer who joined Shah Jahan's service in 1637. He also projected and completed the canal which still supplies the neighborhood with water, and is believed to be the author of the peculiar dome belonging specially to India and out of place everywhere else, the bulbous dome which even in India indicates that the decadence of Saracenic architecture had begun.

Delhi is the traditional locality of the Aryans, whose history is thought to be imbedded in the mythical epic called Mahabharata. The history of Delhi remained obscure until the eighth century A. D, when it became a metropolis of the Tamar Rajputs, whose overthrow by the Pathans of Gazni led to the formation of the first Empire of the Mohammedans of India in 1193. When the Pathans became engaged with the early Tartar invaders the cities of this plain were united for the purpose of fortification, and defence. It will be necessary to a philosophic view of the history of Delhi to trace the line of the great Moghuls to its fountain head in the mountains of Afghanistan and further on to the steppes of Tartary. All the wonderful ruins of Delhi, old and new, are

meaningless separated from the Moghul life and rule in India.

The so-called Moghul Empire of Hindustan, or rather the Empire of the Chagatai Turks, dates only from the time of Henry the VIII. Then Agra was taken from the Afghan house of Lodi on the 10th of May, 1526. The victor was Sultan Babar, prince of the small but fertile country, now called Kokand. He was the sixth in descent from Tamerlane, of the Chagatai tribe of Turks. But his mother was a Moghul lady descended from the other great Tartar leader, Chenghis. Khan Babar, the first of this line, fought a decisive battle with the Rajputs near Sickri, in 1527, after his death was buried in Kabul. This was a wonderful man with a life full of danger besetments and hair breadth escapes; he grew to his manhood from a friendless youth. He was warrior, poet and an almost universal genius, his war records are varied with discriptions of the beauties of nature, flowers and "dancing waters," and these were intermingled with accounts of drinking batters, repentances for the sins of his cups, exaltations over victories and the despairings of a man of distressing moods of reactions and despondencies which were pitiful.

Babar was ruler of all the territories of Hindustan when he died, and also of Kabul, from Hindu Kush, in Turkestan, to the borders of Bengal. He was succeeded by his son, Humayun, who was in that order, so common to parental greatness, a fool. He was, as might be expected, testy and quarrelsome, and in an everlasting wrangle with his brothers, and soon was involved in quarrels with the Afghan settlers of Behar, and in 1539 was driven out of that province. The next year he got another drubbing in a fight with Sher

Shah, near Kanouj. He was married to a Persian lady named Hamida Begum, who was the mother of the great Akbar. Humayun, after many defeats, recovered, by "dumb luck," the whole of Hindustan, and died by an accidental fall from a building, still to been seen in Delhi, near to which he was buried.

The modern city of Delhi is related to the older cities, of which there were seven before it, being built out of parts of the ruins, and enough is left on the surface and under the ground to build two or three greater than the one that now excites our wonder and challenges our admiration. These are to us the greatest ruins in extent in history. Their value is in the unfolding of the past and the absence of all restraint of the incarnations of genius in the world. Nothing that we could say, if fancy itself were unbridled and thrown off, would give our readers an adequate idea of the extent of the imprisoned wonders in these vast stone heaps. Athens, Baalbec or Ephesus are insignificant compared with these pale relics of the dead dynasties of Moghul power and magnificence. As far as eye can scan are ruins of temples and palaces of the marble of Jeypore, the finest which the light of heaven ever glistened upon, and brown or red sand stone which would have set Hugh Miller's genius on fire, on which the chisel of the workman of to-day would be but the unskilled efforts of apprentices.

Rome has no such masterful designs. No such beauty as appears in the remnants of these peerless arches; no such pillars or portals; no such tracings; no such polish, even after centuries of war, waste and neglect. Vandalism and diabolism have done their worst. The dust of the lime mortar that bound them together in their glory stifles one as the carriage wheels

roll through the dust of the dead and of dismembered greatness where the names of the Moghuls were once spoken in reverent accents.

It has been something of a triumph in India when an Emperor has died in his bed. They are used to no such superfluities, the knife, sword, stilletto, poniard or garrot have been most popular modes of outputting to the "evergreen shores" of the Paradise of Mohammedan delights. Humayun was the last who was buried. Nobody has ever been able to guess the reason. He has also a magnificent mausoleum about two miles south of the fort, through which entrance is made into modern Delhi. He had a wife who either cared for his memory or took occasion to glorify herself in building this tomb, the motives at best were doubtless mixed. Haji Begum began this famous monument, but it was finished by his son the great Akbar, who is said to have spent fifteen laks, which would be a million five hundred thousand rupees, about $800,000. This tomb was the first conception that took form in the famous architecture which owes its existence to the conditions of India and which reached perfection nearly a century later in the peerless Taj.

It was the first effort in the Moghul period, and is suggestive of the forms that still exist which excite the admiration of the world. It rises in majestic grandeur, as if a creation of the light itself, from a platform two hundred feet square, ascended by four great flights. The exterior is a square with the corners cut off, forming an octagon with four long and four short faces, and each of the short faces forms one side of the four octagonal corners. In this tomb first appear towers attached to the four angles of the main building. They are an innovation in the Mohammedan architec-

ture of Northern India, which was gradually improved and developed until it culminated in the graceful minarets of the Taj. The neck of the dome is another innovation, in its size like a graceful neck to a great human head, and this became a feature ever after in all Moghul buildings. There is still another marked contrast to the developed architecture of a century afterward. It is not of the bulbous shape of those that appear in the Taj or the Mosque of Delhi, but has a moulded cornice which makes the impression of boldness, and indicates the absence of effeminateness that followed a century later. This dome on the octagon is estimated to be three-fourths the size of St. Paul's, in London. It appears in grand effect. The marble is of snowy whiteness, tinted by the peculiar light of India, no doubt affected by the glare of the eternal snows of the Himalayas. Its majestic portals, its lofty openings, its well proportioned plinth, with doorways impress one that if it is not the parent of what followed and culminated in the next century, it was at least the sublime marble prophet of greater things to come.

There is a wide pavement on every side on the top of the wall, the height of which is reached by the great flights of stone steps, and this is surrounded by battlements of exquisitely carved brown-stone fret work, very like a honey-comb, the parts not more than an inch thick. The sublime arches transfix the attention, and if there is any love for the beautiful, innate or cultivated, one would not go further at a single visit than to one of these great archways, and each of these arches serves as a niche for a tomb. Each side of the mausoleum is over one hundred feet long and contains three lofty and deeply arched recesses, within

which are the windows and doorways. Above the great pavement on which it stands, which is of old red sand-stone, the building is constructed of marble with courses of red stone about a quarter of the thickness of the ashler and between every two courses.

After the first gateway is passed and the dome opens its great expanse of light above, one is dazed at the glory of magnitude looking down upon him; he feels his littleness beside the creations of his race. Under this dome is a large circular room, in the centre of which is a small white marble sarcophagus, polished so that the dust of centuries cannot obscure its brilliance, especially in the light of a cloudless sky, in which are the remains of Humayun, who was the son of the first Moghul Emperor Baber and father of the great Akbar. The floor is of the finest marble, polished beyond the skill of the present. It is in diamond-shaped blocks, with corners of variegated stones. Outside of the central hall is a corridor leading to four octagonal chambers containing the tombs of the two wives of the Emperor. This magnificent creation starts the suggestion that the instinct in man to build is a Godlike attribute, has he not a divine inspiration to the beautiful, and the courage and strength of a Titan to pursue it to results so glorious.

All around has been constructed to lead to the grandest effects possible from light, the subdued sky, the peerless material and the sublime genius that here embodied itself. Its effects are increased by the magnitudes around it from which it must be viewed. It is enclosed in a quadrangle nearly four hundred yards square, which was originally a tropical garden, a very Paradise of sensual delights, loaded with grateful odors, enlivened by flowers,

amid the sound of falling water of fountains with marble fish ponds. The gardens were the delight of birds of gay plumage and almost ceaseless song. The building of this architectural wonder occupied two hundred masons daily sixteen years. Out of the eighteen marble tombs erected in this magnifient building only one gives the name of the honored dead.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TOMBS NEAR DELHI.

ONE is bewildered amidst such surroundings as fringe the present city of Delhi in deciding what not to describe. There is so much that the mind becomes jaded and rebels at its burdens. There must be a limit both to the ability of the writer and to the patience of the reader. A brief description will be given of the tomb of Nizamudin. The enclosure to this resting place of the dead is entered by an important gateway, and not without salutation. Filthy fakirs, alive with vermin, beset the stranger in a coarse guttural voice. In India piety and vermin hob-nob, and the pests always have the best showing. There are at the entrance lepers and mangy dogs and asses braying as if they too were calling for their share of the booty which every one is demanding, and every dirty rascal is turning up his nose at the foreigner, whom he would disdain to set with his dogs; old dilapidated bullock carts and naked children crowd the gates of the house of the dead, impressing the observer that the best part of the Indian race must be underground.

The first building approached is the Chausat Kamba, or sixty-four pillars. Within are the bones of the foster brother of the great Akbar, whose name was Aziza Kokal Tash. This building is in the form of a marble hall, with twenty-five small domes, and the pillars supporting them from within are so arranged as to form magnificent groined arches. On all four sides are screens of carved marble. The marble is cut into geometrical figures, and the lattice is not half an inch thick and highly polished. It has the smooth, cold lustre of ice, so that this fret work, seen only in India, is unapproachable. Machinery could not cut it, for its shapes are as curious as a puzzle and have a perfection of finish that only slave life could or would produce. This building was among the first conceptions of that style which has made India famous. It would have had architectural immortality if one in a million outside of India knew any thing about it. This creation was in the time of Akbar, first in greatness of the Moghuls, and suggests the idea of a canopy over a family vault. There are no distinctions here on account of morals. The graveyard everywhere is the paradise of democracy. There are no distinctions in India in the last drama—the bones of an ass or a monkey have as good a chance for adoration as the best. No **Hindu** was ever great enough to spurn the immortality of an ass, for the life of his greatest ancestor might be there.

A little further on is an example of this true democracy of an Indian cemetery. The biggest man among these "deaders" was an unmitigated fraud, the great Aulia adventurer, Shah Nizamudin, who served under the Emperor Ala-ud-din

Kalji about the end of the thirteenth century. He was believed to be a sorcerer, by others an assassin of the secret society of Khorasan. Sleeman says he was father of Thuggism. So death in India, as everywhere else, is a great leveler, and always levels downward. This old stylish rascal is believed to have been in the secret, if not an accomplice, of the murder of the Emperor Toglak Shah in 1325. The whole business was fixed, and the trap set for the Emperor worked well. His son, the heir-apparent, received his father in a magnificent pavilion at Afghanpur, which had been erected for the occasion. The son got his father seated and himself out, when the ill-contrived thing tumbled on the "old man," as it would be in American phase, and he was found to be "flat as a flounder." His son, of course, had flattened his father, thus preparing him to reign in grand style in the court of death to make room for himself, and he became the notorious tyrant Mohamad Ibn Toghlak.

This information has been thrown out by way of a moral and of an introduction to the habits of the Moghuls. The tomb that holds them is of vastly more value than its dusty treasures. It is a thing of grace, surrounded by a veranda of snowy-white marble, polished until it glistens by moonlight. A pierced marble screen encloses the sarcophagus, which is always covered with a cloth. A carved wooden guard encloses the grave-stone, and from the four corners are stone pillars draped with cloth, which support an angular wooden frame-work, the whole looking very like the canopy of an old-time, high-posted Dutch bed. Below this, and for what reason none could tell, is a dirty old cloth of green and red, as threadbare as filthy. It looks as if the

old defunct had rubbed his bones upon it for at least three hundred years. The evidences of the unity of the race are commensurate with the race itself. Here, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, was the same tendency of to-day—to raise the worst into the highest places. We see it in parades; the vagabond in secret societies too frequently carries the Bible, and the worst characters in communities delight in the thought of having on their garish monuments, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." At the head of this unmitigated Mohammedan scoundrel is the Koran. The screens are marvels, the maker must have been inspired with the thought that screens were the things most needed, and his sublimest efforts are bestowed here. The roof is gaudily painted, which shows how vulgarity and sublimity may, unnatural as it may seem, be yoked like an ox and an ass together. At one side of this mausoleum is the noted Jamatkhana Mosque, a gloomy innovation in a land of beauty. It does not belong to India, and the conception must have been from the pit. This style is called here the Second Pathan.

Poets live even in graveyards in every land on which the sun shines. The poet Kushru lies by his patron and in the odors of dead kings. In life he was a law and direction to himself. Like Diogenes all the favor he asked of his royal master was to stand out of his daylight. He was the greater man though the dependent man; he moved about as he pleased through the corridors, gates and gardens of the Emperor Toghlak Shah five hundred years ago, and sang whatever harmonies came into his head and thrummed on his lyre, all of which delighted the men of his time. From what was heard of native musical per-

formances we were glad that he was dead too long to be heard. But he was the Burns of India in his time. The greatest and fairest of the land of flowers watched his lips to catch the expressions of the man's soul, as they came forth from the matrix of soul-stirring song. He was the companion of the oldest son of the gorgeous old Emperor Bulbun. He was a Persian by birth, but belonged to Delhi by adoption on both sides, and saw the ups and downs of not less than six Emperors as they ascended and descended from their thrones.

He put into verse the romance of Caula and Dewal Devi, the wife and daughter of a Hindu king. The wife had been taken captive in one of the king's expeditions, broke his heart with her beauty, and led the captor captive in matrimony. She desired to share her conquests with her daughter, a greater beauty, so besought her Emperor, but servant, to send Alf Kahn, his nephew, to the army in the Deccan to capture her daughter, if possible, and so save her from being married to a Mahratta Prince. The father heard that another Moghul was coming in quest of more wives, and sent her to her betrothed in charge of a faithful officer. When Alf Khan came near the famous caves of Ellora he met the retinue of a person of rank coming out of the Buddhist temple. There was, as usual, a quarrel about precedence, and the party in whose care the betrothed wife belonged was defeated and Alf Kahn found his prisoner to be the princess for whose capture he was sent from Delhi, and she, on account of her great beauty, was married to the heir-apparent; and this poet, who found a splendid tomb, was by turning these events into verse made as immortal as any thing can be in India. He lives as no other of his race during the

last five hundred years. All India has him at its tongue's end. The babyhood of two hundred and fifty millions is pleased or hushed by his living melodies. In a noble sense, he being dead yet speaketh, or rather is spoken. He is the only ruler India has had who has lived nearer the heart of India than history itself in the every-day thoughts and feelings of its millions, while crowned heads that thought they were deigning to give him bread and a transient smile in their fleeting day of pomp and power are forgotten or are remembered because they were seen in the same daylight that shined on him.

The dirty herd which flop themselves in the dust about this noted place attend the poet's resting place in pantominic reverence. The lines on the outside of the mortuary were no doubt in deference to the populace, for his nick name, so dear to the multitudes of their heroes is here, *the Parrot.* Within this enclosure is another tomb which has all over it the tracings of both devotion and genius. It is that of Mirza Jahangir. The tomb is raised above the floor approached by steps, and enclosed in another of those incomparable marble filigree screens. The sarcophagus is covered with exquisite designs of leaves, vines and flowers carved in marble. Mirza Jahangir was the son of Akbar the II., and was known as Drunken Danyel. Greatly beloved by his father, but unworthy of the love of anybody, his whole career was one of unspeakable sadness, ending as drunkenness always does, and his splendid tomb is an effort to extinguish in the glitter of polished marble the eclipse of life by coarse appetites; it is by no means the first nor will it be the last vain effort. This drunken Danyel was banished from Delhi because, drunk or sober, he was con-

spiring against his brother, the heir-apparent. He was sent to Allahabad, where he finished his miserable existence by drinking cherry bounce.

There is no place on the earth where no glint of heavenly saving sunshine has not fallen, and none where some alien flower from the Paradise of God has not come from the seed of life. God has witnesses among every people, his voice speaking through man in every clime and in every tongue. In this cluster of tombs of bad men, these exquisite marble apologies to posterity for their badness, is a single one over which angels may keep watch in this lonely place. It is the tomb of Jahanira Begum, the Christian daughter of Shah Jahan, who chose affliction with an imprisoned father not worthy of such devotion, but needing it none the less on this account, rather than the pleasures of sin in the court of an ingrate son, who had driven him from his throne at Agra in his old age. Her conversion to Christianity is believed to have been brought about through the efforts of Portuguese missionaries. This change of religion excited the wrath of her mother, the Sultana, who persecuted her with a woman's hate when instigated by false views of religion. The Shah was very tolerant to his daughter, one of those compensations God vouches ever to his children suffering for his sake; always from some angle in their apparently dark skies comes the light and flutter of angel wing. The Emperor made her his confidant, he saw in her the loving, dutiful daughter whom he could trust in all exigencies, and after he was forsaken too in prison by the flighty parasites of his prosperity. Her tomb is also enclosed within a screen of this filigree cut from the solid marble in octagonals and other forms, following radiations from the obtuse angles of the octagonal centres.

Within this enclosure is seen a marble slab, and on it the inscription, a part of which was written by herself, "Let no rich coverlet adorn *my grave*, this grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit, the humble, the transitory, Jahanira the disciple of the Holy men of Christ, the daughter of the Emperor Shah Jahan." The native authorities explain that the holy men of Christ are the fakirs of Ajmese. But the expression is singular, never so far as we have been able to discover used as descriptive of these fakirs; what did they know of Christ and what relation could they have had to him? The fact is more apparent that the Christ lived uppermost in her soul, while she had but confused ideas of his character, having had no opportunities for instruction, and associated his name with whatever she thought to be best. She was the most beautiful woman of her time in India, and this is the judgment of the Europeans who saw her. Her sarcophagus is without a cover, the hollow open part is filled with water, in which float, as if replete with life, the matchless tributes of India's sunshine flowers, rich in both beauty and fragrance.

CHAPTER XXV.

DELHI AND ITS RUINS.

DELHI lies all about loose for twenty miles around, in various sites—unlike the leopard it has changed its *spots*. When invaders or ambitious rulers grew tired, or destroyed Delhi in one place, they built it up immediately in another. Wherever the king went and built a palace for himself there the nobles were sure to go, and another Delhi was started and an old Delhi deserted; so the whole area, covered by ruins, extended less than forty-five square miles. Standing in lonely grandeur, the companion of light and darkness, about eleven miles from the present city, is the Kutab Minar. Its form is graceful and imposing, piercing its length through the misty light; at night throwing long shadows fringed with moonlight. It tapers gradually from base to summit and is divided into seven stories by heavy balconies, the distance between them diminishing in proportion to the diminishing diameter of the shaft. The effect of this is to lengthen the apparent height of the pillar by exaggerating the perspective. The lower story is a polygon and above the first story the *Minar* is round. The shaft is deeply fluted and the marble polished throughout its entire length. The flutings on the first story are alternately semi-circular and angular, on the second story they are all semi-circular, on the third all angular. The first three stories are built of red sand-stone, the last two of the finest white marble, and have plain surfaces. The projecting galleries which

separate the stories are massive and richly decorated, supported by stone brackets. Passages from the Koran, in six horizontal bands, carved in *bas relief*, adorn it. The second story has two such bands and the third one.

The height of this monument is two hundred and forty feet. It was, no doubt, originally sixty feet higher, the base being fifty feet in diameter and the top thirteen, commanding a sweep only limited by one's wearied vision, which seems to draw the horizon to itself to arrest the painful strain. From foundation to top are three hundred and seventy-five steps. Leaving off the cupola, the column is in height just five times its diameter. The old cupola was probably a sixth story. The circumference of the base is equal to the sum of the diameters of the six stories of the building. All the bands are covered by inscriptions; one gives the ninety names in Arabic of the Almighty. On the third belt are the praises of Meerea-ooden Abdul Merzapore Mohamed Bin Sam. Over the entrance is a record saying that the *Minar* of Sultan Shamsh-oodeen Altamsh was injured and repaired during the reign of Seuknder Shah, son of Beholed, by Futeh Khan, son of Khawas Khan, in A. D. 1503. Over the door of the fifth story is the statement that the *Minar*, having been injured by lightning, was repaired by the Emperor Feroze Shah, A. D. 1368. The Kutab is believed to have been built seven hundred and seventy years ago in honor of the holy fakir who foretold the birth of an heir to Sultan Shamsh-oodeen. It took forty years to complete it. There are other legends, none of which deserve much credence.

There are other wonders standing and lying in these ruins of centuries. Time has spoiled them and left

many without either name or significance. Not far from the mausoleum of the Emperor Humayun, standing in the midst of the ruins, were two old royal cities, one of which stood on the site of a Hindu city, which has date of a birth recorded by mentioning the position of the seven stars, from which astronomers reckon to the year 1430 B. C. Therefore, thirty-three hundred and two years ago a certain Hindu king, named Parik-Sheta, was born in a city whose site is now occupied by a citadel called Indraput. Not a stone of that most ancient city can be identified. The Jumna once flowed close to its walls, but it has left its old affinities far away. There is between this and the city an old black mosque, the court of which is paved with round stones, built by Feroze Shah, but is now a silk factory on very primitive principles. It is filled with silk spinners. The walls are defaced and scribbled. There are also rude caricatures of the present rulers, and as usual some dark hints of what India will do to her oppressors in the next mutiny. Inside of this once great house of worship is a goat nursery carried on to a considerable degree of success, with frequent additions to the stock on hand. The government has intimated its purpose to have this old place of worship cleaned, which would add another to the wonders of ancient Delhi.

In these suburbs is one of the few wonderful pillars of King Asoka. There is also one of larger proportion in Allahabad, to which more definite reference will be made. This one was originally set up at Kumaon. It is of Buddhist origin, but the Hindus have appropriated it for centuries as all their own, and explain its presence by saying that it is the walking-stick of the shepherd god, and also declared that

it would not be possible to move it from that place until the day of judgment. But the Emperor Feroze Shah thought he would try his strength on this popular tradition, and in 1351 caused it to be taken to Delhi and set up at the entrance of his own palace, where it can now be found amidst surrounding ruins. It is forty-two feet and seven inches high, a monolith of pinkish granite. An English explorer saw it in 1611. A short distance from the monolith was the citadal of old Delhi with walls sixty feet high, which had four gates defended by towers and circular bastions at the corners, built by Shir Shah in 1540.

Here Tamerlane came and started streams of blood down its streets, slaying one hundred thousand of its inhabitants. Here came Baber, the sixth in descent from the Tartar conqueror, one hundred and forty years afterward, capturing Agra and subduing nearly all the strip of country from the mouth of the Indus to the Ganges, including Behar, and established the house of Tamerlane monarchs, the most mighty and tolerant rulers of that ancient period. Baber was the most powerful and accomplished Emperor that ever ruled in Asia. He was a scholar and a poet. His heart was as tender as a mother's. It is related of him that when his son was near death the quacks of that time said that he could only live by the death of some one greater than himself who should give up his life for him. Baber was the man and father who could do it, and at fifty years old, in the zenith of his strength and glory, he consented that they might transfer his life to his son to save him from death, giving himself up to the juggling frauds and believing that his life had been so transferred, laid down in his bed and died a few hours afterward.

There is a tomb called the "Metcalf house," which may interest by its modern name. It is reached through a great arch, for gateways even in ruins mark the splendor of the Oriental dynasties. Nobody was any thing in former days who did not have great gate posts and gorgeous archways, no matter what was beyond. A very goat pen, for respectability, must be reached through a gate lofty and spacious. There was no need of a wall or a fence, the horizon would do for that, but the gates marked the course of royalty. So the way to the Metcalf house was regal. Beyond this were the ruins of the old palace. The Metcalf house was built of brown-stone, and was about forty feet in diameter and sixty or seventy feet to the top of the dome. The original possessor ousted by Metcalf has his cenotaph still there, it not being in a convenient shape for removal, as it was a solid block of marble standing on the porch. It had stood in a lofty hall reaching to the top of the dome.

This was formerly the tomb of the foster father of the great Akbar before Metcalf took possession and changed the family name. That Emperor had a good number of "fosters" in the shape of both mothers and fathers, and he seems to have liked the arrangement, for the husbands were all honored with splendid funerals and tombs. This Metcalf house was the tomb of his second foster-mother's husband. He did not build any great tombs for the foster-mothers, perhaps he had enough of them in his infancy and did not care to perpetuate their memories. The name of this much nursed Emperor was Mohammed Khan, and this house may have been built by himself for his summer house, and after he was done with it he may have put his foster-fathers in it to get them out of the

way. It was probably a happy second thought for utilizing this place, as Metcalf's occupancy was no doubt from utility alone, and no part of the first intention. This tomb became the Metcalf house because Metcalf went into it and the owners were not in a condition to get a decree of ouster. So Sir T. Metcalf, resident British minister at the court of Delhi, turned it into a summer house, and this is all we know about it.

These dead ancients had some ideas of science. They were men of progressive thought, if their ideas had had any means of locomotion, but their thoughts were more mortal than themselves and generally died first. There is one exception, Rajah Jei Singh, of Jeypore, who had a passion for sun dials, and helped on the cause of science in his day by building an observatory two miles from the Gate of Delhi. In this spot is a lofty gnomon, surrounded by a number of buildings with walls in fair condition. The largest of these is an immense equatorial dial. The gnomon rises fifty-six feet from a base of one hundred and four feet, the length of the hypotenuse is one hundred and eighteen feet five inches. If it had been placed on a solid stone platform and adapted to the purpose by scientific skill it would have been the noblest monument in all India. There is another at Benares, but much inferior in proportion and conception. There is also a cluster of sun dials near by inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees to the horizon. They were intended to correct the markings of the great dial. There is a staircase outside leading to the top, and the parapet wall of the staircase forms gnomons to the concentric semi-circular dials inclined to the horizon. The outer walls form gnomons to graduated quadrants, on the east and west these walls unite the gnomons at right angles.

On the nothern face is a graduated arc for taking the altitude of celestial bodies. All these wonders of their times were erected when the gravity of the Moghul Empire was settling downward into the abyss in which the mutiny was the tragic depth.

We have tried to "sample the lot" and have possibly tried the patience of our readers in the space taken in describing the emblems of a dead past. It will no doubt be more interesting to turn to things associated with life. The present city of Delhi does not differ in any remarkable degree from the other cities of the great Empire. There is a broad avenue which is a surprise to the beholder, for the rule is narrowness and crookedness. Through the centre of this magnificent roadway runs a conduit, drawn from an old canal, built ages ago by Ali Murdan, bringing water from the Himalayas, already described. There is a broad foot-way on one side of it fringed with evergreen trees, with a wide carriage-way. This furnishes not only a shaded walk, but a commercial mart, as well, for the sale of cashmere shawls, silks, needle-work, rugs of every style and quality, and every thing else that Oriental fancies and fingers can construct. Along this royal highway the grandees of old Moghul times rode on elephants, announced by foot-men in showy livery, shouting their titles and ordering every thing beneath their dignity out of the way.

This was the highway of matrimony, everybody who intended to do any thing announced it on this road to bliss or misery. These processions are kept up, but they are a shabby aping of better days. An English government is a poor affair for Oriental performances. In the olden time a procession meant every thing gorgeous. If it were the marriage of the

baby son of a person of high rank, the ladies of the Emperor's family would appear in native carryalls with scarlet trappings, attended by royal guards in their gorgeous dress and gilt fringes, followed by camel batteries or trained elephants superbly caparisoned. After these came the bridegroom, sometimes crying for his nurse, or if he were big enough to stand on his legs, he would, with his friend, be mounted on an elephant. The bridegroom was loaded with the entire family stock of jewels, glittering in the sun. Then came the mace bearers with gold or silver canes or wands, and these were accompanied by servants carrying fans of peacock's tails big enough to cover the fire-place of a primitive American cabin. This is Oriental glory, now the "*sic transit*" glory of India, so sickly, languid and hopeless that it can no longer hold up its head.

The houses of Indian cities are either palaces or bamboo huts which cannot keep any thing out or in. A man could take his cat by the tail and swing it through without ruffling a hair. The sun comes in; the moon shines through. The rains soak in, and every crawling, creeping, hopping, flying, stinging, biting creature has a joint interest in the domicile of brush, stone or mud, and all move through as freely as if not conscious of each other's existence. Most of the streets are narrow and filthy, crowded with spindle-shanked people, who look to a Westerner like a mosquito, standing on his hind legs discouraged and left out of human society. The eye of the observer soon wearies of the everlasting sameness of huts, and rests for relief on the great objects of greater men and times. On an elevated spur of a hill is the sacred mosque, Jumna Musjid.

Between this and the palace are no buildings of any consequence, for in India one must keep company with the past, there is no present and not much future yet disclosed through the veil of the unseen. People move about but with no more present effect than gnats sporting in evening sunbeams. The only object of the past, except the ground and sunlight, is a queer looking tomb mosque, only worth a glance, and this because it is the resting-place of a daughter of Arungzebe. It is built of red granite and white marble with slender ribbed minarets, a miniature of greater palaces of which it is a minification.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WONDERS OF DELHI.

AS all great achievements are associated with names, without which no event is worth a mention, it will require a recapitulation of the great Moghul Emperors to associate each great work of art with its founders and belongings. The Moghul Empire of Hindustan, or the Empire of the Chaghtai Turks, was in its beginning contemporaneous with Henry VIII. Agra was taken from the Afghan house of Lodi, 10th of May, 1526, by Baber. He was the sixth descended from Tamerlane, who was a cripple, called Tamar, the lame, and this was changed into Tamerlane. The mother of Baber was a Moghul, descended from the great Tartar leader Ghengis Khan. He was succeeded by Humayun, whose magnificent tomb has been described, standing in the ruins of old Delhi. He married a Persian woman, Hanuda Begum, who became the mother of

the great Akbar, whose palaces will come now under review.

Humayun was a weak and ungovernable man, and yet was father to more important legislation and reforms than any before or after him. He established a tenure of office system, prescribed the d .ties of his Ministers, defining their powers and his own methods of administration, for he was the first who had any fixed policy. He had army methods and tactics. In his history we see the standing and progress of the law, the relation of the church to the government, and of both to himself and the Empire of the Hindus, in the toleration of their religion. The revenue system devised by him is still in use. His people were prosperous and in the main contented. The architecture of his time is of a distinct style and can be always identified. It is of the Pathan type, and is well-described in Fergusson's "Modern Architecture."

Akbar, the great, his son, ascended the throne at fourteen. He grew strong in young manhood by fighting his powerful Minister, Banaim Khan, from whose fall in 1560 the glorious era of the Moghul Empire began. The young ruler Akbar was the first to see that if he attained universal Empire, he must be more than a Mohammedan. He could not afford to be a ruler and a partisan, but must be Emperor of all his subjects. He first laid the weight of his heavy hand on his own foreign co-religionists, and united the Empire by marrying into the defeated Kuchwaha house of Amber. Under Akbar arose a new creed and a new style of architecture; the former has faded out of sight, as all compromises do. The latter lives in monuments of wonder. He was father to another great Emperor, his successor, Jehangir. There is

room for doubt as to the legitimacy of some of the Moghul princes. Jehangir was at the first called Sulim, after his spiritual and most probably real father Sikh Sulim Chishti. The Emperor Akbar had the sorrow of knowing that Jehangir was conspiring against him. This heir-apparent was a relentless crank, and so cruel to his own son, Khusru, that the mother, daughter of the great Hindu house of Amber, took poison and died at Allahabad, where her husband was Viceroy. His other son, the drunken Danyel, died of delirium tremens, and the spirit of the great Akbar was crushed and he died in 1605. He was whimsical and tyrannical, but not cruel. Rebels were treated with firmness, but the door of conciliation always stood open until execution. He was a religious reformer, breaking the spirit of Mohammedan intolerance to the Hindus.

He was a wonderful improvement on Eastern despots. He was a land adjuster. The domain of the Empire was surveyed and classified in three divisions, according to its productive powers. The amount each class would yield was averaged, and one-third settled on the State and the rest went to the husbandmen. He abolished the fee systems and paid his officers in cash. He daily administered justice in public, standing below the throne on a platform still preserved in Agra. He was temperate and frugal, loved art and was affable. He was the greatest military genius of his age. The buildings that mark and preserve his memory are the Agra fort, Humayun's tomb at Delhi, Tattehpur Sikri. His son Jehangir was an unworthy successor, extravagant, a debauchee, quarrelsome and cruel, but withal had redeeming qualities—he was forgiving, just and liberal, and did what

Akbar never could do—conciliated the Mohammedans without raising the wrath of the Hindus. Jehangir, in the second year of his reign, married the widow of Sheer Afgan, a daughter of Itmad-ud Daulah, whom he had long loved, raising her to all the honors of the throne under title of Noor Juhan, or Noor Mahal.

Jehangir was in religion an eclectic, he chose whatever, for the hour, suited his purposes best; religion meant business with him. He had his nephews christened by the Jesuits; sixty Christians of Agra rode in procession to the church headed by an English officer. He had figures of the Lord and the Virgin Mary on the rosary that he usually wore, and was about as good a Christian as the average of the people who use such things. The sons of his brother Morad were brought up as Christians. He spent his last days in the north, at Kabul Cashmere and the Punjab. He was imprisoned by Moherbut Kahn, which furnished an opportunity for his devoted wife to display the ingenuity of love in obtaining his deliverance. He was one of the great Moghul builders; having built the splendid tomb at Sikandra, the Mahla in the Agra Palace, which will have its place in future descriptions, and the mausoleum of Itmad-ud Daula. He died October, 1627, and all India turned its eyes from the setting to the rising sun.

Shah Jehan was their hope and assurance; he was at first known as Shah Kurrum. He was serious and industrious, of well developed parts, and was a military man as well as a civil ruler of distinction, trained into his great position through storms of battle in his youth. He became a king of

magnificence, which began in the ceremonies incident to his ascent to the throne, which he had hardly reached when he had to leave it for the field of battle. He had to meet and defeat in the Deccan Kahn Juhan Lodi. On this expedition he lost his wife, Urgumund Banu, the Exalted of the Palace, a niece of Nur Jehan, wife of Jehangir, and this death was the occasion of the peerless wonder at Agra, the Taj, which was began soon after and which will be described as far as it is possible.

These brief histories are given to identify the personages who built the greatest monuments in India with their work, and to show who and what they were. At this point in Shah Jehan's career appear the life and services inseparable from the splendid reign of Shah Jehan; the adventurer, as he was called, of Persia, Ali Murdan Khan. His immortality appears in all the works of this magnificent reign. At this period the court moved to Delhi, and the new palace and cantonment there were begun which still bear the name of Shah Jehanabad.

We now take up the work of description of the creations of the great Moghuls, Akbar, Jehangir and Shah Jehan, after whom the Moghul Empire went into its twilights, and passed its sunsetting and final extinction in blood and darkness. The first monument to the lives of these three great Emperors is the Jumma-Musjid, sacred mosque, which stands on an elevation or backbone of a hill about a quarter of a mile from the citadel gate of Delhi. It is an object that magnifies through study, growing until it assumes almost imaginary proportions—"far off its presence shines." It is built upon a rock prepared somewhat after the way of the temple at Jerusalem, the rock is leveled-

up at its slanting sides to form a plain wide enough for the area around the mosque. The court is four hundred and fifty feet square, is paved with red sandstone, laid in blocks, and is entered on three sides by magnificent sandstone gateways, approached by three flights of red sandstone steps, thirty-six in number. The most imposing gateway is on the East side. The gates are simply magnificent in proportion, one of which is covered with copper plates exquisitely wrought into varied designs. Above this principal gate there are single and clustered turrets of white marble without and within ; the one in the centre is larger and higher than the two others. In the centre of the area is a reservoir usually filled with water. On three sides the court is skirted by a colonnade of red sandstone. The beautiful Saracenic arch is the most marked feature. These arches are indented, are so wonderfully light and airy and stand out so in the light peculiar to India that these colonnades remain in memory as the fanciful shapes of a golden dream. These colonnades have octagonal marble pavilions at each corner. On the west side is the mosque, which is of oblong form, two hundred and one feet in length and one hundred and twenty feet broad, surmounted by three magnificent bulbous domes of white marble, contrasting in striking effect with the peculiar red sand-stone of which most of the structure is built. These three bulbous domes rest on interior rows of pillars of immense proportion.

Beneath the cornice are ten tablets of white marble, each ten feet long and two and a half feet wide, on which are inlaid inscriptions in black marble in the Miski characters giving the names of the founder, Shah Jehan, and the date of the erection, 1626.

There are on each corner at the extreme ends of the mosque two lofty minars, each one hundred and thirty feet high, composed of white marble and red sand-stone, placed vertically in alternate strips; each has three cornices, or rather balconies, one at the top of the body of the building, the other two dividing the shafts equidistant until the domes are reached, resting on these projecting marble cornices as their foundations. From these cornices, or balconies, are columns, the spaces between being open. At the top of the graceful columns is another cornice proportionately smaller than that at their base, and on these rest the domes, which are covered with gilded copper. The building cost in our money $500,000 and was ten years in construction, but no such building for beauty in quality and finish has been erected in either Europe or America. The interior is paved throughout with slabs of white marble three feet long by one and a half broad, each decorated with a black border, giving a beautiful effect. Part of the surfaces of the inner walls are covered with polished white marble. In the interior at equal distances are three projecting galleries, and these are crowned with light pavilions of white marble. The effect on the Western imagination is indescribable, a scene of transcendant beauty worth a journey around the globe to behold. The style of architecture in India impressed us most of all, as a triumph of human genius and of the skill of human hands. No description is adequate to a proper impression upon the reader, none satisfies the writer. Conscious failure will lie over all endeavors.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE FORT AND PALACE.

BEFORE us are the magnificent places of tyranny, of cruelties, of tragedies, of war and of peace. They are peaceful enough now under English protection; but it has cost blood and treasure without stint. The first object is the deep, wide moat, out of which moisture is dried, the stains of blood gone, and the dust of the dead has either been washed away in the monsoons or has been swept away by simoons. This moat is about forty feet deep, over which there is a draw-bridge by which the famous fort of Delhi is entered by the splendid Delhi gate of the palace between two hexagonal towers, each crowned with a kiosk, which is an Indian open summer house usually with a dome overhead resting on pillars. In this case they are ornamental pavilions, built of the same red sand-stone as the fort. Within the walls is an area one mile and a half in circumference, including one hundred acres, more or less. The walls of this fort are imposing, and in the times of such defence must have been prodigious, and are now wonders of proportion, minute details of design and finish, and the only creation of war in the world that is beautiful. They are of the red sand-stone, in the greatest perfection in India, rich and enduring in color, and are forty feet high, of masonry and filling, twenty-five to thirty feet in thickness at the base. At the top is what is usual in this kind of structure and called the walls of Troy finish. The walls are flanked and adorned with towers at

regular intervals, and these are pierced with ports for large guns, while the walls themselves have only loop holes for musketry.

Over the gates are lookouts for sentinels, so high that they can see and safely talk with those who have the right and desire to enter. The cornice over the gateway is crowned with a row of small white domes after the style peculiar to that of Shah Jehan, and these are backed by two very slender minarets, crowned by beautiful little dome-covered, bird cage-like pavilions of the purest and whitest marble. Minature pavilions are the favorite finish of all minarets of the times. The Moghul style may be characterized by its indented arches and the genius all through to find places for pavilions. They are stuck to the sides of the walls to give variety; they crown every offset; every base and corner has its cupola on little columns and its cornice and exquisite elaborations. This enlivens a tomb or fortress until it has the air of a palace or banqueting house.

As the gates were passed and a few yards of ascent beyond, our sensations were those of home. We can express the peculiar home sensations in this strange place and surroundings by the story of a Dutch shoemaker of St. Louis, who had his shop and old shoes, family, kitchen, dining-room and parlor in the same room. In the same department were the odors of onions, garlic and Limburger cheese. He had stayed close in doors all winter, and after the woodchuck had come out for good in the spring was tempted to take a Sunday afternoon stroll to the beer garden. When he got into the pure air he fainted. They tried to bring him to life, but it was of no use. They sent for his wife, and when she saw him she said, "He

is not dead." Taking a slice of Limburger cheese she bound it under his nose, and he rallied, enclaiming, "O, glory! this is just like home!" The likeness going over this patch of road was in the fact that it was a cobble-stone pavement just like ours in Philadelphia, and as we bounced over it, it felt "just like home." This rough way has been a hard road to travel at any time, for it is between walls forty feet high, full of loop holes for musketry on each side.

The second gateway into the fortress is very like the first, more ornamental and more threatening, and opening into a high covered passageway, built of the same red sand-stone. Two historic statues originally stood outside of Music Gate. Bernier saw them there in 1663. The story is that these colossal statues were representations of two chiefs of Chittor, Jaymal and Fattha, who had been conquered by Akbar, and that Akbar had them sculptured in honor and admiration of their prowess in the battle. One of these elephants is gone, but the statues of the resolute riders are in the veranda of the museum. These figures are simply valuable as works of art, and are, perhaps, the only portrait statues raised in India in centuries. The forms of Jaymal and Fattha were cut out of red sand-stone and are of life-size, while the elephants on which they sat were of black marble, the housings decorated with white and yellow marbles. The most plausible theory of their existence is that Jehangir in a freak of vicarious remorse for the massacre of his kinsmen had the statues erected extolling their bravery and connecting their names with the battle of Chittor.

On each side of the entrance are lofty rooms, fronted with carved stones, symbolical representations

of life and events, in which the officers of the royal army lived, or rather revelled. The flats, or floors, as we would call them, open out by doors into those exquisite hanging verandas, like bird nests stuck to the wall; often it could be only conjecture what held them up. In the sunshine of Moghul splendor the lazy, luxurious dignitaries in the army here smoked, lolled and slept, fanned by servants who never drew a free breath.

On the left side was pointed out the temporary habitation of Colonel Ochterlong, the English Councillor at the court of Delhi, who resisted the great Maharatta conqueror Holkar, and forced the lifting of the siege, which he had so defiantly begun in 1804. This same house was occupied by Captain Douglas at the beginning of the mutiny in 1851, who was the first victim to its heathenish rage.

Over the second gate is a balcony devoted to the sweets of peace—music held this luxurious outlook and filled the area with joy. It was the music house, where banners floated, and men were merry after victory or stirred to deeds of glory in war. It was the delight of Shah Jehan, the magnificent, or Aurungzebe, his successor. It overlooked the place of assembling before going forth to siege and battle, or on royal hunting expeditions, surrounded by grandees as many as an army corps, or celebrating the Emperor's birthday, mounted on armies of elephants, caparisoned in crimson velvet, glittering with gold embroideries and laces. Foreign kings were often in the concourse with as many retainers as their purses and credit with the Jew Shylocks would allow. All these princes were dazzling in the famous gold cloth of Benares. Those fortunate enough to see the Indian princes in the pro-

cession at the fiftieth anniversary of Queen Victoria would have some idea, but only a dim one, of such a scene, for the present is but the feeblest imitation of the gorgeous past of the great Moghuls. These royal sportsmen had not the fine arms of to-day that would make them more than equals of the wild beasts of the jungles, but instead they carried hunting leopards, trained for capturing the fleetest animals by cunning and strength; beside were royal Bengal tigers in cages hauled in the procession to be let loose on an unconquerable wild buffalo or a boar or two just to see the beauty of the fight. Within this fort enclosure were fights of wild beasts for the delectation of the royal folk every day but Sunday; the reason for this Sabbatarianism, so far as we know, has not been given.

From the gate, Aurungzebe went to the mosque also described in the last chapter, Jumma-Musjid, sacred mosque, on the first of the Ramadan fast. He had a common, but Oriental, way of disposing of his Hindu subjects who might be sitting or standing in his way, or running before the royal procession clamoring for lower capitation tax. He soon settled their grievances by putting them where the wicked cease from troubling by ordering the procession of elephants to trample on them. This is one of the perquisites of Oriental grandeur.

Across a broad court, unpaved now, the famous old canal built in 1650, already mentioned, of Ali Murdan brings water from the Himalayas. This canal has been justly famous as a benefaction to the people of all ages. But at its side is a place more infamous than it can ever be famous. There is a common, rather dilapidated, brick building, where the late

Prime Minister lived, near to which are three trees on a brow of a hill where English women from twenty-five to fifty were outraged by the Sepoys, and afterwards hung or shot and mutilated as only these Hindu and Mohammedan fiends had the imperial ingenuity to do.

Within the fort enclosure are the harems, Halls of Justice, throne room and palace. The Hall of Justice is called the Dewan A'am. It is an open pavilion built of red sand-stone—a house of pillars and arches. The Saracenic arch, adopted by the great Moghuls, is like a Gothic arch with the lower sides scalloped, or if a compass were set on the lower edge and a series of half circles described and cut out, with a diameter of a foot, and then a space of an inch or more, and then another half circle struck, and so on until the entire under sides of the arches were indented, an idea would be gained of the characteristic arch of the period of the architectural splendor of the great Moghuls. These columns and arches cross the pavilion of justice in rows about twenty feet apart at right angles. The pillars have square bases about three feet high, then round shafts about seven inches in diameter, rising gradually to a height of twelve to fifteen feet, toward the centre of the pavilion the tops of the pillars become square where the arches start from them. This court of justice is on a raised platform of red sand-stone, five feet high, approached by steps. It is open on three sides and is light and airy, as if resting on wings. Pillars and arches were once decorated with gilding in rich Oriental designs. It is perhaps three hundred feet long and sixty wide. Under this beautiful structure the Emperors sat in their judicial character.

In the middle of the only wall, separating it from the Seraglio, there is a great window, in front of which is the throne where the Emperors sat, having their sons, if they had any, on each side of them, and near their persons were eunuchs, who waved peacock fans; others had great palm leaves three feet in diameter with handles four or five feet long. This throne is raised about ten feet, covered by a canopy, supported on four pillars of white marble. The whole of the wall behind the throne is covered by Mosaic designs in precious stones of the most beautiful flowers, fruits, birds and beasts of the country, now much defaced. This throne was surrounded by Rajahs, Umrahs and Embassadors, also upon a platform, enclosed by silver rails, on which all stood with downcast eyes. There was no star-gazing in the courts of Moghul justice, though not a few saw stars before they were through with the ordeal. Not only was it court etiquette to stand with eyes downcast, but their arms were laid across their stomachs, which must have been exceedingly tiresome, for a Hindu paunch is not distinguished by much protrusion. Then the lesser Umrahs did the same things, with their arms crossed upon their "bay windows," as it is expressed now-adays. Beyond were the great washed and unwashed, the rabble in which good, bad and indifferent struggled, shouted and gesticulated after the fashion of the Gold Board in New York city, when the country was bleeding to death, each trying to get the eye of the Emperor to decide his case or hear his grievance.

To the multitude no Emperor was ever able to refuse this noonday audience. That crowd is now worth thinking of, and an effort to describe how it

appeared two centuries ago. The people appear to-day very much as they did then. Nothing has changed in India that could help itself. Most of the heads were done up in white cloth, usually India muslin. Some had fezes of the Turks. Flowing robes were abundant. The color most prominent was white, for the people have great ideas of the virtues in what they call white. In this heaving crowd would be garments or tatters of blue, red, yellow and the green garments of the Seriad or Pilgrim. In the multitude were a great number who would have only a filthy rag about their loins—which was all that existed between themselves and sunlight. On a marble slab in front of the throne the Cazi sat in Turkish fashion on an embroidered mat. Before him was a silver book-stand on which was the Koran, which he was expounding whenever law was needed. The Hindus and Mohammedans are the most litigious people on the earth. Their lawyers were there, hawk-eyed, beaked and clawed, and if there was any game some one of these capacities would nab it. They were shouting hoarsely and gesticulating. The stranger would be standing back to give room for the coming fight, which, however, did not often come. After shouting, yelling, screaming and gesticulating, and the decision was rendered, the beaten party did not curse the judge and jury and say, "I will get even with you yet;" he says, "God willed it, and that's the end of it." Occasionally there would be a glint of mirth, though the Oriental has little idea of it. Only in the West live wit and mirth, and the abilities to appreciate and enjoy wit and humor disappear as we go to the Orient. But in this principal court a little would come to the surface. An old

traveller reports the following:—A rich widow bowed before the throne on which sat in splendor one of the Emperors. She was asked what she would have from his majesty. She replied, "I have no complaint. I only wish the Emperor would explain in court what kin he is to my late husband that he inherits the largest part of his estate." The Emperor saw the point and was amused at her ingenuity in placing his greed through enforced taxation in the light of kinship and bequest, and gave orders to his tax-gatherers to restore all that they had exacted. Behind the only wall of this Dewan A'am court of audience is the remnant of the zenana.

The English soldier occupies the most sacred places of the Musselman's personal religion. The British soldiers have blacked their boots and cleaned their harness in this place so exclusive two hundred years ago. The walls are of red stone, and there is an arched gallery or veranda. One of these sand-stone rooms, which once had elaborate gildings in designs of exquisite beauty, is now bearing testimony to the unity and identity of Mohammedanism everywhere in their unfaltering instinct to whitewash every thing. If the great prophet became a little foul or dingy they would even treat him to a coat of whitewash. These beautiful gilded ceilings with peerless ornamentation are all covered with whitewash. But the glory of this place can be restored if one has only the imagination and patience. If we cover the walls in graceful folds with crimson silk curtains, and fleck the bare floor with the rich colors of dainty rugs made of heavy silk brocades, glittering with inwoven or inlaid threads and designs of gold, the divans covered with immense cushions of the same materials embroidered

with pearls and gold, this will give an idea of Oriental luxury, taste and splendor. It is said that one of the curtains of the veranda of the zenana which separated it from the interior court cost $100,000 of our money.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROYAL PALACE AT DELHI.

THE central spot of the follies and the greatness of the Moghuls is here reached. Here was the theatre of oppression, of conspiracies, of tragedies, of infamies, staining all from the head to the lowest, who did the most menial services to which human beings are ever doomed—all in their several degrees of position were alike governed by the same spirit and came at last to the same dark destiny. Passing through the Hall of Justice, the court of the Dewan Khas, or throne room, is the next object of wonder. This is on the banks and overlooking the river Jumna, as broad in its full flow as the Mississippi at St. Louis, its sand margins stretching a mile or more back on each side. The Jumna water is muddy through impregnation of sand. At the edge of the bank is a long, high terrace on which stand the three historic marble buildings. The throne room occupies the centre; at the left are the royal baths and private apartments of the Emperor; on the right side is the zenana palace, the precarious home of royal ladies who were for the time court favorites. These palaces were kept exempt from public scrutiny until the last guilty Emperor had been exiled by his own wickedness never to return. The world then claimed its own, and has

been examining the secret estate ever since, which is in remarkably good condition. One walks through it as if he might be surprised by meeting some of the defunct Emperors at any moment.

The throne room is the chief wonder in architectural design and in historical events. It is a square pavilion resting on massive square marble pillars and Moresque arches of the same material, glistening white and polished like a mirror. Thirty-two columns sustain as many arches. The bases of the columns are four feet square, with panels on either side formed by mouldings cut in the marble. Within these are birds and flowers, in the most exquisite mosaic, composed of agates, cornelians, rubies, emeralds, malachite, gold-stone, lapis lazuli, turquoise, and so on through the list of precious stones. Turquoise or cornelian flowers bloom on stems and vines of the purest *verd antique*, "bud out with emeralds, leaf out with malachite and go twining and waving about, in and and out, up and over concave Saracenic arches." Shah Jehan determined that all the columns should be inlaid in floral designs with precious stones; but when one had been inlaid three feet high it was discovered that jewels could not be obtained in number and quality to execute a design so grand. The upper sections, as well as the ceiling and cornice, were tastefully gilded. Between each pair of the outside rows of pillars is a balustrade of exquisitely wrought marble, carved in designs of fret work. The roof has at each corner a marble belfry-like ornament or kiosk, and between a gilded dome.

The building is about sixty feet long. Under this canopy was the famous Peacock throne, the wonder of the world in its conception, execution and pro-

digious extravagance. The ceiling over it was composed of gold and silver filagree work, taxing to the highest the genius of the Delhi goldsmiths, still famous for workmanship to this day. Its value is not estimated, but amounted to millions. Under this gold and silver ceiling was a white marble platform on which this extraordinary expenditure rested, still standing as in the days of its pavonian splendor. The Peacock throne is no more, but there are descriptions of it by those who saw it. It took its name from having two peacocks standing with expanded tails, the form so inlaid with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and other precious stones as perfectly to represent the peacock in life size with its wonderful display of colors. The throne itself was six feet long by four feet broad, and stood on six feet which were, with the body, solid gold inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. Over it was a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars all richly emblazoned with costly gems, while a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. The figure of a parrot of largest size carved from a single emerald stood between the two peacocks. On either side of the throne was an umbrella, an emblem of Oriental royalty, and these were formed of crimson velvet richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet high and of solid gold studded with diamonds. The cost in our money would be about thirty millions of dollars in gold. The throne room occupies the centre, at the left are the royal baths and private apartments of the Emperor, and at the right the harem. The bath is the next surprise. The room is about thirty feet square. There are no windows except in the ceiling. The walls are of polished marble of inde-

scribable finish and whiteness. Each side is adorned with intricate designs of flowers and scrolls inlaid with precious stones. Each grouping represented a flower with its variety of color produced by corresponding colors in mosaics. The mosaics of the old Moghuls are genuine. Shams came in the decay of the Empire. Each side of the apartment has a border of mosaics, and inlaid in a panel are wondrous groupings of cornelians, rubies, emeralds, agates, turquoise and crystals, life-like in color in designs of vines and flowers. Hot baths were a luxury enjoyed in this matchless palace. There is under a low arch a reservoir in which water was heated from below. On one side was a long arched alcove with a floor raised, laid in gems in mosaics, six or eight inches above the floor of the room.

In the centre of the floor is a slab of marble raised several inches, and ornamented by a border exquisitely adorned with mosaics, on which the royal bather sat or laid or sprawled under jets and sprays of water spurting on him from all sides of the room, which trickled away over jeweled settings, wrought into bunch designs of flowers in glistening stones, like a carpet with its rich border. The water was caught in a channel running all around the room, and then entering a wider one was carried away. Beyond this, across a corridor, is another apartment about the same size, which was the sitting-room of those old defuncts. It must have bewildered even imagination by its glints of practical genius turning the ideal into the real. The stories of the Arabian Nights do not so foment youthful fancies and their wonders as do these the eyes and mind of the beholder. In the centre of the room is a jewel in the form of a fountain, four feet

wide, of the pattern of a scallop shell exquisitely inlaid from brim to brim, with a jet of water fizzing in the middle, making rainbows to decorate sides and ceilings of this shell-fluted basin.

The visions beyond do not minimize this work of human genius. Nature seems to rejoice in human co-partnerships with herself to the loftiest effects. The ancient palace of Sher Selim Gurk is in view from one of the marble-cased windows, built by Sher Shah, who drove out the Tamerlane kings and ruled the empire sixteen years. Here Morad, the brother of Aurungzebe, was made gloriously drunk by his famous brother and lay across his horse as limp as a rag. Morad and Aurungzebe entered into a conspiracy to dethrone their father. After this was done, Aurungzebe requited his brother for his past by sending him to prison for life in the fortress of Gwalior, which is now a military store-house.

This is, perhaps, the best time to finish the history of the palace as well as that of the last Moghuls who ruled here. When the tombs of old Delhi were being presented to the reader one was omitted for this occasion. It was that of Mohammed Shah, the tragic Emperor of Delhi, the last to hold audience on this throne. This Shah's army was only a vain show, and melted like snow in the tropics before the hardy veterans of a hundred battles led by the first commander in Asia, Nadir Shah. Mohammed Shah begged when he could no longer fight.

The Persians agreed to spare the city if a certain sum of money were paid for its ransom. The people were so maddened and senseless in their rage that on the third day they attacked the Persian troops quartered in the city. At daylight Nadir Shah mounted

his horse and rode through the city trying to restore quiet, but when he saw his slain troops all about, and being assaulted himself, he commanded a general massacre. The Persians were at home in that kind of business, it suited both tastes and habits. The Shah surveyed it while it was being done from the top of the mosque in the Chandni Chowk in wrathful silence. The city was fired, and as the flames rolled up and licked the stars the doom of Delhi could be read in characters of flame on the skies. Blood ran like a torrent down the gutters, shed by the cruel hand of avarice, lust and vengeance.

After a day of this slaughter and conflagration Mohammed Shah, Emperor of Delhi, on his knees besought Nadir Shah to stop the blood-letting. The Shah was moved with pity, and gave orders to his troops and it was stayed. Quiet was immediately restored, but the city was searched from house to house, even the pockets of its dead were examined to find money to pay the promised ransom. The living suffered the tortures of the damned in sorrow over their slain, and in fear of Persian violence, sleep left their eyes for fifty-seven days and nights, while starvation stood gaunt before them. The gates were closed so that none could go out and no supplies could come in, and when no more jewels could be found and no more wealth of any kind extracted, Nadir Shah reinstated Mohammed Shah in his government and arranged a marriage between his son and Mohammed Shah's daughter.

As the Persian Emperor departed the Delhians saw, with tears in their eyes and rage in their hearts, that the Persians staggered under the burdens of their ill-gotten booty. Through those grand mountain-

passes, the highways of conquest for ages, the wealth of Delhi departed with the incomparable Peacock Throne, the pride and glory of the greatest of the Moghuls and the first sign of their coming downfall. The treasure lost was one hundred and sixty millions of our money.

Beyond this marvel of creative genius is a beautiful plain through which the waters of the Jumna flow over their beds and pillows of sand. The banks are fringed in living green, and over the plains wave the stately palms, their feather-like branches being gently swayed by the zephyrs. Broad acres of young wheat cover the plains, variegated by the yellow blossoms of India's mustard, furnishing oil to anoint sick bodies, to keep out the cold from their naked persons to heal rheumatic ills and nimble the joints stiffening with age. But the beauties of an incomparable country have not always refreshed the eyes gazing through the windows at which we stand. Hostile armies and beleaguering forces have been seen through these openings with forebodings, fears and tremblings. Nadir Shah's approaches were beheld from this outlook in 1739. Seven years later Ahmed Shah Dowrain, the Afghan King of Candihar, invaded and devastated Delhi. Then came the Mahrattas, like grasshoppers, destroying alike wealth and beauty—swift messengers of desolation.

The Hindus turned their insatiate hate on the Mohammedans, so long ruling; they defiled, robbed and defaced mosques, tombs and shrines. The silver and gold ceiling of the throne room was melted and carried away, amounting to near a million of dollars in our money. Our eyes here survey one of the earth's centres of wicked activities—but few

glints of sunshine lie across these palaces of the past. In these gorgeous palaces the floors were once covered with luxurious cushions and mats, through the textures of which were woven threads of gold, curtains draped the windows and niches, from the looms of Shiraz, costing millions, and all this designed for the gratification of one poor mortal who went from potency into impotency, from Shah Jehan, the magnificent, to Shah Jehan, the prisoner, by order of his own son, in his own palace, only befriended by a beloved daughter, who, through Christian instruction, had learned the command, "Honor thy father and mother." This Christian daughter was his solace in his clouded sunsetting. She was offered the delights and honors of her brother's court, but preferred to share her father's captivity and a conscience void of offence.

There is a dreadful logic in crime, retribution is not a matter of possibility, but of unfailing certainty. Aurungzebe was successful in the army; after he had slain all of his brothers and their sons, he mounted the throne to learn in fearful facts the laws of retribution in time, quantity and kind. Through all his reign of fifty years he was appalled by the conviction that as he had treated his father, Shah Jehan, so his sons would treat him, and his fears were the shadows of the facts.

Aurungzebe, the usurper of his father's throne, was the universal genius of the Moghuls. He was the military leader who both created and moved vast armies. Like William I., of Prussia, he had a passion for big men, and found them in Afghanistan, Goorkah Cashmere and Rajputana. His cannons were managed by Hindus, but sighted and adjusted by Europeans. We imagine that this is the age of

monster guns, but Aurungzebe had a brass gun at Bejipore fifteen feet long and four feet eight inches in diameter at the muzzle, the calibre two feet four inches, and weighing forty tons.

It is reported of General Sigel, in the campaign of West Virginia, when hard pressed by the Southern army and matters were getting desperate, he shouted to one of his officers, "Why don't you bring up the shackasses?" This was a force of mules with howitzer' fastened on their back. But Aurungzebe had jackasses for gun-carriages two centuries before. War elephants went into the conflicts of the times with miniature turrets on their backs filled with armed men. War under this brilliant Moghul Emperor was a family affair, a home-like occupation; he took his wives and young children with him and kept them in the camp, or near him in the battle. His vast armies of turretted elephants and armored jackasses, camels bearing artillery on their backs, were followed by baggage-elephants and camels carrying the royal households of women and children and their traps, while thousands of liveried men would run before these caravans shouting, "Clear the way for his sublime highness the king of the world, who graciously allows his sun to shine upon us."

The family army had thus in grim war its sources of amusement. A menagerie was a part of the war outfit. There were lions, the monarchs of the desert, great in their time and place in Africa as Aurungzebe was in India. A monster Bengal tiger would be loosed of evenings to meet a bull buffalo with horns four feet long and fight it out before the royal household. On that line every other kind of creature was found that could amuse the royal army gypsies, or

gratify their instinct for blood. When the great Emperor in his marches had reached the western mountain heights in the sunless evenings on the Malabar Coast fifty belching cannons with red mouths and tongues of flame announced his arrival at camp, which covered a space of five miles in diameter, within this circle a continuous tent thirty-six hundred feet in circumference was the cloth palace where his majesty and his living belongings were sheltered. This tent had at the spacious portals two elegant pavilions fitted up in the same style as the royal rooms at Delhi.

These are but outlines, the fittings were on the same grand scale. Noblemen kept guard. At the end of every row of guns were tents for the regimental bands. There was a tent in which water was kept cool by nitre, one for smoking and another for delicacies for the palate. There was a grander one in which were held State and war councils, the reception of foreign princes, ambassadors and nobles of the empire. In the centre, after the style of the palace of Delhi, was a throne tent lined with the most expensive satins, velvets, jeweled under the canopy like glowing stars. This canopy was supported by gold and silver mounted pillars. The floor was of the costliest Persian rugs and curtains draped in cloth of gold, damasks of Persia and China were spread for the guests to walk or stand upon according to their dignity.

We return again to the palace of Shah Jahanabad to note a few historic events with which we close our description of the city. In this palace the Scotch surgeon who cured the Moghul Emperor, Fanokh Siyar, on the eve of his marriage was rewarded by the permission of his employers to establish a factory and to maintain a territory of thirty-eight towns on

the banks of the Hoogley, which was the foundation of the Presidency of Fort William and all the present British supremacy in India. Dr. Gabriel Hamilton with his pill bag secured this brightest gem in Victoria's crown; he was the beginning of the glorious British Empire on the East. On the 15th of September, 1803, as the sun was setting, the long cavalcade of General Lake defiled into the Am Khas, where the blinded chief of Timur was found seated under a tattered canopy in the depths of penury, and here ended the Moghul dynasty in 1857. Its glory and shame lie buried together. It committed suicide in the cruelties of the mutiny, the monumental horror of earth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SEPOY MUTINY AT DELHI.

THE end of the great Moghul dynasty confronts the world in history, for while it ruled supreme in India it was her most brilliant period. These Tartars entered the country poor, gradually overcame the natives until they established an Empire, ruling three hundred and thirty years, and increasing the number of the followers of Islam to forty millions. In war, in rule, in superb courts and equipages, in architecture, they reached the acme of national greatness. But the end came, the splendid Empire waned, the bravery of the soldier was consumed by the magnificent luxury and consequent lassitude of the courts, and effeminacy took the life out of the kings and nobles. The heroism even of a false religion is better than none. This departed in the

crimes nurtured at the very altars of their faith. The wealth of the Empire decayed, poverty among the people became their normal condition. dimmed the splendor of the court, and consumed the possibilities of rule on the one hand, or loyalty on the other. Feebleness and the debilities of a graceless old age became the heritage of the heirs of this race of Emperors, and following this was the too natural disposition to lay on others the effects of men's own misdoings, so the last of these rulers did nothing but blame the English for the decay of their splendor, and to conspire and make plots for the execution of their fiendish purposes was the business of life and the consummation of its tragic end.

The storm had hung only as a mist in the air, portentious, but not alarming. The causes of the Sepoy uprising against English rule had been at work so long that men had ceased to observe them, and when the tornado burst they were too confounded to do more than stand dumb under its pitiless disasters. There was no resistance because the English had put themselves asleep in the delusion that English supremacy had been so much better for the natives than their own that they must be in love with it. How stupid not to know any thing from the instincts of human nature, or to be enlightened by the unvarying habits of the conquered as they appear in history or as they had come to the English themselves. The Southern people of the United States deluded themselves in the same way—because they had been good to the slaves they believed that the instinct of freedom and self-government had perished out of heart and remembrance. They learned the truth as they saw them in the front ranks of hostile armies, forgetful of

the kindness or relations of the past. Men are carried like straws on a summer's freshet before the inborn love of nationality and hatred of foreign or domestic oppression, however good it may be.

Discontent was in the hearts of both Mohammedan and Hindu peoples of India, who had caught the infection, which soon went into an epidemic. The English had deferred to their religion and had tried the experiment of a good government to a people with a religion hostile to all government by equities among men. A caste-cursed people were petted and deferred to, and the English conscience was debauched in the vile service to political expediency. The English government without Christianity is no better than either Hindu or Mohammedan. Without the spirit and progress of Christianity it is the veriest sham that ever invited men into its confidence to be deceived. The East India Company was a corporation without a soul, it had not in it even the instinct of self-preservation. Greed was its purpose, its policy, its religion, and hypocrisy its genius of government.

This Company pretended to have so much respect for, and confidence in, native heathenism that it persecuted Christianity, in other words it made war on its own life. Caste was not only respected, but became the practical law of the army. The natives must have caste privileges which Englishmen would not think to ask, so discipline was severe enough on Europeans, but a convenience to caste and race demands. These concessions brought only popular contempt, the motives were understood. They were construed as signs of weakness, as they were. In the early days of 1857 came the mutterings of mutiny, at first only in whisperings, but it was not long until

they were as loud as the seven thunders. The first sign was not considered worth the suggestion of a fear or its security. By means of Chupatties (cakes of flour and water) circulated mysteriously through the North-west provinces, a religious proclamation was made, a veritable Indian bull of arousement to the faithful Mohammedans was sent forth from the Shah in Shah, the spiritual head of the faithful, calling on the true worshippers of the prophet to extinguish all the "Feringhees," or foreigners. In Delhi treasonable placards were posted threatening violence, indicating plainly the attitude of the Mohammedan devils of the *centuries*. In chronic irritation every trifle is seized upon as a pretext for treason. The Enfield rifle had been introduced into the native army with its greased cartridge, and this served religious rancor well. To the superstitious Mohammedan soldiery it was represented that it was hog's lard, an insult to their religion by the infidel dogs, the English; and to the Hindus, who worship the cow, it was represented as cow's grease, and this was a mortal offence that they should give countenance to the destruction of sacred life. To others the biting off the end of the cartridge broke their caste. These things were not causes, but irritating incidents.

The cause was hatred to foreigners and a desire for national liberty and rule. General Anson, the Commander-in-Chief, did in times of danger what ought to have been done from the first, snubbed caste and was hostile to the beastly devotions of the natives. The storm began with sharp thunder on the margins of the cloud, and the first indicative demonstration was at Meerut, thirty-two miles from Delhi. Here were stationed

the Sixth Dragoon Guards, the first battalion of Her Majesty's Sixtieth Rifles, and other European troops, amounting to 1,800, besides sappers and miners and about 2,900 Sepoys or native soldiers. On the 23d of April the skirmishers of the Third Cavalry, on parade, refused to touch the new cartridges, though they had been instructed, as a concession, to tear the ends with their fingers. The eighty-five mutineers were tried and found guilty and punished, which only exasperated the Sepoys and citizens, and within thirty-six hours Meerut was drenched with blood, and on the evening of the next day the native troops were in general revolt; they liberated their companions in irons, shot down their officers, and the station was given up to fire, massacre and blood-shedding. The English who had such foolish confidence in the Sepoys were dumb as well as helpless. Their very weakness tempted the rebels. There was no commander for the more than eighteen hundred Englishmen who might have held the insurgents in check with half the bravery that finally conquered them. If the trouble in Meerut had been quieted it would have averted the bloody crisis which so soon came.

The mutineers advanced on Delhi, Monday, May 11th, 1857—a kind of military rabble—some were in full uniform with medals on their breasts awarded for bravery in the British service. The troopers were followed by a large body of infantry in dust-soiled uniform and armed with bayonets. They marched on the city in a disorderly mob, calling in the name of their religion to their countrymen in the British command, to throw off the yoke of the "Feringhee," and to reinstate their own princes. The troops at once fraternized with them and left the British officers

standing in a group by themselves, who were soon shot down, hacked and picked with swords until life was extinct. The next victims were Captain Douglass and Rev. Mr. Jennings, with his daughter—nineteen years old—whose sufferings are beyond description.

The massacre then extended to the residences of the Europeans, and their goods were plundered. No mercy was shown to any age or condition. Delicately reared women with their daughters were stripped, turned into the streets, beaten and covered with filth and given over to the beastliness of the mob until death or madness came to their relief. A few took shelter in a mosque and defended themselves, but were without food or water. They surrendered to a native guard upon his pledge to take them to the king.

An oath was extracted from this guard, but what were oaths in the lips of these cowardly villains. The arms of the helpless Europeans were surrendered, and their tribulation came with a vengeance; all water was taken from them and their famishing children. This was but the beginning of sorrows, for the whole party of eleven children, eight ladies and eight gentlemen were driven to cattle pens, placed in a row and shot. A mother entreated one of the Sepoys to give her child some water, even if they killed her. This request was answered by snatching the child from her arms and dashing its brains out before her face on the pavement. This was the sport of the hour and power of the fiends of darkness. Devils danced on tip hoof and with horns expectant, and the abyss roared with ineffable delight. The interior of Delhi was a pandemonium. Sir Theophilus Metcalf, the political agent, assisted by Lieutenant Willoughby, undertook

the defence of the national magazine, in which were vast stores of ammunition and military equipments.

The doors were closed, and all else, so far as possible, put in a state of siege, guns were placed in position, and the plucky little garrison of seven determined to save themselves and their helpless countrymen, or sell their lives as dearly as possible to their foes. They were summoned to surrender, which meant only brutal butchery. To the summons they gave no heed, but their native servants clambered over the walls, joined their foes and informed them of their helpless condition. The Sepoys began climbing up the walls by ladders furnished by the last Moghul Mohammed Bahadur, the infamous, by whose perfidy this soul-curdling butchery reached its *finale*.

When the brave seven found that they were to be overwhelmed they determined, like Samson, that the last act in the drama of life should be its crowning tragedy. There was a dull rumbling and a swaying of the foundations of the earth. The shock might have been felt in other worlds, the cloudless sky was overcast, the wild screams and groans of man and beast rolled up into the arches of the skies, and perdition groaned under one defeat, at least, when it was known what the brave seven had done.

The palace of the glory of the Moghuls was wrapped in smoke and flame, and the sulphurous fumes of the pit strangled those whose forms had not been annihilated. About two thousand of these mutinous wretches perished by this heroic act of the garrison; four of the English escaped and the rest perished by the Sepoys. A flag-staff tower near the gate became a shelter for a few Europeans, from which all movements could be seen and when they beheld the destruction of the maga-

zine, all hope of safety in that place was abandoned and each was exhorted to escape by any possible way. The officer commanding sent them out singly and waited until all were gone—he himself was lost. The scattered remnants had to endure indescribable horrors; but one single glint of sunshine forced its way into the horrible scene. It is to the honor of the Brahmins, not so brutal as the infernal Mohammedans, that they did have compassion upon them. Let it be written in letters of gold to mitigate the eclipsed pages of this history, they followed the injunction of Christianity, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," sheltered and sustained them until they were rescued by the British troops.

Two escaping fugitives, an officer and his wife, were overtaken by the Sepoys, who tied them to trees and tortured their children to death by fiendish ingenuity; the flesh was cut from their dead bodies and forced down the throats of parents; the wife was then brutally dishonored in the presence of her husband, who was powerless to help her. The husband was mutilated in a manner too indecent to describe, and at last both were burned to death. Beauty was a prize of fiendish delight and was tortured all the more for its divine gift. Two beautiful young English women were seized, denuded entirely of their clothing, tied to a cart, dragged to a bazaar and were dishonored by their beastly captors and soon died of the abuse of the mob. Forty-eight females, delicately reared, mostly from ten to fourteen, were publicly outraged and kept for the abominable abuse of the mob for a week. They were then stripped and given over to the unspeakable shame of the lowest wretches of Delhi. Afterwards their

breasts, fingers and noses were cut off, and then came the blissful relief of death from dishonor that would clasp death in transports of delight. No ray of mercy gleamed in all those cruel scenes, from which hell might have begged a place to hide itself.

The officer who witnessed these scenes in horror, in wrath, as holy as the fires on heaven's altar, unburdened his soul in such words as these:—"Can you wonder that in the presence of many such scenes as these we feel more like fiends than men. Our fellows have crossed their bayonets and sworn to give no quarter, and I pray that God may give me health and strength until we settle with these scoundrels." That any escaped to tell the story of outrage, of cruelties, of unspeakable dishonor, of torturing death is simply miraculous, for the mutineers were furious and their barbarities horrible and indescribable. Not a single European nor Christian was left in the city. The Moghul Empire was swimming in Christian blood. The wheels of the chariot of vengeance turn slowly on their axles, and sometimes seem to drive heavily, but vengeance belongeth unto God, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, all else does, and God overtakes the guilty while they sleep.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF DELHI.

IT would be more agreeable to turn to other themes, but there is a sense of unsatisfied justice which rebels at the triumph of outrage. The reign of terror was not long if measured by weeks and days, but long to those impatient for vengeance. The British soldier loves his kind—his race is next to himself. He was impatient with even necessary delays. A word of explanation is needed in order to estimate both the difficulties and heroisms of the few brave Britons and their allies, the Sikhs, who turned the captivity and avenged the blood of their slaughtered countrymen.

The fort was a strong one for the time. Holkar with an army of twenty thousand with one hundred pieces of cannon in vain beleaguered these walls for nine days a half a century earlier. They had been greatly strengthened and finished a few months before the mutiny. Early on the morning of May 11th the revolted troopers of the Third Bengal Cavalry, who had escaped from their punishment at Meerut, crossed the bridge of boats and entered upon their bloody work, which has been described as far as human feelings can endure. A small avenging force came on the 8th of June into the presence of the bleaching bones of their countrymen—many scattered, never to be gathered, as the beasts or the blazing sun and decay had left them. The assailants were confronted, the line extending from the water bastion to the Cabul gate. A siege was

impossible in the intolerable heat; what could be done had to be done quickly. Reinforcements barely met the losses by disease and death and the twenty-four desperate sorties by the besieged. When the final assault was made there were twenty-five hundred sick of the British forces. Sir John Lawrence, the best and grandest man in British India, sent his last troops, but with them one that could himself put ten thousand to flight, the hero General John Nicholson. "Now or never" was the command of the illustrious chief, Lawrence, to the great frontier soldier coming to change the destiny of India forever. The future of India lay in two or three great minds and in the valor of seven thousand as brave men as ever trod the earth in a time of national peril.

It was now the 8th of September, and from this to the 13th the guns of Britain spent their force upon the northern walls. Night and day the earth trembled under the vibrations of fifty guns in position to do all possible mischief. In the Kudsia garden, on the river bank, Tombs had a battery of ten mortars; Scott had another battery at the Custom House. The guns in front bore down in fiery hail on the Cashmere bastions, separated from them only by seven hundred yards. Other batteries were conveying destructive messages from the residency and the Hindu Raos house on the highest ridge running into the city. Two breaches appeared on the evening of the 13th, one at the Cashmere bastion and the other at the water gate. If these breaches were used and the Cashmere gate held by a third column, supported on the rear and right flank, all the columns might meet at the barbican of the palace within.

The next morning was still. It seemed as if the wrath of man in fire, and in thunder and smoke, had exhausted itself. But it was a dead, oppressive, ominous stillness, a presage of a coming storm. The sixty rifles by previous arrangement rushed to cover the advance, and the brave Salkeld and Homes, of the Bengal engineers, moved forward accompanied by non-commissioned officers, buglers and powder carriers, to blow up the Cashmere Gate. These were followed by a storming party one hundred and fifty strong. Homes and his party stole upon the outer gate almost unobserved, though crossing a ditch with great difficulty between, and unloaded their bags of powder without injury. The next detail, led by Salkeld, moved toward the gate with their four bags of powder and lighted portfire. By this time the enemy had comprehended the purpose of the movement and the result was a deadly fire from the wicket gate near by. Salkeld was able to put his bags in place but was shot through the arm and leg, and fell helpless on the bridge, but had presence of mind and pluck to hand on the portfire to Sergeant Burgess, telling him to light the fuse, who, before he could move, was shot dead. Sergeant Carmichal took up the portfire and moved forward, succeeded in lighting the fuse, and fell mortally wounded. Sergeant Smith rushed unto the place and duty of his dead comrade and hastened to light it, but saw that the burning fuse was already sputtering on to its appointed destiny and threw himself into the ditch, if possible, to escape what he saw coming.

It was but a moment when India's destiny was decided and the avengers of blood were hot on the trail of the murderous villains who had slain and outraged their

kindred and countrymen. There was an explosion which shook both heaven and earth, shattering the massive gate that had withstood the sieges and storms of centuries. The bugle with one loud blast summoned the heroes to the bloody personal encounter, who advanced with a cheer that sent terror into guilty souls, and the mutinous villains realized that the time of their tribulation had come. It would be impossible to depict the scenes that followed. It is enough to say that the Britons were not laggard to punish outrages which put the world aghast. They did their duty and taught a lesson that will last for ages. It is astonishing how reluctant both English and natives are to refer to the dreadful days of vengeance in Delhi. But the British soldier never inflicts more punishment than is just and salutary. He is merciful as well as just. Those gates still show the marks of that terrible victory. We entered the city through this gate, where so many heroes offered up their lives to teach all conspirators and mutineers and outragers of women and murderers of children that the vengeance of the Saxon when maddened by a just cause is terrific. But it cost precious life. The brave Salkeld died of his wounds. Homes, after passing the fiery ordeal of that day, met his death later through a contemptible cause. General Nicholson, of whom the Punjab government recorded that but for him Delhi would not have fallen, gained immortality in dying at the age of thirty-five.

After the Cashmere Gate had been captured he was proceeding to open a way parallel to the ramparts. After capturing Cabul Gate a fatal delay was experienced by the fire from a Sepoy rampart armed with one gun. While waving his men on to its capture his splendid person was exposed to an enfilading fire

from the windows along the lane, and he was mortally wounded and borne to the rear. The hero died spending his last breaths in cheering his men to finish the terrible work God and their country had given them to do.

The history of the world does not possess a page more lustrous in noble deeds, in death-facing and death-relieving heroisms. No results to compare with those gained in this siege were ever wrought by men, so few, so fearless, so sublime in humanities and loyalty to country. Seven thousand troops were all that the avenging army could raise, and these had to meet sixty thousand, entrenched in an almost impregnable fortress well provisioned, furnished with all that the art of war and a great country could give. The capture brought events quick in succession which determined the destinies of two hundred and fifty millions of people, and placed India on the rising plain of national redemption and glory.

The days following witnessed many scenes of retribution well deserved, and for which no human being with outraged feelings could be greatly condemned. Search was made for the members of the reigning family. The word came to the vigilant conquerors that they were in the Tomb of Humayun, already described, and now to become a tragic spot in the most shocking conspiracies and atrocities ever recorded on the pages of history. Captain Hodon, of the Royal Guards, found the lair of these ferocious beasts. He had the tomb surrounded, so that none could escape. He then sent into the great tomb of their greater ancestor one of the inferior scions of the royal family, whose life had been promised him to say that the Captain had come to seize the Shah-Jahads, the Emperor's

sons, for punishment, and would capture them dead or alive.

After two hours of wordy strife they made their appearance, asking if their lives had been promised them by the government. They were answered in an awful monosyllable, "No!" Having secured them they were sent toward the city under guard. The captain with the rest of his men made an examination of the tomb, in which and about, in the gardens, he found not less than seven thousand people—the lowest of their kind; the sewage of the city. The surrender of arms of every kind was summarily demanded. Strange to say, such is the power of the voice and presence of a brave Saxon that they instantly obeyed and brought out about five thousand swords and more than that number of fire-arms, besides horses and bullocks and covered carts. These were arranged in the centre and a guard was placed over them. After this was done attention was given to the cart-loads of nobility which had started toward the palace. By this time the mob was bent on rescuing their princes out of the bullock carts. They were assaulting the guards who were defending themselves and the carts of royal lading. Captain Hodon, seeing the purpose and danger, rode into the mob and commanding them to desist, which they did not instantly obey, seized a carbine from one of the guard, made short and final work with the idols of the mob, the fag-ends of the Moghuls, whom he shot one after the other. Their bodies were hauled in their blood, in the bullock carts, to Delhi and exposed to public view.

The end was horrible, but their crimes beggar description. They inaugurated the mutiny and did more than their share in instigating the butcheries,

after dishonoring English women and completing the destruction of helpless children.

With the end of the last Moghul Emperor came one of the surprises of history. He, now near ninety years of age, was put on trial for treason in the great hall of audience of the palace, which lasted through nineteen days, and found guilty in the Dewanee Khas, and sentenced to perpetual exile. He died in Rangoon in 1861, the last of the Tamerlanes and last of the Moghuls. The paths of glory came to an abrupt and tragic termination. Thus ended the greatest dynasty earth ever saw, which had held sway for eight hundred years, and now lay dead and limp under British military power. In the great palace of the Moghuls a strange, all-conquering race sang in triumph, "God Save the Queen." Above the crown of Britain, whose true lustre is but the halo of the divine "head over all, God blessed forever," was the crown of redeemed India placed on Christmas day, 1857. Christian worship was held in the pride and glory of Mohammedanism, the Dewanee Khas, when the coronation hymn was sung.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all."

The sublimest victory ever yet achieved by the Son of God over the enemies of his martyr church. "O Nazarene, thou has conquered at last." A few words will suffice to show that this is not an idle boast. In Delhi there are prosperous missions in the hands of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

The city has been slow to give up its traditions. Here of all India the populace is saturated by hatred

of Christianity, embittered, no doubt, by the defeat, and the awful retribution which came upon them. The natives of Delhi are proud and self-satisfied, with a chronic detestation for foreigners and their religion. But progress has been made in Delhi; the martyr blood shed here is beginning to show signs of spiritual conquest. The chief work was begun in 1854 by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in London, and made hopeful progress until it was destroyed by the mutiny, in which the chaplain and a catechist were put to death by the rebels. But the work was again started amid the ruins of life and property and has prospered since.

In 1877 the Cambridge Mission, in connection with the Society already on the ground, was opened, which originated in the desire of many resident members of the University to connect Cambridge with some characteristic missionary work. The special objects of this Mission are defined thus:—"To afford means for higher education of young native Christians and candidates for Holy Orders, to offer the advantages of a Christian home to candidates sent from mission schools to the Government College, and through literary and other labors to reach the more thoughtful of the natives." The labors of these devoted and highly educated men have as yet been mostly in seed-sowing, but seeds must come up, in no conditions do they all perish. Much good has already been done and there is the prophecy of more. We had the great pleasure of meeting with several of these Christian men, one of whom had been Senior Wrangler in the University of Cambridge. Another of distinguished abilities and learning was the Rev. Mr. Weitbreeht, who is spoken of as a coming bishop.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AGRA.

AGRA is one hundred and thirty-nine miles south-east from Delhi. It is an upstart city in India, nobody can tell who was its founder. Its name is probably the continued history of what was its chief product in its beginnings, as it means "salt pan." Salt was here produced by evaporation, and the soil is still brackish and in many places unproductive. It is situated on the right bank of the broad and beautiful Jumna, which is fringed with the whitest sands, outlined by green foliage, and marks its course by stately palms. The city walls enclosed an area of eleven square miles, only a half of which has now any population; the rest holds the ruins of one age after another in the turbulent past. Two-thirds of the population are Hindus, one-third Mohammedans and mongrels.

Agra began its history with Akbar, who left Fattehpur-Sikri and established his metropolis here in A. D. 1566. There are letters from English travellers stating that "in the seventeenth century it was a great city, built of stone, having fair and large streets, a castle entrenched strongly within a ditch, and was a place resorted to by merchants from Persia and other countries. It is not more than twelve miles from Futtehpur, a city as great as London." The dream of years was at last realized when at the first hour of a Sabbath morning the city which had lived in imagination as in a golden dream broke into imperfect view through the shining rays of a glorious moonlight. Laurie's Hotel gave shelter through the hours of the day of

Christian rest, which so distinctly marks the difference in civilization and character between the two peoples here, the rulers and the ruled. There is in this land no cessation of burdens or of the cries of traffic and its grinding servitudes. It is the country where the domination of ignorance deified holds India in chains of moral, mental and civil bondage.

It is like the average of Indian cities, consisting of narrow, crooked streets of bamboo huts, a few plastered houses of European style, whitewashed or painted in distemper colors. There is considerable business in model-making of the Taj in marble and alabaster. Photographs are transferred on ivory with skill and beauty. Beautiful rugs and soap-stone carvings are also produced. The people are not equal in intelligence and force to those further north—every hundred miles southward in India produces marked effects on the people. Agra has no place or character in the present; it lives only by the past; there is no ambition for any thing better. It lives as many broken-down families do, to tell what it has been and to point to some fragments of the family furniture which once existed perfect, but is in fragments, to keep up present self-respect. Palaces and tombs are all the industries that are worth speaking about. The duty of the pilgrim in Agra is to see and sing, "Hark from the tombs."

The way to the fort and palaces is through an uninteresting, filthy part of the city, and these wonders of the world are indebted not a little to the fact that there is nothing in their surroundings to compare with them. They stand solitary and without rival. If they were in a city of modern aspirations other build-

ings would rival or lead up to them, but these works of the Moghuls are like the Himalayas, which are not buttressed by plateaus or ranges and plains like stairs and platforms, but start up, abrupt and rugged, from the great plain that stretches for hundreds of miles at their base.

The fort is protected by a moat, over which passage is made on a draw-bridge. The walls of the fort are about seventy-five feet high, of red sand-stone, very like those of Delhi, but not comparing with them as a work of defence. They are built after the modern style in American cities known as "skin fronts." Passing the moat entrance was through a lofty gateway, flanked by two enormous towers, pierced with embrasures and crowned by light, airy pavilions of stone. The towers are inlaid with ornamental designs in white marble. The passage between them seems to rise on pillars so smoothly finished as to have the effect of prisms, by which the light itself is changed into all the variations of color.

At the right is the Place of the Carrousel, where, in past centuries, the Imperial guard paraded in full panoply. Here elephants and fighting animals were exhibited to the Emperor and his nobles as they sat in the open hall, protected from vulgar contact by a stone railing, the Moghul sitting on his throne raised on an estrade. The Place of the Carrousel is now in sad plight. There are no more fights of wild beasts to delight the brutal tastes of the imperial times. But there are instead dogs of war which have done their barking with deadly effect. The English command more regard in India where their own safety is more a care than native diversion, and to this end they have made it a kind of artillery park for worn-

out guns and carriages. Many wheels are spokeless and guns dismounted and neglected; it is rather a field of army rubbish, of broken and cast away outfits in the work of human destruction. Turning to the left is a pavilion of red sand-stone of graceful arches and brackets, peerless in form and entirely unlike any thing in Western architecture. This is the Dewan-i-Am, or hall of public audience. It is five hundred feet in length. Here Akbar and his successors heard the complaints and defences of the people and decided them according to their idea of justice. The throne in this hall is in a recess in the side wall so as to front the people, and was entered from a small room in the rear. The throne had a canopy of white marble supported by pillars, enclosed by a low balustrade of the same material. At present there are two chairs and a sofa of filigree marble work remaining. The throne was formerly inlaid with precious stones, many of which have been taken out, but the design is apparent in what remains. The British use it, as they use the Place of the Carrousel, as a storage for the instruments of death. The ceilings have been decorated with long rows of blue flags on which are the names of the battles won in India by English valor. Near this hall are shown the gates of the famous Hindu Temple of Somnath, said to be made of sandal wood.

Mahmud, of Ghuzni, made a raid into India for the purposes of destroying idolatry and pious stealing in that rich country. He was led to the pillage by the traditions of the wealth of Somnath and the Hindu boasts of the power of their idol. He captured and rifled the temple after a desperate resistance. Of his plunder carried to Cabul were these gates, which were

wonders of elaborate carving. After his death they were put on his tomb and treasured as trophies of Mohammedan conquest. The booty of this raid was wonderful in the eyes of even the conquerors. The people made but little resistance. They were mostly engaged in praying to their idol. When the Moslems had made an entrance they were dazed by an array of golden idols around the wall and a colossal form of gold in the centre. The priests begged and offered a vast ransom, but the religious conquering thief was so overcome by a sense of outrage at the idolatry of the Hindu that he smashed the great ugly idol with his mace, beating it in at the waist, and out of its corporosity poured such a quantity of every kind of pearls, diamonds and hoarded treasures that the love of plunder became resistless and every thing but the walls was carried away, even to the doors.

These famous gates were burned, and when the Mahmud's Tomb was repaired a new set were made, not of sandal wood but of pine, a poor imitation. The English brought these from Mahmud's Tomb and used them to make a great moral impression on the Hindus that they were the greater and all-conquering race. As the Mohammedans had conquered the Hindus, so they had conquered the Mohammedans, and had brought the Gates of Somnath back again. The English and the whole world, for that matter, have been deceived about them, for the evidences are conclusive that they are not the original Gates of Somnath.

At the Jumna end of this great hall are grated passages of stone filigree work, cut into bee comb-like openings not more than half an inch thick, forming screens which enabled the women of the court to

look through on the councils, receptions and trials proceeding in the hall without being seen. Passing on through the lower rooms are the Emperor's bath and other apartments, together with those of his attendants. These are all of the purest white marble, polished to the highest degree, but a little yellowish through age. Furgusson in his "Modern Architecture," says: "This palace is even more interesting than that at Delhi, being wholly of the best age." In the centre of it is the great court, five hundred by three hundred and seventy feet, surrounded by arcades and approached at the opposite ends through a succession of beautiful courts, opening into one another. On one side is the Dewan-i-Khas, two hundred and eight by seventy-six feet, supported by three ranges of arcades. Behind are three smaller courts, the one containing the Dewan-i-Am-Khas, or private hall of audience, the other the harem. The greatest care was lavished on this court, which measures one hundred and seventy by two hundred and thirty-five feet. Three sides are occupied by the residences of the ladies, not remarkable for their size, nor, in their present state, for architectural beauty, but the fourth, overhanging the river, is occupied by three white pavilions of singular elegance. The walls and roof still show the elegance with which they were adorned.

That our readers may have the best authorities in this description we quote from Tavernier, who visited the palace in 1666:—"Shah Jehan had undertaken to cover with silver all the vaults of a great gallery, which is to the right, and a Frenchman named Augustin de Bordeaux was to do the work. But the great Moghul seeing that in his state he had none who was more capable to send to Goa for some nego-

tiations with the Portuguese, the work was not done, for those who dreaded the intellect of Augustin poisoned him on his return from Cochin. The gallery is covered with foliage of gold and azure, and the floors with carpets of the costliest textures. There are doors below which lead into small squares. The three other sides of the court are all open, with nothing intervening but a slight balustrade."

The entire Palace of Akbar rests upon a sub-structure of red sand-stone, but the interior and upper story are of the purest marble. The apartments of the Emperor, his private bath and attendants' rooms are first seen, in which are corridors and chambers of white marble elaborately wrought. But the apartments of the chief Sultana are the crowning glory of the superb palace. This is a suite of rooms overlooking the river, the scene of the Emperor's yacht races, and the court-yard where were held the tiger and elephant contests. They are entirely of marble, elaborately carved and inlaid with jasper, agate, cornelian, blood-stone and lapis lazuli in exqusite mosaics, and finished with the jeweler's art. The fretwork of the marble screens which form the windows, the balustrades and cornices resembles delicate lace work. From the pavilions which overlook the river, and which seem as if suspended in air, can be seen the fair white Taj, rising like a pearl from gardens of intensest green. Niches and carved columns show a wealth of mosaics, and the groined ceilings still bear traces of rich decorations in gold and colors. One of the bed-rooms had doors once overlaid with silver, and niches in the sides of the wall for holding the ladies' jewels. Shah Jehan had meant to have the verandah of the gallery covered with a trellis of rubies and emeralds to imitate green grapes and those beginning to turn red.

While we have been describing what is called Akbar's palace the names of Jehangir and Shah Jehan appear, and it needs to be explained that it was Akbar's only in the sense of being the original founder of the palace situated here, for little of his work remains. The Angun Bagh is the only place where his work is traceable. And even the three sides thought to have been built by Akbar were greatly changed and elaborated by Shah Jehan to bring them into harmony with his new works on the river front. The present palace is, with this exception, the work of his son, Jehangir, and the crowning glory of all is from the genius of Shah Jehan.

There is a building on the south side of the palace, a large red sand-stone building with a two-storied facade and relieving lines of white marble, which bears the name of the son and immediate succession of Akbar, Jehangir, indicating that he had a hand in the rearing of this wonderful structure. The two inner courts of this building, the largest of which is seventy feet square, are of massive style, cut from red sand-stone, with wonderful Hindu brackets, the most graceful in form we have ever seen. These brackets once supported sunshades in front of the upper stories, under which runs a moulding of lotus flowers; each flower is supported on either side by a pair of birds of different kinds. The building is remarkable in India as avoiding almost entirely all effects by arches.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AKBAR'S PALACE AT AGRA.

IN the courtyard is the basin where once played jets of rose-water in the days of the lazy sultanas. In the interior court is also a large fish tank, once twenty-two feet deep, surrounded by a marble verandah with cornice and mouldings carved in delicate designs. Here the Emperor and his ladies used to catch fish, sitting under a canopy of marble—a monolith twelve feet square elaborately carved. The Shish Mahal, or Sultana's bath, is a room, the walls, ceilings and passages of which are set with thousands of pieces of mirror-glass, in geometrical designs, which flash forth their splendors in reflection of the lighted torch of the guide. The water was heated for the bath by small cascades pouring over a heated surface. Fronting an open marble terrace is the Emperor's private audience hall, smaller than that at Delhi, and upon the open terrace are two thrones, one of white marble, for the Emperor, and the other of black slate, in which a long split is said to have occurred spontaneously at the occupation of a Jat usurper, and there is a tradition, at which every Hindu and Mohammedan shudders, that when a Rajah of Bhurtpore shall again come to that throne the streets of the city shall run with blood.

The Black throne dates about 1603 A. D., and its principal inscription is in recognition of the heir apparent, Prince Sulim, afterwards the Emperor Jahangir. Near this open terrace is the Pachisi board, a space, perhaps, twelve feet square, set in squares of white and colored marble, upon which the Emperor

and his ladies played a game of Eastern back gammon with beautiful slave girls doing duty as checker pieces. Near by is the Jasimine tower of the chief Sultana, of carved marble and mosaics. The marble cornice of the audience room facing the open terrace is shattered and disfigured by English cannon balls, but while this mark of the conqueror is upon it, to the conquerors Agra owes the sacred preservation of her incomparable art, and a tablet to the memory of Sir John Strachey, who was chiefly instrumental in this work, was placed in the wall of the palace by the Earl of Lytton in 1880. A small interior court bears the name of the Zenana market, and hither came the ladies of the palace to buy trinkets and rich fabrics brought by dealers. There is said to be an underground passage near this place leading to the Taj.

The mother-in-law in those far-away times was an object of no more admiration than in the present, and this bit of information is given for the enlightenment of both the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law of the present. The old-time mothers-in-law in India not only obeyed the instinct of their meddlesome natures to be into every household affair, but they had the right to be as tormenting as they chose. India, past and present, has been the Paradise of mothers-in-law. Society is constructed on this basis, which is carried out with the utmost fidelity on the maternal side of humanity. The old woman harrasses her daughter-in-law until she has a son, and then she in turn sets up an inquisition over her husband and all beneath, so in homely phrase the "old hen crows," the most unnatural thing in all nature, "and the young ones learn." Sometimes the daughter-in-law even in India gets ahead.

In an interior court of the Sultana's palace is a well into which the beautiful Nur Mahal is said to have pushed her meddling mother-in-law, and forgot to raise the alarm for about two hours afterwards, when it was, no doubt, found that she was pickled in "nirvana." There is no record that her beautiful daughter-in-law pulled her hair in her grief or that she went into mourning. A ladies' mosque, small but exquisite, with a fountain at which these Oriental favorites of the Emperor cleansed their dainty feet, completes the number of ladies' apartments.

All these wonders lead up to the last, the very coronation of human genius in ecclesiastical architecture, the Pearl Mosque. It is a marvel of Saracenic taste, and of its embodiment in peerless art. The Western Mohammedans in Palestine and Turkey had no gift for any thing but destruction. But for India, Mohammedan art would never have reached even observation, with the solitary exception of the Alhambra. The Mohammedan mind has produced little to challenge admiration out of India, and even here was indebted for its best effects to European genius. The Pearl Mosque was the outcome of the mind of the wonderful builder, Shah Jehan, in 1654, and cost about three hundred thousand dollars. The court of the mosque is a quadrangle of about one hundred and seventy-five feet square. It is surrounded by a Saracenic arcade and sculptured pillars, and is reached by a flight of marble steps. The entablature and cornice are of snowy-white marble in graceful designs cut with skill almost superhuman. India, the land of superabundant life, carries its abstract ideas of life into its creations of palaces

mosques and tombs, so wherever the form of tree, plant, flower, or animal life can be placed to make dead things lifelike it will be found, so that even her architecture is a memoribilia. The roof is surmounted by three bulbous domes, with inverted lotus flowers and gilded finials. There are fifteen minarets, three upon each gate, and kiosks resembling exquisite marble bird cages, pleasing in proportion and general effect. It stands on a spur of a hill, and on the east side a long flight of red sand-stone leads up to a gate, which might bear the name of "Sublime Porte." It is the only building on the earth that compels devotion, whether Christian or infidel. One treads a pavement of purest marble with delicate variations of color. In the courtyard is the fountain for prescribed ablutions. The space allotted to each worshipper is laid out upon the floor in parallelograms of marble.

Little did the royal builder think of the use this sacred place would be to him in the adversities that surely overtake brilliant rulers. In it he was a prisoner. Here in companionship with his only friend, his devoted daughter, the lovely Christian, Jehanira, whose tomb has been described at Delhi, the royal prisoner came daily to pray and to be solaced in his final tribulation, when his ingrate son shut him up in the palace of his former glory, in which he spent seven years of clouded sunsetting. The heathen mind is always affected by objective creations in aid of its worship, but here only of all the places men build in which they think his "honor dwelleth," was God not belittled to us. When the evening approaches and the sun's glare is subdued, it appears in golden glints as athwart an ice palace weeping itself away in

rays of heavenly glory. It is so pure in man's eye, so thoroughly without spot or tarnish, so polished is its marble that the sensuous soul exclaims, "This is the temple of God; this surely is the gate of heaven!"

The reflection would come unbidden and the contrast was humbling. How is it that the spirituality of God has never shown itself in Christian architecture? How is it that its purposes too often appear to be to deify man and to belittle God? How is it that Mohammedanism, alone in its places and conceptions of worship, stands nearer than all other to God's nature and attributes. God is a Spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. The answer is no doubt in the fact that as the very devils must praise him, every form of religion, no matter how perverted and debased, must bring some trophy to his throne, and so the sublime tribute of this bloody scourge upon idolatry was the genius to produce a place of worship without image on stone, or picture or color, or sound that could divert the mind of the worshipper from the spiritual presence and power of the invisible God. Ours is the singular age in which the objective rules, and architecture has been so unconsciously infused with the true spiritual condition of the mind of the present that it can think of nothing which it cannot see and cannot worship without the staff of sensation.

There are many more interesting facts about this fort, palace and temple, but detail is tedious and the mind that has not seen wearies. There are a few facts which will interest, which are given in detachments. On the roofs of some of these buildings are cisterns, into which the waters of the Jumna were raised by a system of lifts or compound leverage. On the sides of these cisterns are the mouths of copper pipes

by which the water was distributed throughout the palace, of which the respective names are engraved on medallions surmounting each pipe. There is a labyrinth of underground buildings intended for the summer heats. Here the Emperors and companions could change temperature without exposure to the simoons and monsoons. They would descend early in the morning, and wander about in the labyrinths, which honeycombed the fort, whose low windows looked out on the river. One fact is certain, that glory and adversity are twins. This splendid creation has seen more sorrow to the acre than any other known spot of recorded history. Jahangir, son and successor to the founder, Akbar, lived but a few troubled years, he chose the northern latitudes of Kabul in 1639. Shah Jahan, the builder of the principal part of the palace, was here imprisoned seven years, deposed by his son, and died in 1666 in one of the marble pavilions overlooking the river.

In Aurungzeb's time the fort became merely a citadel of a provincial town and the residence of a Moghul governor until occupied by the Bhurtpore Jats about a century later. In 1788 it was recovered by imperialists under Mahajee Sindhia and held by the Mahratta troops in the name of the Emperor until the end of 1803. After the Franco-Mahratta army had been defeated at Delhi General Lake, of the British army, invested the fort—the Mahrattas availed themselves of the services of General Sutherland and capitulated. The indentations and breakage of Lake's cannon balls are seen on some of the finest work in the palace, although there are those who believe these are marks of earlier bombardments.

There were scenes in 1866 that revived in the memories of the old men of India the famous days of the

Moghuls. It was the great Durbar, or audience of the Queen, who was represented by Sir John Lawrence, her Viceroy. He was seated on the throne of Akbar, as if Queen Victoria were there, to receive all the native princes according to their rank. At this time there were flickerings of the old life, outshinings of the gorgeousness of the past. This reception was the last suggestion of the glories departed. It was also one of the most important movements of the new British India, and took place on the 20th of November, the most delightful period of the whole year. The Viceroy in his own greatness and goodness of character, as a man respected by all order-loving and honest thinking men, mighty as a ruler, truthful and just, terrible in battle, no man in Britain or India could so truly and acceptably have represented the Queen as Sir John Lawrence. Invested with all the power and honor of the greatest sovereign on earth he appeared for the event, accompanied by a staff of heroes known for their valor in battle and for their honor as men. They came in the midst of a pestilence which was slaying its thousands. Cholera had possession of the city and was reaching after supreme control.

The native princes gave themselves up to entertaining and being entertained. The Maharajah of Sindhia, one of the most potent princes in Hindustan, gave a magnificent fete in the Taj, costing twenty thousand rupees. The Viceroy presided over a grand assembly of the Order of the Star of India, at which several of the princes were invested with the insignia of the order, the candidate standing before the dais of the Viceroy, where the Queen's letter was read aloud, then the Viceroy embraced him, and then fastening the ribbon and collar around his neck

declared him to be a knight. The ceremonies attracted thousands, and great masses of all kinds of people jostled against each other. Thousands of Europeans were quartered in tents outside the city limits. One who was present gives the following:

"At noon the esplanade in front of the camp presented a magnificent sight. Each Rajah, surrounded by his court and displaying all his riches, took up the position assigned to him from which he was to proceed to the Durbar. Seated next to Scindia, are the representatives of the Solar race, of the god Rama; and they rank next to the Rana of Oudeypoor. Then came the Begum of Bhopal, the most important Mohammedan sovereign of Rajasthan. She is about fifty years of age, of an energetic and almost masculine type. She was dressed in a manly costume, with tight pantaloons of cloth of gold and a satin tunic decorated with several orders. Among the nobles of her suite was the dowager queen Goadsia Begum. Then came the Maha Rao Rajah of Kotah, and the Rajah of Kishengurh, both of them Rajpoots, wearing the ancient kangra or short plaited muslin petticoat. The Maharajah of Kerowly, the young Jat Rajah of Bhurtpore, and the Maha Rao of Ulwur formed a group resplendent with jewels; Sheodan, wearing a long tunic of black velvet, blazing with strings of diamonds."

Hosts of others are enumerated, but we will omit them after mentioning one party more, viz: "Six Mirzas, members of the ex-imperial family of Delhi, descendants of Akbar, richly dressed and wearing the dress of the princes of the blood, saluted the English Viceroy, from whom they receive pensions.

"After the ceremony of the nuzzur came that of the khillut, the presentation of gifts to the rajahs. These consisted of elephants, horses, jewels, precious stuff, &c., which were displayed in the pavilion and presented to each rajah as he came up. After this distribution, an address was made by the Viceroy, and the Durbar closed. Festivals were, however, continued till the end of the month. At a grand ball, given by the Ram Sing, a Hindoo prince, the descendant of Rama, was seen to figure in a quadrille with an English lady upon his arm."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE TAJ.

THE most incomparable architectural gem in the world is the tomb that stands on the Jumna, in a spot created as much for the Taj as the Taj itself for the glory of India. All creation rests on reason, and so does the beautiful structure now to occupy our thoughts. Reference has been made to the adventurer from Persia, or, as some authorities say, from Tartary, Mirza Ghaias, known also as Kwaja Aeeas, honored by Shah Jehan as Itmud-ud-Daulah, Grand Vizier, who turned his face to the land of glory and beauty to improve his threadbare fortunes; a seedy individual in English parlance, his effects went into a bullock-cart, wife included, and there was little else in the cart but emptiness. On his adventurous way his wife varied the tedium of the journey by giving birth to a girl baby, who made the liveliest music day and night. She had cause to do so, for the lactilic fluid was not abundant in that cart, and she began early to make herself felt

in the world, and kept it up until the world took her to its bosom to get rid of her. This cart-born daughter became the famous Nur Mahal, a prodigy of beauty, and what is more wonderful, of good sense. While coming and going to the royal harem she was seen by Prince Mirza Suleem, afterward the Emperor Jehangir, whose love instantly became as hot as a sirocco. He fumed with devotion and kept the fires up throughout life, an extraordinary thing in a Moghul prince. She was married to her lover, whom Jehangir killed to get her, and from this time she was a star climbing to the zenith in a halo of glory. Her father was raised from a bullock-cart to be Lord High Treasurer, and afterwards became a Prime Minister of the Empire.

The mode of rising was after the fashion of the worm, which once had the temerity to enter an eagle's nest, and when asked by the surprised lord of the sky and the air how it came into such kingly apartments replied, "I crawled up." Nur Mahal and her adventurous old father crawled up fast and brought others with them. She had a daughter born in her first marriage, whose father Jehangir had killed as an incident in his love-making. She had no children by her imperial marriage. This step-daughter had the adventurous instinct of the family, and managed to marry the younger son of her step-father, the Emperor. Here is a mother-in-law worth considering. In order to secure the crown to her son-in-law, she induced the Emperor to put out the eyes of his oldest son, Kushru, and she herself disposed of her mother-in-law by shoving her into a well. But she did not succeed in putting her son-in-law upon the throne; for Shah Jehan succeeded his father. This great Emperor could not be managed by her as his father had been; she lacked the

necessary brains, and her personal charms had departed. He cast her in prison and put out the eyes of her son-in-law, Shah Reear; nor did he stop in his sanguinary recreation, for he strangled all her able-bodied relations. She had governed the Empire for ten years and had led the troops in battle. The Emperor Shah Jehan married her niece, who had the same family quality of pushing her way in the world and pushing the world for a way.

The incoming woman of her age was Moomtaz-el Mahal. These Mahals were pivotal characters, and her satellites were ever obeying orders. She seems to have had goodness in her nature as well as great administrative power of mind. She inspired her husband to good and made him the greatest and best Emperor of the Moghuls. Her life was long and useful, and at its close the peerless Taj was built to commemorate her worth and its appreciation by her afflicted husband. The erection was begun in a year after his ascension to the throne of his ancestors, for which he had connived, fought and conquered. It is about a mile from the palace, a superb road made by the English leads to it between the river skirting the hills. The highway to it is over the ruins of the past, and it has survived them all.

The road to the mausoleum is the victory of pain and pang, or starvation utilized, for it was one of the famine relief operations of 1838. This royal highway is through the remains of villas that were once occupied with the on-hangers of royal favor, or those who vainly waited for it and died without the sight. At the end of this superb roadway is the object before which death itself is robbed of its terrors to the living, and beauty has substituted delight for dread. It is a temple

and palace of the dead, without a suggestion of death in it or about it. It is rather the marble embodiment of immortality. The way to this wonder of the world is as if to a paradise fringed with delights. The peaceful Jumna, subdued by the chill of winter into gentle flow, its rippled and bubbled surface sparkling in a cloudless sunshine, contributes to the effect produced. Life all along struggles against life, and so keeps itself up through all the years, no winter signs of death intervening. No shadow not bearing the moving images of waving palms and the varieties of color of countless flowers ever flits over those fertile sands. Earth, skies, waters and the highest efforts of all, are servants to this creation of man's skill in smothering in human and natural effects what has chilled the heart of man in all his existence on the earth and subdued it to be a charnel house or court of death.

The "exalted of the palace" in life and death, the wife of Shah Jehan, was married in 1615, and became the mother of seven children, and died in childbed of the eighth, in the year 1629 at Burhanpur, to which she had come to share the cares and fatigues of her husband in his campaign in the Deccan against Khan Jahan Lodi. Her body was carried to the metropolis mosque until the Taj was completed to receive it. The collection of materials occupied seventeen years, though it may have been in process of erection during part of them. The gateway to the garden surrounding the Taj would be a wonder of itself, to which the world would make pilgrimage, were it not that it is only the opening to the Taj. It is built of that wonderful red sandstone, more perfect than that in which Hugh Miller wrought, and from which he drew secrets of the mode and time, the life and its

burial, of the beginnings of the earth and its time and times before man was created or had lordship over it.

There is in the gateway a niche with a pointed arch, which rises nearly to the roof, which is about seventy feet from the ground on the sides, and over the top of this great gateway are inscribed texts from the Koran inlaid with black marble. There are four tall arched recesses in front in place of windows; over the top of each, and over the lofty entrance is a space of white marble adorned with flowers, vines with leaves and scrolls, inlaid with cornelians, agates, lapis lazuli and other stones with leaves formed out of green marble. At the entrance on each side are two octagonal towers of brown stone; between each block is a narrow band of white marble, one-fourth as wide as the ashler above and below. These octagonal towers are surmounted with kiosks or belfries of arches and small columns crowned with domes. At the bases are projections beyond the sides of the towers, and under these are stone brackets, the creation of genius two centuries ago, which has but lately reached imitation in our own country. The ceiling is vaulted, the blind and real openings are Saracenic.

Each of the corners is adorned with a kiosk or columned belfry with dome top; over the centre opening of the gateway is an archivolt and architrave, over which is a series of small arches resting on pillars not more than four feet high, on which is the roof with its cresting. On the inside, over the grand archway a great nest of bees are sticking to the wall, partly protected under one of its arches. The swarm and their products looked as large as a half dozen swarms in our country. Before proceeding further it is better

to have the reasons for existing things. We are told that the Tartars, from whom the Indian Moghuls are descended, first built palaces for themselves, and enjoyed them as palaces as long as they could while living. They luxuriated until death laid his chilly hand on them, sparing their palaces and gardens of delight. We are not a little surprised at the statement that Joseph of Aramathea had a garden in which was a sepulchre—this is Oriental. Death and life are brought nearer each other in India than in the West. The usual process in the East was for the king or noble intending to provide himself a tomb to enclose a piece of ground within a stone or mud wall or cactus hedge, and then turn this into a garden, into an emporium of life and all that can make it joyful.

In the centre he erects a building alike for a home, a palace and a tomb. This kind of building has already been described; it is always crowned by a dome, if it is only a Dutch bake oven looking thing, whitewashed. During the life of the incumbent the central building is called *barra durri*, and is used as a place of feasting and other hilarities by himself and friends. When he dies all is changed into a charnel house, and the founder's bones are laid to rest under the central dome, and mirth ceases, and the grinders, if there are any left, are low.

The high character for whom the Taj was built was an exception. She died, according to her history, in the army campaign. Her husband had not yet gotten a place in the world sufficient to indicate what kind of a tomb he should inhabit after he was dead. But the garden was then waiting the unerring event. It was a favorite retreat of the deceased in her lifetime. Her youthful ambitions had unfolded in this garden

by the river, and under the skies so misty and so ethereal. Beyond the splendid gateway, twining right about on either side, are the inside walls of the garden enclosure, which are arched, supporting a roof, rows of cloisters or arcaded galleries. What use they subserved it would be hard to conjecture. If the Taj was a place of worship these would be taken for magnificent horse-sheds. They are now the abode of bats and serpents. In front of the gateway is a long stone avenue or platform extending through this magnificent garden eighteen hundred feet, from the east to west, and one thousand feet from the gate to the river. In the middle of the platform there is a basin for fountains, which extends the entire length of it, at least six or seven hundred feet. There is a great outflow from large jets, in a row down the middle of the basin, and smaller rows on each side, and when these were playing it was a paradise festooned in rainbows. When it was completed there was a large stone basin for fish reaching half the width of the larger basin, and which stands higher and pours a circular sheet of water into the large basin. This is now filled with earth instead of water, in which grows an indescribable wealth of beauty in roses and heliotropes.

Along the sides of these great basins are the lordly cypress, the most dignified and aristocratic tree in all the Orient. There is a row of them the whole length of the garden up to the steps to the Taj. The entrance is on each side of the basins through dense foliage and every form and kind of tropical luxuriance in flowers. But the sad reflection comes unbidden, that the first garden had a snake in it, and this rival garden is alive with cobras and other

reptiles, the descendants of those in the first paradise, and that there is no deterioration is known in the fatal character of their fangs in this beautiful tomb and temple of the dead. The long basins make an open vista from the centre of the gateway to the central door of the Taj, and fringed by the tall cypresses, reaching fifty or sixty feet upward, they form a perspective from which the architectural jewel rises in its peerless proportions enshrouded in India's mystic light.

The garden shows the same exquisite taste and a genius that could suit the majestic surroundings to the ultimate glory of the whole. It is laid out as nature would have done if she had chosen her own paths through her secret and shaded places. It is a place of fruits as well as flowers; Oranges hang in golden clusters; Lemons are in contrast to the green glossy leaves of the trees that bear them and are beautified by these contrasts in color. The Banyan tree is there, and the Banana, and the Cocoanut Palm, with its fruits above and below, in the heavens and lying on earth, offering themselves to the hungry. Here are birds of every plume and color; the Bird of Paradise, the Parrot and Peafowl, and songsters of every note on the scale, until heaven itself is weary with both beauty and song.

Through the majestic gateway, up the vista fringed with stately cypresses and misty with flowing fountains, wreathed in rainbows, rises in glory the empress of Indian art, the crowning work of the dynasties of Moghuls—the monument of the wife of the greatest of all. The Moghul dynasties rose successively, each greater than his predecessor, until Shah Jehan, the apex, was raised. Then each began descend-

ing until the last, the horror of humanity, was dethroned in Delhi and exiled in decrepitude and infamy. It is not possible to describe the Taj. The mind looks upon it in a half-dazed condition; one object of wonder drives another out, until at last a confused outline of but a few wonders remains. To our readers we offer not a description, but our best endeavors. The Taj rather hovers over than rests on a platform of red sand-stone nine hundred and sixty-four feet long by three hundred and twenty-nine feet wide, between the garden on one side and the matchless river, flowing languidly, on the other.

From this great platform of red sand-stone rises a superb terrace of white marble three hundred and thirteen feet square, in the centre of which stands the central figure, around which all else is built and to which all is supplemental. It is an irregular octagon, the sides facing the four cardinal points. There are three entrances, each one hundred and thirty feet long. The edge of the roof is seventy feet above the terrace; at each angle is a slender minaret of snowy white marble, and from the centre of the octagonal structure is a great marble bulbous-shaped dome, the stones polished into dazzling whiteness. It is seventy feet in diameter, rising one hundred and twenty feet, on which is the usual Saracenic gilt crescent, the whole fabric two hundred and sixty feet from the ground. At the base of the dome is a cornice wrought out of marble, exquisite in finish and symmetrical in proportion and effect. Crouching at the base of the dome, at each angle, are marble kiosks, or cupolas, following the same lines and forms, only minimized as if to point by comparison and magnify the great central dome. The whole of the structure is supported by

four great arches. On each side is a grand entrance formed by a single pointed arch rising almost to the cornice, and with these two smaller ones one above the other on either hand.

Having given the proportions and outlines of the central octagonal figure we will add its dependent, or supplemental structures, and begin again on the red sand-stone platform, which is nine hundred and sixty-four by three hundred and twenty-nine feet. At each corner is a magnificent tower, or minaret, rising about two hundred feet, crowned by a marble kiosk, or cupola, looking from the ground like a bird cage of Saracenic columns and arches overtopped by a dome. There are two mosques, on the east and west sides, of a style material and finish harmonizing with the whole, each having a central and smaller domes and cupolas. The western mosque only is used for worship. The eastern one was built for harmony of design and architectural effect, and is called *jawab*, or "answer" to the other. The grandeur of the Taj is not only in its magnificent proportions, its original conceptions as to form, its peerless material, its incomparable location, but its finish is without comparison. No jewel-box of ivory ever left Hindu hand more curiously or perfectly wrought. Every part, even the basement, the dome and upper galleries of the minarets, are inlaid with ornamental designs in marble of different colors. The arches are embellished, as are also the portals and windows, with the most ingenious designs executed in marvellous perfection.

On the cornices and domes and around the recesses formed by projecting pillars and on the walls are passages of the Koran in letters formed of black marble. It is believed by those qualified to state it that the

whole Koran is thus imbedded in the walls of the Taj. This jewel of man's creation produces the impression that it is the work of superhuman beings, and lifts the thoughts nearer to the ideal and wonderful creations of the Apocalypse than any other work on the face of the earth. If it is surveyed from above it loses nothing of its sublimity. From one of the minarets, reached by a winding stairway, an outlook may be had from a height of two hundred feet, and the eye wanders half-dazed among slender spires and minarets, as if among the polished shafts of icebergs in the Polar seas, variegated by sunshine from a cloudless sky, and even these are relieved from every tendency to weary by intervening varieties of domes of glistening whiteness and kiosks between like pearls fringed with diamonds.

The central dome is the crown pearl in the wondrous group. Along the edge of a low parapet is a rich border of exquisite mosaics, and around every minaret, from pavement to the dome crown, are inlaid wavy lines of black marble set in the white, in a manner so artful as to give the whole a bluish or pearl-like color. If the entranced observer stands before the sublime porte, or portal, looking toward the entrance gate into the garden, he will see a wainscot embellished by its own polished whiteness and with lilies and roses of Sharon in *bas relief* within a border of matchless design of jewelled vines, which bud in rubies and cornelians, with leaves of malachite and emeralds; and this bordering extends around the inside bases of all doors and window recesses. Any further description of the outside would only confuse the thoughts if time and ability had the temerity to go further. We enter with our reader to the more

wonderful interior and begin at the basement, such only in position, not in finish, where lies in dust, imprisoned in glory, the beautiful Nur Jahan, mistress of the palace, discrowned by death that man might give her immortality through heaven-given genius.

The passage is a sloping descent whose walls and floor have been so polished by the hands and bare feet of the millions of devotees that there is danger of slipping and lying as low as the illustrious dead. No light enters except what comes through the door, and this lights with subdued splendor the tomb of the queen. The air is heavy with the dying odors of tropical flowers brought by beautiful maidens laden with offerings of nature's perishing beauties, so that her death is still the occasion of continual sacrifice of life. The Emperor, Shah Jehan, gets no such tributes; the reason is said to be the excessive anti-idolatrous zeal of Aurungzebe, who feared that in their coming some impious foot might tread on the words "God" and "Mohammed." The sarcophagus of Shah Jehan has on it this inscription in Persian:—"The magnificent tomb of the King Inhabitant of two heavens, Ridun and Khool. The most sublime sitters on the throne in *illeeyun* (starry heaven)—dweller in paradise—Shah Jehan, *Padshah Gazel* (peace to his remains, and heaven is for him.) His death took place the 26th day Rejub, in the year 1665. From this transitory world eternity hath marched him off to the next." Over the spot where his face is supposed to be is a figure resembling a star which was once set with diamonds, but these are gone, made away with by vandal hands, teaching that there is no glory that is not stealable which is not in the character itself. All the figures of baser stones are as perfect as when formed.

This is the only instance in kingly circles where man has been laid in humbler position than woman. Here in these memorials of death the weaker is the more honored. Whether this was Shah Jehan's choice, or whether those who might after his death have raised him in the splendor of his mausoleum above his wife neglected him, is not known; but his is the humbler and less pretentious tomb, and it is charitable, at least, to give him the glory of the humility, be it from accident or neglect. The dead give but little thought, but the place of the remains of life commands wonder and admiration. The ceilings, walls and tombs are a mass of matchless mosaics, representing birds, fruits, flowers, in every form which ingenuity could invent or imagination conceive, amounting to millions of shapes fitted into the design and harmonized with it. These are the true tombs and hold the dust of dissolved greatness. Those on the pavement above are for display, and are built over emptiness. We leave the imprisoned ashes and their magnificent environments to go above and survey the ideal forms which still command homage to the power and genius of more than two centuries ago.

These monuments to the genius of the builders of monuments are in the grand hall, above which is a lofty rotunda lighted both from above and below by perforated screens—a stone lacework of marble and jasper, and ornamented with a wainscoting of sculptured tablets representing flowers. The dustless, boneless tombs, monuments to the spirituality of intellect rather than to the remnants of mortality, are of the purest marble exquisitely inlaid with bloodstone, agate, cornelian, lapis lazuli and other variations of rare and costly stones, and surrounded by an octag-

onal screen six feet high, in the open tracery of which lilies, irises and other flowers are inwrought. This screen conforms to the plan of the building in form and proportions. The circumference is ninety-six feet and the diameter of space enclosed is thirty-two feet, the delicate marble filagree work appearing like draperies of lace between pillars. Beneath the cornice are thousands of inlaid cornelians, agates, rubies, emeralds, blood-stones, carbuncles, garnets, onyx, green marble and malachite. Trailing vines beautify and variegate; each stalk and bud of which is represented by jewels in its appropriate color and shade. The same general ornamentation is traced on the corners and panels of the screens. It is said, by one curious and patient enough to count, that the precious stones in the two pedestals on which the sarcophagus of Nur Jehan rests number one hundred thousand, and those on the Emperor's at three hundred thousand, and this is, no doubt, far below the true number.

The pavement on which the inquisitive millions of devotees and tourists have walked for more than two-hundred years is in harmony with all the rest—both unique and beautiful. The ground work is white marble in diamond squares bordered in black marble, a kind of star pattern, which is in pleasing adaptation and variety. Over all and greatest of all is the interior dome, seventy feet in diameter and arching overhead one hundred and twenty feet, the most marvellous creation of the kind on the earth, both in its vastness and its lightness; it appears to hang in the air as a bell supported by the hands of unseen Titans. The light that glorifies it is changed by it into its own image from glory to glory.

In its acoustic effects the Taj is still more surprising. The echoings and re-echoings, swelling into thunders and dying into melodious whispers in the Baptistry of Pisa, are only the effects of a toy compared with this. They are only surprising; this is overwhelming and sublime. A single musical note, moderately uttered, soars as if caught and reproduced on lips and harps. It is heard at one side and then at another, as if the winged harmony were checked alternately by prison walls and broken by its smitings, down from the major to the plaintive minor, as if some grieved and heart-broken spirit were uttering its plaints fainter and fainter, until its last note comes as if from lips that have died. What funereal wails were caught up into harmonies in the strains of Persian lament chanted here by mourning women, when the Emperor, his sons, daughters and retinue, were bowing to the east and calling to Allah from that pavement which sends up every whisper to be transformed into harmony and brought back sanctified in the change, as the dust of Nur Jehan was carried down the marble steps into its final resting-place! What responses would come up from below to join those above, to form wavelike symphonies in that arched section of the skies! This is not grandeur without devotion. The place suggests the spirituality of God and of the worship becoming the Spirit, infinite and eternal. All its ornaments—all its splendor of man's elaboration and adornments, lead the soul out into the unknowable but awful, as the limitless sense of the undefined oppresses the soul. The sternest natures have given away before it, and have gone into impassioned silence or expressed their emotions in tears. It is the inspiration of

God in great souls, embodied in form. Genius and art have wrought as twins, and the result is more than sublime. It is the ideal of a dream imprisoned in stone, a solitary wonder never to be repeated.

There have been controversies, settling nothing as to the conception and direction of the work, whether it were not European. The chief reason given is the resemblance of the screens about the sarcophagi and the workmanship of the tomb to Florentine mosaic, and from comparisons so slender and doubtful it is inferred that the architect was an Italian; but the impression made upon a thoughtful observer who has no theory to support, nor pride of country to uphold at every cost, is that the Taj is as much Indian as any structure in India, and more Mohammedan than the architecture of Italy is Roman and Roman Catholic.

The Taj is the highest accomplished ideal of Saracenic art and architecture. But we have the names of the Moslem architect and his coadjutors preserved. The Emperor caused a list of the kind of stones used to be made in Persian characters on a stone tablet, where they were procured, and the price paid, and also the names of the workmen and their salaries. "Head master or architect, Isa Mohamed; chief or head illuminator and master of the mosaic work, Amarand Kahn, of Shiraz." The master mason was Mohamed Kunif, of Bagdad. The salaries of the head workmen were the same, one thousand rupees (five hundred dollars) per month. The list of stones was as follows:—Turquoise from Thibet; Lapis lazuli from Ceylon; Coral from Arabia; Garnets from Bundelcund; Diamonds from Punah; Crystals from China; Rock spar from Nurbuddah; Chalcedony from Valate; Amethyst from Persia; Sapphire from

Junka; Cornelians from Bagdad; Bloodstone from Gwalior; Onyx from Persia; White marble from Jeypore and Rajputana; Yellow marble from Nurbuddah; Black marble from Charkow; Pudding stone from Jassilmere; Jasper from Punjab. The mind wearies over the effort to picture and describe all this magnificence—a sense of failure overwhelms us, and we are glad to leave the scene of splendor and to come down from this mount of human transfiguration. It is with a full sense of becoming reverence that the allusion and comparison are made. The poverty of the mind in finding comparisons has compelled it, but there is a transfiguring effect in it, for it has power to change its impressions in the light. Early in the morning, before the sun is up, it appears light blue; in the rising beams of the sun it is tranfigured into roseate hues, and as the sun's rays become more oblique it is changed into a golden vesture woven of sunbeams. When a storm lowers and the dark blue firmament is dappled with clouds, it puts on the violet hues. It is most changeful and mystic in the glory of the moon, when its proportions are magnified, while they are attenuated into the unreal. As seen from the entrance gateway it looks like a palace floating in the motion of a balloon and coquetting with the beholder, for as it is approached it recedes. The moonbeams by their deceptive indistinctness magnify all in proportion until it becomes a palace and temple let down, like the New Jerusalem, from above.

There is a contrast to this dome which tells the unpleasant fact that none appreciate man's grandeur but himself. Nature scorns it, and the animals defile his sublimest attainments. There is a space between the exterior dome and that of the interior vault of the

ceiling, and of this hiding place the bats have taken possession in almost countless numbers, and treat it as a stable. The roar of their wings is deafening. Through the echoing power of the dome it is as the noise of mighty waters in the Apocalyptic descriptions. No one has been able to dislodge them from their kingdom of darkness. The governments have offered tempting bribes for their removal and the cleansing of the place, but the air has become so fetid and offensive that none can be found with the temerity to undertake it. So man's glory and his humiliation exist through the ages side by side.

In the court of the mosque stands a contrivance intended to illustrate the ideas of the day of the stability of Shah Jehan's empire. It is a curious pillar made of porous stone and so admirably balanced on its plinth that it can be pushed with all a man's weight only so far either way that it will instantly right itself, and so the empire might be shaken thought the builder Mohamed Kunif, but it is an ingenious monument to his own ignorance, for Shah Jehan soon became a prisoner and died a prisoner in his own palace. Shah Jehan is said to have commenced another mausoleum for himself on the opposite side of the river, intending to connect the two by a bridge, but his shekels gave out, and the troubles of civil war and the loss of the adventurous spirit by old age, which led to his final fall, destroyed this hope, the loss of which has made the world poorer. Across the river is the tomb of Itmud-ud-Daulah in a beautiful garden, in which nature has been taxed to her utmost to bring forth her tribute of beauty and fragrance. It stands within a quadrangular enclosure upon a marble platform. The mausoleum is of the white marble of Jeypore fifty feet square

and twelve feet high, at each corner is a round marble tower forty feet high surmounted by a marble kiosk. In the centre of the roof is a marble canopy, the sides being of marble openwork in elaborate design, and the whole inlaid in mosaic. This creation holds the remains of the adventurer from Persia, who brought himself and all his belongings to India in a bullock cart. It was, however, a good cart, and became a kind of Cinderella and her glass slipper, to the family. In it was born the celebrated Nur Mahal, wife of Jehangir and aunt of the lady of the Taj. This adventurer became a famous minister of the Empire, not by brevet, but by merit and service, and this beautiful tomb was erected to his memory by his illustrious daughter. These are but a few of the wonders and beauties of Agra, and if our readers are as tired as we are they will join in the *Quantum sufficit.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAWNPORE AND ITS BLOODY RECORDS.

THE triumphs of genius and art are now left behind, and our way is through bloody grounds which have left their record on the darkest pages of history. About six hours south-east of Agra is a city of perfidy and massacre, unapproachable even in the bloodthirsty Orient. Cawnpore is a name so deeply dyed that all the waters of multitudinous seas cannot wash it clean. The place was entered under the cover of the darkness, and when the cloudless sun rose none could imagine that it was the spot where the hours and powers of darkness had held supreme sway. We must locate in Christian Britain the first movements of the story which now follows.

There is a passion in England for the entertaining and adulation of Oriental adventurers—an ill-judged, vulgar hospitality which warms serpents into life. The traditional character of such people ought to deprive them of all trust until they show themselves worthy of hospitality, the very sacrament of confidence. While there are men and women of the Oriental races deserving of social recognition they are so few, and their characters are so well-known and vouched for, that they can be honored without dishonor. But these are entitled to no more respect than men of like character and capacities in our own country, whom many of these vulgar people would never think of asking into their companionship. "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them" is the verdict which experience has only verified. Too much faith in humanity is as wicked as too little, though as a sentiment it is not so beautiful. A small fragment of London society, or sensation mongers, had, during 1855 and 1856, a genuine specimen of what they desired —an Oriental swell; a stylish, sleek, oily-tongued pimp, who was out recruiting for his master. "Is he not just splendid?" was the refrain over his bad English, his graceful ways, his dark eyes, his fine shawls and his sparkling jewels. This fondled vagabond, this cobra with sleek skin and fascinating eyes, was Azimulla Khan, the moving spirit and the shadowed hand of all the deviltries that stained with blood the year 1857. This pampering of dashing and pretentious adventurers is not British alone; it is American as well, and we have disgraced ourselves perhaps as often, considering our opportunities, but not with such national disaster.

This much-petted Hindu monster was a spy sending pessimistic accounts of English military weakness;

their disasters in Sebastopol were commented upon adversely; their inability to hold power was proved from them. Every thing English was depreciated, and his missives fanned national hopes and hatreds in India into flame. He was the bosom friend of that other incarnate fiend, Nana Sahib, whose grievances were avenged in the bloody scenes of the darkest pages of history. If the devil has ever had an incarnation it occurred in India at the village of Bithoor on the Ganges. There lived a Hindu of rank named Doondhoo Punth, but known among the English as Nana Sahib. He was the adopted son of Bagee Rao, the last Peishwa, or head of the Mahratta confederacy, and inherited his houses, landed estates, jewels, &c. This man felt outraged at an indignity which stung him to the quick. He believed that he had not only inherited the estates of his adopted father, but his titles and honors as well. Five years before the mutiny the death of Bagee Rao occurred, and Lord Dalhousie, for the English government, announced that the titular dignity had ceased, and that the heir by adoption, Nana Sahib, could only succeed to his private property; his pension and the customary salute of a few guns accorded to those of his dignity had ceased. This young upstart, with a vanity Oriental, took this as an indignity to himself, and made desperate, but vain, efforts to have the order for the salutes restored; for these are, with Indian princes, the highest expression of honor. And when the occasion arrived his grievance came forth as the demon of vengeance. On the morning of the 6th of June the native troops mutinied and marched out of Kalianpur, the first stage on the Delhi road, determined, no doubt, to reinforce the main body at the Moghul capital. The mutiny began by a demonstration in the

form of burning European bungalows and the gathering of notorious crowds and demonstration of mutinous native soldiers. The following description was written by one of Havelock's soldiers:

"When General Wheeler perceived these indications of coming trouble, he desired the European officers of native regiments to ascertain, if possible, the cause of disaffection. These officers, therefore, left their wives and families in their bungalows and remained with their regiments in the cantonments four or five days, and took over the command from the native officers, and received from them the keys of the stores of arms and ammunition. The native officers were indignant that the keys should be taken away from them, as they and their forefathers had held them for years.

"They were informed that it was by order of government. A few days after the keys were given back for the purpose of getting out their arms for a parade ordered by the General. The men took the arms and fell in on parade. When the parade was over they refused to give up their arms, and made a deal of noise, but at the time did no actual violence. About the middle of the night the officers, lying on their charpoys (cots) in the midst of their regiments, used to be awakened by guns fired over their heads, but could obtain no explanation from their men. At the same time chappatties (thin flat cakes) were being circulated in all directions, from regiment to regiment. Once the cake was broken it was considered that the oath to the government, or 'John Company,' was supposed to be broken. When General Wheeler saw that discipline was at an end, he told the European officers of those native regiments to look to their

families, and at the same time ordered some hundred coolies to dig a ditch and throw up the earth so as to form a low wall round the spot selected for the entrenchment. When it was nearly finished the General issued an order, and sent round notices to be signed by the whole of the European garrison, civilians and every one else, stating that if they did not come into the entrenchment within so many hours he would not be responsible for their safety, as the native troops had mutinied. Up to this time no damage had been done beyond firing the bungalows. Nana was in communication with General Wheeler, who believed him to be friendly, whom he assured the rebels would do no damage, but would fall in and march to Delhi. The Nana, however, advised the General to collect all the Europeans in Cawnpore and vicinity together in some convenient place. The General suggested the magazine, but Nana replied that it was too dangerous, and he would take care of it. Then the storehouse of the heavy guns and ammunition was mentioned, but 'Nana' said 'there was a bungalow close by, from which the rebels could fire upon the women and children, and it was then that the spot for the entrenchment was fixed upon as being an open plain, affording little or no cover to the enemy. General Wheeler, when the entrenchment was nearly completed, issued an order that the whole of the garrison and the civilians (with their families) who had signed his memorandum should come in; consequently they came in provided with clothing and necessaries to last them eight or twelve hours, expecting that by that time the rebels would have marched to Delhi. The rebels had proceeded one day's march out of Cawnpore and were starting

the second morning when a message was received from the 'Nana' that the English were all in the entrenchments." After the Europeans were all in the barracks, their calamities came thick and fast—the issue sped on the wings of vengeance.

General Wheeler, who was in command, a good and sincere man, was afflicted with too much faith in the representative, at least, of a conquered race, and therefore caused as much mischief by his over-confidence as if he had been a traitor outright. He threw himself and those under his protection in the claws of the tiger. He and his forces and their dependents went into the trap prepared at the suggestion of Nana in the depot barracks, the site of which is now designated by the Memorial church. There were within this extemporized fortification, two barracks, one story high, each holding a company; one was built of thatch, and the other of masonry. Within this enclosure were some officers and a well. which we saw bearing now the marks of roundshot upon its enclosure. Around this fragile protection a trench had been dug and an embankment thrown up about four feet high, the outlines of which were recovered and marked by order of the Prince of Wales a few years ago. Openings were made in these earth-works for the guns, but there was no protection for the gunners. The whole number of guns was ten, of all sizes and calibre, and a scant supply of indifferent provisions, not sufficient for ten days, much less for the fearful month through which they had to sustain fainting life ere death came to their relief.

During the siege of Wheeler's band all the entrenchments were under fire of the rebel guns. On the left was a bungalow held by the rebels, from

which they could fire on the only well from which the beleaguered men, women and children could get a drop of water. Into the other well, two hundred yards outside the entrenchment, held by Captains Thompson and Jenkins, exposed on the plain now enclosed in a garden cemetery, were thrown the bodies of those who first died in the entrenchments from cholera, small-pox, heat and wounds. Captain Jenkins, who held a bungalow near this well, kept up a constant fire to cover the movements of those carrying out the dead for their watery burial. This well is now walled over and its surroundings beautified by flowers and ornamental trees, and over it is a large cross, with smaller ones at each corner of the little cemetery garden. Never did burial sentiments touch our heart as these did; the tears would come however much one might brace himself against them. On this central cross was engraved "Here were laid by the hands of their fellows in suffering the bodies of those men, women and children who died near-by, during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchment, when beleaguered by the rebel Nana, June 6th to 27th, 1857." On the pedestal of the cross is that sublime utterance of the divine word which we had read in the one hundred and forty-second Psalm, but had never appreciated its soul-stirring pathos and beauty before. "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth, but our eyes are unto thee O God, the Lord." The smaller crosses have on them the names of the officers and men whose bodies were thrown into this well.

Soon its defenders, while their companions buried their dead from within the walls of the two barracks, had to leave and take refuge with the rest, as the rebels

had concentrated on them a constant fire. Captain Jenkins was wounded and died, and his body was also thrown into this well. His monument is a cross. Of this company of sixteen, who defended the burial well only one, Private Murphy, escaped. He also survived the massacre, which came after. Captain Thompson and Lieutenant Delafosse, comrades in the same boat, were killed, but he clung to pieces of the boat and swam until dark, after which he with one refugee sought rest in a Hindu temple. Some of the observing rebels determined to smoke them out, and to this end piled bramble brush and wood at the door and set fire to it, but the smoke did not reach them sufficiently to injure them. The rebels, supposing that they were killed, left, and they escaped to Futehpore. During all this time the treacherous Nana had been the counsellor of the credulous Wheeler as to how to protect the helpless women and children from the rebels, and to him had been committed the armory and treasury of the government. He was in constant communication with the rebels, and sent those word to return to Cawnpore who it was supposed were going to Delhi, which they did, surrounding the entrenchment. A battery of three guns was planted at St. John's church, two hundred and fifty yards away, entirely commanding the enclosure in which Wheeler and his companions were. These guns opened on their bungalows and nearly every shot struck one or the other.

On the eighth day, seeing that the English remnant had still a thatch covering over their heads, they got doors and windows from the neighboring bungalows, which they piled in a heap, into which they fired hot round shot and other inflammables, setting on

fire the last shelter from the burning heat of an Indian mid-summer, and on the coming day they were enclosed only in a begrimed, honeycombed pen of four naked walls, and the work of death by pestilence, war and exhaustion going on. The men then attempted to dig holes in the ground for the shelter of the helpless and dying, but this, for some unaccountable reason, developed the smallpox to such an alarming extent it had to be abandoned. All the shelter left for the women and children was the ditch by their low earth fortifications and from such scanty garments as they could find to spread over bayonets and sticks. General Wheeler had a tent, but when he was taken ill he was removed into the magazine.

On the evening of the 26th of June, when the remnant was sinking into almost hopeless despair, a letter was received by the hand of a Christian woman, Mrs. Jacob, which was reported to General Wheeler, who read it to his staff. It was an offer from Nana Sahib to provide all the English with boats to take them to Allahabad on condition of surrender of all arms and ammunition. Wheeler remarked, "A very good offer, indeed. We had better accept it." Some of the older civilians said, "No." Some of the women, with women's instinct of danger, said, "No; we had better die where we are." The General urged that their losses had been so severe while in the entrenchment that they were now almost out of ammunition and food, that smallpox and cholera were carrying them away every day, and so senseless faith and desperation prevailed.

"After some discussion it was decided the offer should be accepted, and the General thereupon signed the treaty, and also sent a note to the 'Nana' saying

that a committee of officers would go down to the river and examine the boats. The committee of officers went to the river the same evening and found the boats there. In addition to the ordinary country boats there were painted boats for the women, the sick and the wounded. There were no provisions, but these were promised to be put on the boats during the night. The officers came back and reported, and that night there seemed to be no care or trouble, and many had a bath for the first time in twenty-one days. Some were, however, very apprehensive of treachery. The General had arranged to open a breach to allow the hackeries to come in for the purpose of taking the baggage to the boats; and early in the morning the conveyances were brought up to the wall, and the baggage loaded on, and supposed to go down to the boats. Then the 'fall in' was sounded, and the soldiers fell into line to march out of the entrenchments, and the women served out the cakes, or chappatties. Just before the word 'quick march' was given the 'Nana' sent a letter by a sower (orderly) to General Wheeler saying he was very sorry to inform him that there were not sufficient boats to convey the luggage, but that the luggage would follow to Allahabad When this was known the ladies commenced grumbling, and said they wanted a change of clothes which were in the boxes. But as the luggage was all packed up on the hackeries (bullock carts) and tied down, it could not conveniently be unloaded, and the word was given 'quick march' and out of the entrenchments they marched on the morning of June 27th, General Wheeler being carried in the only palanquin they had."

That march was as sad as the eyes of heaven and angels ever rested on. There were gentle women who had not been able to change their garments after lying in ditches littered by rubbish, spattered with the blood of the wounded men, with scarcely enough to cover them; and the sick trying to drag themselves along, drooping, falling, and having to be carried or put in bullock carts, hopeless, for by this time the conviction of treachery had taken hold of every life. One of the officers asked of some one of the Sepoys, "Is Nana coming to see us off?" He replied, "Do you remember eighteen months ago, I told you that the natives of India would like to make the Europeans their servants? Good morning, sir, the day has come." Poor exiles from their homes, far away from their children, many of whom were in England, and glad were they, though no doubt longing to see them once more, and derided by a people who were not worthy to be set with the dogs of their fathers' flocks! As they struggled toward the tragic goal, they had to pass though a native village, the inhabitants of which turned out to jeer at them, to insult the women by vile epithets, to shout and dance with delight around their heathen temple, making game of the distress that their perfidy had brought upon innocent hearts. Passing this village, the way was lined by a gnashing mob, even crowding on their tottering footsteps. At last the Suttee Ghat, or sacred bathing place, was reached. They entered through a heathen temple and under a sacred tree called "Peepul" tree, which had grown to enormous proportions, because it is an act of worship whenever a pitcher of water is taken from the Ganges for some to be poured at its roots. The Ghat is a series of steps rising from

out of the water to the top of the bank, perhaps fifty feet long and thirty or forty steps high; to these the boats were to come to take them aboard; at each side were stone parapets, so that they were all securely enclosed. General Wheeler saw that they were at the bathing place of the women of the old Peshwar, and turned to the officers he had sent the night before to examine the boats, saying, "Is this the place?" They replied, "It is not; that was five hundred yards higher up the river." Then his heart failed him; he woke up when too late to the dreadful end to which they had come. He walked down the steps at the river side feeble from his sickness, and took his position, followed by his staff, where he rested under the shade of the sacred tree. The Nana and his staff and the mob, pressing behind, occupied the opposite side of the steps. The rebels were not only pressing the Nana, but swarming on the banks on both sides of the river. They had not come out of idle curiosity, but for a purpose, and were hurrying on to it.

The boats were called. One came, and General Wheeler said that the women and children should be put on board as fast as possible. Several had embarked when there appeared an excitement among the rebels, at which General Wheeler lifted his eyes to heaven and folded his arms, as if offering his dying prayer, and remained silent from that moment. The people on the steps cried "treachery," and a panic ensued. While this was going on the Nana was heard consulting as to who of the women should go and who should remain, and those selected were driven back. The purposes of this selection can easily be imagined. The steps could only hold two hundred, and the remaining fugitives were on the bank above

under the shade of the tree or in the small temple. Twenty-eight boats were loaded and sent adrift, and ten rebel boatmen were manning them. Then three boats tied together were brought. It was suggested that these were for Wheeler's staff, but he again refused to embark until the women were all aboard. Nana had his reasons for keeping the younger of these back; he had already embarked the older ones. The three boats tied together were soon filled with women and children, and the word given to pull out, when it was found that they were fastened by stakes in the river bed, but by hard pushing were broken loose. As these boats moved out into the river a flag was hoisted over the heathen temple, and as soon as it was seen the boatmen on all the boats left them and swam to the shore. Then hell opened its destructive resources, and volley after volley was poured in upon the hapless remnant from every side. There were two batteries which had been screened from view. A destructive fire was begun on the remnant on the steps, and then the Nana and his staff rushed on General Wheeler, killing him instantly. Where he sat are the stains of his blood. Our guide, one of Havelock's soldiers, ordered some of the Hindus who had come to bathe, to wash the steps, which revealed a dark stain. Whether it was his blood or not he declared it to be so, and the natives confirmed it.

After the butchery began it was continued. One boat after another was sunk, women and children were either torn into fragments by the balls, drowned in the river, or burned in the flames of the bamboo-covered boats. A few of the men swam to the opposite shore, to be killed by the rebel hordes upon the banks.

A native eye-witness had the humanity and truthfulness to disclose the facts as they occurred. He gave in detail the peril and disaster of all that were in the only boat that escaped. "Some distance down the river the boat stuck on the shore and the infantry and guns came up and opened fire. The Sahibs (foreigners) returned the fire with their rifles from the boats and wounded several of the Sepoys (native soldiers) on the bank, who, therefore, drew off towards evening. At night came a great rush of water in the river which floated off the Sahibs' boat, and they passed down the river, but owing to the storm and the dark night they only proceeded three or four koss. In the meantime intelligence of the Sahibs' defence had reached the Nana, and he sent off that night three more companies and surrounded the Sahibs' boats, and so took them and brought them back to Cawnpore. There came out of that boat sixty Sahibs and twenty-five mem Sahibs, English ladies. The Nana ordered the mem Sahibs (women) to be separated from the Sahibs (men) to be shot. The Sahibs were seated on the ground, and two companies placed themselves over against them with their muskets ready to fire. Then said one of the mem Sahibs (women), the doctor's wife, 'I will not leave my husband. If he must die I will die with him,' so she ran and sat down with her husband and clasped him round the waist. Directly she said this the other mem Sahibs said, 'We will also die with our husbands.' Then their husbands said, 'Go back,' but they would not. Whereupon the Nana ordered his soldiers, and they going in pulled them forcibly away, seizing them by the arm, but they could not pull away the doctor's wife, who there remained.

Then just as the Sepoys were going to fire the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nana and requested to read prayers before they died. The Nana granted it. The chaplain's hands were unloosened so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read. After the chaplain had read a few prayers he shut the book, and after the Sahibs had shaken hands all round, then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib fell one way, and another fell another way as they sat, but they were not dead, only wounded; so they went in and finished them off with swords."

The women on Nana's side at the Ghat who had been kept back out of the boats were taken away. There were still on the steps about one hundred and twenty officers, men and civilians who, with Major Vibbard, fled to Shoorajpore, where they were captured by a picket of rebels. Word was sent to the Nana, who ordered them to be imprisoned in the Savada House, a building down the Calcutta turnpike still standing but deserted. They were tied elbow to elbow after each man's hands had been fastened behind his back. He also ordered the women and children at the Ghat, left on the bank at the Hindu temple on the river, to be taken to the Assembly Rooms, two miles distant with the remnant of women saved from the massacre in the boats.

On the 1st of July, the prisoners in the Savada House were taken into the yard one-by-one and their throats cut. The Rebels appointed to superintend the river massacre reported that all on the boats were killed except a few picked up by the way, which they had brought to him as prisoners. The Nana ordered these also to be imprisoned in the Assembly Rooms for the night, and that in the morning the men should

be put in another bungalow. Some of Nana's staff asked that some of the ladies should be given up to them, and they were allowed to take some of them away on the promise to bring them back on the day following. One of these ladies, a daughter of General Wheeler, is reported to have shot the Sepoy officer who tried to take her, cut her own throat and then jumped into the well. The officers, civilians and soldiers were confined in a bungalow, thirty or forty yards distant from the women and children. The latter were placed under the care of a woman said to be a relative of the Nana. That night the Nana held a nautch ending in a revel in his own quarters. But in the midst of these awful scenes the shadows of coming revenge disturbed the Nana's spirit. He had slaughtered hundreds at the river; women were butchered and shot and burned, bayoneted and drowned. Close by the altar of Suttee on which widows had been burned through centuries, as if in revenge on the English for breaking it up, he sacrificed some of the English women.

This bloody butchery was only the preface to the chapter of horrors to be written and read with shuddering. The women whom the Nana had spared for unspeakable purposes—the young and beautiful whom he had kept back when the rest had embarked on their voyage of death, together with any who had escaped, were taken back to the town and literally stuffed into a one-storied house, a pen, but soon to become both the most famous and infamous spot on the globe, now known wherever inhumanity is odious as the House of Massacre. It consisted of two rooms, each ten by twenty, and five closets without a glint of light. In this insufferable place, without either a ray

of hope or light, two hundred and one English women, refined and mostly of noble birth and rearing, with their children, some babes of but a few days and weeks, and some born amid the horrors of the siege, with five men, were confined nineteen days in that awful tropical heat, awaiting the determination of the incarnate fiend to give them not to death—that were a destiny beyond his widest stretch of mercy—but to dishonor. No historian can depict in horrors the secrets over which heaven drew its pall of oblivion. God would not permit it to be revealed, to be the sport of the low, nor perhaps to excite the merciless frenzy of the avengers of their blood so soon to witness the remnants of the unapproachable perfidy. But mutterings of awful wrath came through the air of terrible bronzed-faced men coming from Calcutta, scattering hosts as chaff before the wind, taking no prisoners, asking no quarters and giving none. The clouds of the smoke of their cannon came over the traitor's head, and he began to sniff the terror of fire and brimstone from afar.

Havelock, God's minister of mercy and vengeance, was, on the 15th of June, within a little over a day's march of Cawnpore. He had been saved as by a miracle from a shipwreck, because his work was not done, and he could not die by disease, storm or wave. He had a few more suffering months to fill in of duty and trial before he could find his grave in India in sight of the palace of the arch-fiend who was massacring his people. Those bronzed-faced Britains, blackened by powder and lime-dust from the highway were coming too late to save, but not too late to teach "vengeance is mine and I will repay, saith the Lord." If they had known of the outrage

and butcheries of helpless women going on they would have mounted chariots of flames driven by the wings of the wind. So Nana either thought he would destroy all evidences of his treachery, or would paralyze the hearts of these avengers, or would leave them without any thing to save when they did come. He ordered every man, woman and child to be put to death by cutting their throats at ten o'clock on the morning of July 15th. Not one ray of pity lies across this scene of imperial blackness. His officers endeavored to get men to do the butcher's work, but whether from its horror, or through dread of breaking their caste in touching and holding Europeans while the command was being executed, or whether the fear of what did come had already entered their murderous souls, no one could be found to do the deed. At ten o'clock he commanded that at the bugle sound the Sepoys should fire. The doors were opened and the firing went on for several hours, but to his amazement only two had been killed. He then ordered fifty soldiers to go into the city and force the butchers to come, as these men had no caste. They brought twenty-five or thirty, who refused to go in and butcher the women and children. Nana said he would order his cavalry to cut them down unless they obeyed his orders, and five of them seized their axes and hatchets and went into the enclosure. These men belonged to a low gipsy class.

They entered at five o'clock; the door was shut behind them. The screams and muffled groans told the story without, that the threats of the Nana to cut the butchers down by his cavalry if they did not execute his atrocious commands was having its effects. They began their bloody work at five o'clock and finished

at half-past ten. They were paid fifty cents apiece, or one hundred and three dollars for the job, and were sent away, and the door was locked for the night. The next morning the door was opened and it was found that about a dozen women had escaped death by falling into the corners of the buildings until covered over by the bodies of their dead sisters. At the sight of the butchers again they fled out of their bloody hiding places, and with one accord dashed by them and leaped into a well in the enclosure. The well was forever defiled by its use by foreigners and by the presence of the bodies of the women. So it was devoted to its immortal mission—a burial place for martyred women who suffered in Christ and the faith of his resurrection. Scavengers were called in, for no caste of Hindu or Mohammedan would touch them, and these hacked, pale, blood-drenched corpses of beautiful and holy women were dragged by feet, arms, or hair of the head and tumbled indiscriminately into the well which their living sisters had chosen for death and burial rather than suffer dishonor.

When these diabolical brutalities were ended the Nana went out to meet Havelock, who was coming up the turnpike from Calcutta. The roar of avenging guns, the clouds of dust and the shouts of those awful men of war had already terrified his craven soul. But the fatal, never to be forgiven deed, was done. He could not go back; he had no retreat save in the world of despair; not a European captive lived to reproach him, but the blood of his victims cried from the ground. When his mutinous troops, blanched with fear at the first onset, saw Sir Colin Campbell's Highlanders in their native costume and heard them shout they were

overwhelmed with guilty fears, and when they beheld them fighting while still ignorant that their kin and countrymen were massacred, they declared that they were not men, but the spirits of the brave women who had been murdered come back to avenge their wrongs, and who by death could not be conquered. The conflict of that day was terrible, but brief. The Nana was not now managing beleaguered women and children overcome by disease, heat and starvation; he was not meeting the martyrs dead in the memorial house, but their kindred, their countrymen, and the avengers of blood. Veterans were rushing on him led by a brave and skilful commander who was maintaining the cause of God and his country, and who had in battle but two alternatives —victory or death.

The army of the mutineers outnumbered them ten to one. The Nana led them in person. He could do nothing less, though it was not to the liking of his cowardly spirit. He soon got his discharge. He charged the advancing line of red coats, who never drop out of the ranks but by death. The glistening of a cloudless sunshine on their burnished steel dazed him, their fierce looks and steady, onward steps appalled him, and the shots of the Sepoys became few and random, and then panic came, and the Nana headed the broken ranks, fleeing for his life. He reached Cawnpore at nightfall on a chestnut horse covered with foam and bleeding in the flanks. He goaded the jaded beast to Bithoor, and there, putting the many wives and servants of his harem on his fleetest horses, took such treasures as he could carry and fled toward Lucknow.

From a writer of the time we glean the following: "The relieving party eagerly approached the building, expecting to find the women and children. But when the gates were thrown back even these stern men, accustomed to scenes of blood, were unmanned. The paved court was strewn with remnants of women's clothing, children's dresses, bloody as if hacked from the person of the living wearers. Gory and dishevelled tresses of women's hair lay trampled in blood. Traces of savage violence were seen in every room. At length the fearful truth was realized—in that huge well in the rear was a last receptacle in which the victims of lust and murder were hidden, and here yet, reeking, stripped, dishonored, mutilated and massacred, lay the bodies of two hundred and eight women and children. The walls of the building were marked by bullets and sword strokes low down, as if the crouching victim had been cut to pieces. On the wall were written brief scratches, 'Think of us,' 'Avenge us,' 'My child, my child.' In one apartment, carefully ranged along one side, was a row of women's shoes with the bleeding amputated feet in them. On the opposite side the mocking fiends had ranged a row of children's shoes filled in a similar way. Living and dead had been thrown into the well. Fragments of Bibles and religious books, the leaves of one, 'Preparation for Death,' were strewn all over the room. The courtyard was literally swimming in blood. A number of the women had been stripped, lying on their backs, fastened by the arms and legs, and kept for five or six days in the broiling sun. Others were hacked to pieces and both women and children had been susjected to most frightful outrages."

General Havelock and his forces arrived two hours and ten minutes after the appalling massacre was over, and from the General down the men wept like children—made helpless by what they beheld. After the first shock to their feelings they were consumed with the desire for swift and awful punishment. They caught some of the mutineers, and dragging them into the Christian blood they had shed they literally mopped up the pavements with the bodies of these fiends, the worst punishment that could have been inflicted upon them, thus hopelessly breaking their caste, degrading them in their own eyes and those of Hindus and Mohammedans as nothing else conceived by human ingenuity could do, except one other device of men made infernally ingenious by outrage. This was the mode of death prepared for the leaders as far as caught and inflicted upon them. In the wonderful painting of Vallili Verestchagin, the Russian artist, are both a picture and a description of the way it was done, and we are satisfied that it is entirely correct. About a dozen guns are represented in line. Across the muzzle of each is fixed a piece of wood as long as a man's outstretched arms. This is bound by cords to the muzzle and the victim is placed before the piece of wood and bound to it, and when standing it crosses his back at his arms, looking, when lashed to it, as if he had been bound to a cross; and a fearful fiery cross was it indeed to these transgressors. In this row the Hindu and Mohammedans can be distinguished by their features and dress. The ball would strike the wood first, and then the body, and the result is practical annihilation. This mode of execution, terrible as it seems, is compara-

tively humane to all but natives, who are appalled at its effects. The artist declares that Sepoys were blown in this way from guns by the thousand, and that as a mode of punishment it has been used in India for many years before the mutiny and will be again.

"The Hindu does not fear any other kind of capital punishment received at the hands of the 'heathenish, unclean Europeans.' They hold that any one shot down or hung by the European goes to swell the ranks of the martyrs who are entitled to a high reward in the future life. But an execution by means of a gun carries positive terror into the heart of a native, since such a shot tears the criminal's body in many parts and thus prevents him from presenting himself in decent form in heaven. In order to hold a population of 250,000,000 in political and economical submission by means of 60,000 bayonets, it is not enough to be brave and to be possessed of political tact—punishment and bloody reprisals cannot be avoided."

Between the place of massacre at the Suttee Ghat on the Ganges and the railroad station of the East Indian Company is an enclosure of mingled beauty and sadness. Hard, indeed, would be the heart which would not have a sense of depression, drear the eye that had no tears to shed as one passes its portal, over which ever lie the shadows of dismal death. One walks here as in no other city of the dead in the world. Most of those doomed to death have gone quietly, and gently as love could smooth the way to their final resting-place, and most have had time to be so educated by sufferings as to be reconciled to their end. But here not a single ray of mitigation appears. All

nature is at work to dispel the gloom—the brightest sunshine from a cloudless sky: no flitting shadows cross this spot. Flowers press their beauties on the senses; delicious odors meet and greet the pilgrim. Never was spot so songful; never so many birds of beauty gathered together. The grass has closed over the gaps in earth's maternal breast, hiding the wrecks of life under its grateful coverings. This, "God's acre," is of indescribable loveliness, all the shadows and horrors must come by the imagination only. Here was the tragic scene enacted that stands monumental in the criminal records of human history.

In the centre opposite the gateway, and the most conspicuous object, is a mound about fifteen feet high, approached by a flight of steps, over the arch of which is inscribed, "These are they which came up out of great tribulation." This is the well into which the victims of this horrid massacre were cast, and it is incredible that it held so many, and can only be explained in the rapidity with which dissolution went on in the intense heat. There is a beautiful statue of marble on the top of the mound over the well, designed by Baron Marachette and erected by the government of India, inscribed, "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel named Dundhoo Punth, but commonly called Nana Sahib, of Bithoor, who cast the dying with the dead into the well below." There is a most pathetic inscription, one of the wonders that ingenious grief-smitten love brings forth in its distresses out of the wells of consolation in God's Word, never seen by dry eyes. "Sacred to the memory of the women and children of the late

ill-fated company Sixth Battalion Bengal Artillery, who were slaughtered near this spot by the mutineers. This monument is erected by a non-commissioned officer, who formerly belonged to the First Company, Sixth Batallion. 'Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them. Wherefore should they say among the people, Where is their God? Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice; for the Lord will do great things.' A. D. 15th day of August, 1857."

Within this enclosure are seventy-two hillocks covered with the greenest grass and flowers, containing the bodies, or fragments of them, of hapless women and children. The two buildings in which the unspeakable atrocities of outrage and murder were committed, atrocities that even yet make men grow pale, were torn down, and as they were being removed men read with horror the messages those women in their humiliation had written, on the walls in blood, or scratched with sticks and charcoal, hoping that their friends might read them, and, perhaps, avenge them. The dust-covered faces of brave men who had fought their way through blood, heat and smoke of the battle were streaked by their tears as they read these farewells of their sisters and were moved by martyrdoms that stand alone and unapproachable in all the infernal infamies upon which the light of heaven ever looked, or the darkness of night ever shrouded. Vengeance was swift and awful, and paid out with an almost diabolical ingenuity.

A village has been referred to through which the captives were led to their massacre on the Ganges, where the women were insulted and jeered at by the people and priesthood at a shrine by which they

passed. The guide who conveyed us to these tragic spots was one of the relieving party, who helped bury the dead. He described the utter destruction of this village, men and women driven back into the flames of their homes by the infuriated British soldiers. British officers are properly silent now over the sickening details of the vengeance taken, but those who remember reading of it in the newspapers of the day have distinct recollections of its horrible character. The natives know it, some saw it, others heard it from their friends, and they will not soon forget the dreadful men who came clad in fire and smoke demanding punishment for the lives of their countrymen in the blood and treasure of their destroyers. This veteran soldier pointed out the Savada house a half mile or more below the railway station on the road from Calcutta over which the avenging army came. The Savada house is where part of the luckless host was imprisoned, seventy men and officers being captured in their flight from the massacre at Suttee Ghat, on the Ganges, after which they were slaughtered in the general massacre. It is a deserted place, as if the habitation of lost spirits; no one ever living in it since. In front of this and to the north is a vacant space of about two hundred acres where General Windham was surprised on his way as a relieving force and lost every thing; his men were scattered, helpless refugees, hiding wherever shelter could be found until the remnant was gathered together again by Havelock's force from Lucknow.

On the border of Wheeler's encampment, where these horrible tragedies began, is a red brick memorial church, poorly suited to the place or object, but worthy of respect as a remembrance of what India has cost Europe

and America. If she shall yet be redeemed from her idolatry and vindictive hate in the song of final triumph will be ingrafted the apocalyptic description of the men and women whose memorial tablets are about its walls, "These are they which came up out of great tribulation." This church is of little value for any other purpose than a monument. The style is Romanesque. Of course, what Anglican could think of any thing else better suited for India than the gloomy religious dungeons of Europe? It is without proper ventilation and stifling to the worshippers in this exhausting climate. The walls are covered with tablets, on which are inscribed the names of the martyrs; so "All Souls" church has become the mute historian of these direful times. On one of these tablets is inscribed, "To the glory of God and in memory of nearly one thousand Christian people," and of these are the names of three, at least, of our own countrymen of the State of Pennsylvania, and the city of Philadelphia, Johnson, McMullen, Freeman and Campbell. There are many beautiful offerings of love throughout the church, none more touching than one of the plainest to one who performed the sublimest service, a baptismal font, the gift of the Queen, inscribed, "In memory of John Robert Mackellop, who nobly lost his life while drawing water from the well for the distressed women and children June, 1857."

The city of Cawnpore is not of much interest except as the place of consummation of horrors. It is like most interior Hindu cities, full of human and inhuman beings, a race crushed through nearly all its existence, so that now this is the only existence for which it is fit. It will require as many ages to bring it back into Christian civilization as it has spent in departing

from the best civilization of the past. The city has a population of 116,000. The Ganges is navigable from this point south to the sea one thousand miles and northward three hundred miles, chiefly by steam tugs and flat-bottomed boats, either propelled by sails or oars. The Ganges Canal here discharges itself into the river, from which it is taken four hundred miles higher up at Hardwar. This water way extends over eight hundred miles. Cawnpore has not much record in English history; its first appearance being in 1777, when chosen as the seat of the advanced British garrison. It formed the base of Lake's brilliant campaign in 1803, by which the British became masters of the Oudh province.

There had been some mission work done, but no strong hold was gained before the mutiny. Since that time, however, the Northern American Methodists have occupied it, while the soil was yet wet with martyr blood, and have made good progress; especially with Europeans and Eurasians, who had been much neglected. The Conference sustains an English-speaking minister, with such support as the worshippers give, and the congregation is strong and progressive. The Rev. Allan Maxwell is the efficient pastor, a man of executive ability, by which he furthers the practical interests of the mission people. He devised a way of reaching the children through the Sabbath-school. He sought the native Brahmin school teachers, and agreed to pay them for bringing their scholars during the session of the Sabbath-school once a week, and the plan has wrought wonders.

Thus in Cawnpore and environs the mission has sixteen hundred Sabbath-school scholars. To please and attract them an anniversary is given every year;

elephants are secured, on which are placed the scholars who have excelled in attendance, behavior and study of the Scriptures—the distinguished one leading the procession. A band plays; there are banners inscribed with texts of Scriptures borne along, and thousands following enjoying the scene with the children. Refreshments are served, speeches made, singing by the scholars, recitations of Scriptures by boys and girls, and the strangest of all is that both Mohammedan and Brahmin fathers will come and sit and chuckle with delight over the recitations of the Scriptures made by their daughters with uncovered faces, whose mothers are at home, perhaps, never permitted to cross the threshold of their house enclosure. It will take more than the power of a harem to keep these girls, having once tasted the sweets of Christian freedom, within mud walls.

In Cawnpore they have every form of mission work, girls' schools, zenana work. Mrs. Maxwell, the wife of the pastor, has wrought to great advantage by going to the Ghat, or place of sacred bathing, frequented by high-caste Indian women, soon after daylight, and distributing the Scriptures and Christian tracts and books in their own language to as many as would receive them. At first they were shy and disposed to give her space for her trouble, but their confidence was soon gained, and they became so eager that they crowded her until it became unendurable, and she could not furnish Scriptures and leaflets as fast as they wished. There is a school for girls well attended and self-supporting.

It is said reproachfully that missionaries are not good financiers, which is not true, and especially is it false in connection with the Methodist mission work

in India, for they have property here, obtained by gift and advantageous purchases, which, if the country prospers, will make them independent of all aid in twenty years. In Cawnpore and Lucknow they have magnificent situations, the best in many respects in these cities, and plenty of room for school, publishing and church purposes, and a handsome income, if they manage as well in the future as in the past, for all exigencies.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FUTTEHGURH MISSION AND MASSACRE.

THIS city also has a history written in sacrifice and will live in the memories thereof in the future. It fringes the Ganges on the west side and is seven hundred miles north-west of Calcutta, the capital of the district known as the Zillah of Furrukabad. The city has considerable wealth and business activity, but the buildings are mostly of mud and covered with thatch, as inflammable as a straw-stack. The houses of European style are comparatively few and of the usual kind—brick, plastered and painted in distemper colors. There is nothing to interest a foreigner except the efforts made, and still making, to save the people. The leading work is in the hands of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the United States. Until the mutiny and massacre every thing was encouraging, but the work has never been so unfettered and so hopeful since. The shadows of death still lie upon it, though it has been for thirty years slowly reviving. It began as the outcome of one of the most terrible famines India ever suffered.

The place had so many advantages long before the famine that Drs. Lowrie and Wilson urged its occupation upon the Board as a promising field of labor; but Providence settled it years after through the distresses of the dying people. Little children wandered about homeless and foodless, as poor as the "pie" dogs.

The heart of Rev. Gopee Nauth Nundy was moved with compassion for the distressed of his people, and he visited villages and highways to relieve the dying and gather the fatherless and motherless children, or those abandoned to death. In his journeys mothers came to him and offered their children to him in tears for a handful of flour, and when he received them would lie down in death without a murmur or struggle. The government and everybody else did all that was possible for the sufferers, except the wealthy heathen, who extorted the last anna and then let them die on their threshold. These are the fruits of Brahminism, of Buddhism and Mohammedanism. Native flour dealers mixed lime in the flour sold to the starving, which produced diarrhœa. Dr. Madden, in the employ of the East India Company, had gathered a number of these starving children and engaged Gopee Nauth Nundy and his wife to take charge of the work of caring for them, but owing to the death of Dr. Madden's wife he gave up the institution. It had been determined to send the orphans to Benares when word came that a man was coming from the Presbyterian Board from New York to begin a school in which these could be placed. That man, comparatively unknown then, became one of the best known, trusted and loved of all the American ministry, a man of ability, integrity and of undying devotion to the

many trusts imposed upon him by the Church. That man was the late Dr. Henry R. Wilson, who was so long engaged in duties in his own country that his missionary record dropped out of sight. He was urged by the good, and afterward martyred, General Wheeler, then stationed at Futtehgurh, who had collected some of the orphans himself, to take charge of these also. Both of these officers contributed liberally to the support of the orphanage founded under the able management of the Rev. H. R. Wilson.

The institution prospered, because, as his life afterward showed, he had fitness and capacity for any trust. He had enough to tax his piety, patience and abilities, for the children were addicted to every abominable heathen practice. This work had the blessing of God and the gratitude of the humane until, on account of the failing health of his wife, he had to give it up. But others carried it on according to his plans and spirit until it perished in the mutiny.

There is a fact here worth knowing to young men entering the ministry, that any duty to which God calls them, however unpromising it may seem of future promotion, may be the step to the highest success in life. When Dr. Wilson became Secretary of the Board of Church Erection, in New York city, the Board was straitened for funds, and Dr. Wilson called on Messrs. Robert and Alexander Stuart for help. He had no hope of more than five hundred dollars, if any thing, for he thought he was a stranger to them. Mr. Alexander Stuart said, "Are you the man who carried on a school in Futtehgurh, and made it pay its own way?" "Yes," said the Doctor. No more was said; that was introduction enough to the far-sighted business men. A check was handed him, and when

he looked at it he was overwhelmed; it was for twenty-five thousand dollars. Reputation is made in any work God gives his children to do.

In about a year Rev. Henry R. Wilson was joined by Rev. J. L. Scott, and the school was under their joint care until the return of Dr. Wilson, on account of his wife's health, when the Rev. J. L. Scott was transfered to Agra, and the orphanage came under the care of the Rev. J. J. Walsh, who soon after was succeeded by Rev. J. E. Freeman, whose service ended in martyrdom in a little over six months. To this asylum was added a Christian village for those educated in the school who had married and were heads of families. This will become in future a successful method in India, more important than in the past, as the separation between Christians and native idolaters is both a necessity and a blessing. The natives boycott, and the Christians are thus freed from dangerous contaminations. This will bring us abreast with the subject, for the fuller understanding of which these facts have been given, the martyr history of the church in Futtehgurh, when death reaped the fields bare which seemed white for the harvest, so that the ground had, in most places, to be rebroken and reseeded. The mutiny was the last breaking out of Mohammehan fury, which, as usual, furnished the fire that set India ablaze. Islamism is rather a military organization, fierce, cruel and bloodthirsty, than a religion. It has no charity in it, though individual followers, despite its teachings and practices, have been charitable. It has but one vital dogma, "death to the infidel." Its annals are awful harvestings when the outraged make inquest for the blood it has shed. Its spirit is that of the tiger, and to

the tiger's end it will come. It allied itself with the Brahmins, the nearest akin to, but by no means its peers in cruelties.

The first blow of the mutiny which fell on the mission was in June. The troops at Shahjehanpore, only forty miles from Futtehgurh, rebelled, assisted by a body of Oudh mutineers, and on the Sabbath, while at worship, massacred the minister, Rev. J. McCallum, and all his people except one, who only was spared to tell the story of the sufferings and death of his companions. A consultation was held among the missionaries as to their future, and to devise, if possible, some escape from their perils. They started in boats for Cawnpore. Others of the Europeans remained and fled to a mud fort for protection, and there sustained a siege against well armed thousands, the fort being exposed to fire from every side. It was twice undermined by the rebels; ammunition gave out; many were killed and many died from exposure. At last the remainder stole away in boats under cover of the night.

The history of their journey to torture and death makes the heart sick and the very breath labored. They were fired upon, men, women and children, until their trail could be followed in blood in the water over which they fled. They numbered when they embarked one hundred and ten, but only two escaped. Of the two parties the whole loss was two hundred and thirty-four. In this number the American Presbyterian Church has its martyr trophies under the throne. Beautiful in person and character, four finer looking portraits of men and women cannot be found in all the galleries of the choicest specimens of physical beauty. But what is not usual, their character was

more glorious than the temples of its manifestation. This testimony comes not alone from their own countrymen. The Rev. Messrs. Fullerton, Marsh and others of the missionaries were fine types of Christian manhood. This opinion every English and Scotch missionary, military man or civilian who knew them confirms.

The names of Freeman, Campbell, Johnson and McMullen have been inscribed in the roll with the British martyrs on the walls of the memorial church at Cawnpore. But there is in a sense a more illustrious roll, which has not figured as yet in history. More glorious, because with less opportunities for preparation for the fiery ordeal. Martyrdom might have been anticipated by our own countrymen when they entered the ranks of Christ's followers; for they were born into this destiny with whatever strength ancestral piety through heredity gives. Their whole lives were preparatory to it. But what was the history of the poor natives who had come but a few years or months out of the darkness of idolatry? The value of foreign missions is tested by it. The vindication of the work is in the quality of its products. How did the native converts stand their fiery trials? A few from the many tried will sample the lot.

The church at Futtehgurh was organized with ten members, four of whom were natives, and all were made to pass through the fires. Rev. Gopee Nauth Nundy and his wife were forced to fly to save their lives, and wandered as in a desert, not knowing whither they went. Their feet were bruised and blistered with the heat and hardness of the roads, their lips and tongues parched and swollen for the want of food. They led their three little children, crying from hunger and

weariness, until they could walk no more, and the parents were too weak to carry them. They were stripped and robbed of their scanty clothing, their Bible, the last source of consolation, was also taken. They were beaten, imprisoned, intimidated. Life was offered on condition that they should give up their faith and accept Mohammedanism, but the offer was refused and smitings accepted.

Another of the four was imprisoned at Mynpoorie, and through torments the severest remained faithful to the very vestibule of death. The fourth describes his own sufferings and those of his company in tribulation thus: "We passed the day under trees, and at night slept in the houses of some Hindus, who pitied us. On the morning of the 19th of June our hearts were ready to burst with grief as we saw the smoke of the mission premises. It seemed as if the Lord had visited us in his hot displeasure and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger. All we had in the world was gone, and the whole country against us. We went about afflicted and tormented under the shades of night, trying to stifle the cries of our hungry little ones on our backs, telling them to be quiet or we would all be killed." Said one, "The babes at the dry breast came to understand it and would only sigh of their grief."

These are not the only ones on the lists of native Christian sufferers. The Rev. Mr. Fullerton, since gone to his rest, whose wife resides in Philadelphia, and one of whose daughters is in his stead in the church of her honored father, writes of the woes of these poor people. He visited Futtehgurh after the mutiny in search of wounded and scattered members of the flock. "As soon as it was known that I had arrived, men,

women and children gathered about me; our meeting was in silence; we could not trust ourselves to speak. They had been scattered like the leaves of a forest; for seven or eight months they were driven by it where it listed. I saw its effects in their miserable clothing and emaciated appearance. I could forecast their feelings; they doubtless were thinking of their murdered teachers and brethren, whose faces they would never see again. When I could control my feelings I asked for a Bible and hymn-book. We then sung the twenty-third Psalm and read the one hundred and third, and kneeling on the bare ground of the court yard, lifted our hearts in prayer to God, thanking him for his mercies during the terrible months that intervened since these calamities had overtaken us, and for permitting so many of us to meet again on the ruins of our once happy homes."

Then began the recountal of sorrows. Many little native children had died on the way to Cawnpore. The wife of a native catechist, having the Christian name of John F. Houston, became separated from the rest of the company. When found she and her unweaned child lay side by side by a poor hovel at the edge of a village, dead. Nobody would bury them, and when the sweepers came they were rolled over into the river. Next followed the story of the blind and orphan members of this martyr church. As blind Lulu and the leper Khurga told their sufferings in faltering tones, they would have dissolved a heart of stone. Here were seven sightless ones, rolling their tearful orbs or weeping through empty sockets. Neither Hindus nor Mohammedans cared for these afflicted ones. They were sometimes days and nights without shelter, or had only the mercies of a miserable shed. "Their pov-

erty," said Mr. Fullerton, "surpassed any thing I ever saw. Hearing my voice they were overwhelmed. They thought these friends and teachers had all been killed."

"Poor Lulu was lying on the ground in a burning fever, and with nothing but a few rags to cover him. I asked him if he had found Christ precious during his long months of suffering, 'O, yes,' said he, 'in (*durk,*) pain, and in (*sukh,*) joy, he is ever the same.' When on my way home I met poor blind Susan, whom I had heard was in search of me. A little boy was leading her. I asked her who she was. She replied: 'A poor, blind girl I am, looking for my *padre* (minister), but cannot find him.' When I told her who I was, her lips trembled with emotion. 'O, sir,' said she, 'it is very kind in you to come so far to look after poor blind people like us.'"

Another instance will suffice to complete the purpose of this narrative, which is to show that the grace of God begets martyrs worthy of the name in every nation, kindred and tongue. Donkal Pershad was a convert and teacher in the high school at Furrukabad, and from his conversion was a model Christian; meek, patient, ever inquiring for the way of duty, ever walking in it, docile, obedient and loving, yet with the strength of a Boanerges in purpose. He feared none but God, and yet deferred to all in well-doing. He was a constant student of the Word of God, and as constant in searching for the enlightening power of the Holy Ghost. His influence was in a wide circle; it was ever a halo about his life: death only removed his person, the halo remained. He, with his wife and children, was arrested and thrown into a horrible prison, and after violence and

outrage, seductions were offered him in all forms of temptation with life and preferment as a reward if he would deny his faith. But none of these could move either husband or wife. His answer was, "What is my life that I should deny my Saviour? I have never done so since the day I first believed on him, and by the grace of God, come what may, I never will." Then this father and mother and little children were placed in position to be blown to atoms by the Sepoy cannon. But when the order was given to fire the powder only flashed. Then the Nawab's soldiers cut them to pieces with their swords; and so of the native church of India as well as from our own country, and Great Britain, these words are alike, the precious heritage of the Church! "These are they who have come up out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Out of this torn web of life a new history began in which the threads of many noble lives since have been woven. Alongside of the sainted Fullerton was his peer, Rev. Mr. Scott, who removed to the ruins, and who began the work of restoration out of the wrecks of the former homes. Rev. and Mrs. Owen, father and mother of the once beloved pastor of the Port Richmond Presbyterian church, in Philadelphia, joined in the work at Allahabad. Rev. Mr. Munnis joined the band of the restoration. The brother of the martyr Johnson came also into this field. While a student, with no very clear ideas of what should be his work or where, hearing of the martyrdom of his brother, he determined to stand in the gap, which he did faithfully and successfully for twenty years, until it was necessary, for the education of his children,

that he should return to the home of his childhood. He is now President of Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C. But our limits are too narrow to follow the illustrious lives further than to say that, though the first workers have fallen and others are scattered, the work goes on.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LUCKNOW, ITS SURROUNDINGS AND BLOODY HISTORIES.

THIS city, whose name suggests reminiscences of magnificence, heroisms, sacrifices, massacres and victories, will have more than willing readers of all that concerns it now in the enjoyments of a conquered peace. It is in the famous province of Oudh, about forty-five miles from Cawnpore. This province is a part of the alluvial valley of the Ganges, divided by the river Gumpti, on which Lucknow is situated. The Ganges and Gumpti drain the sub-Himalayan ranges of Nipal.

There is a long list of rulers of the Oudh; some good for the times in which they lived; some dissolute and abominable; and some imbecile. At the head of the Nawab imbeciles is the last King Wajia Ali, who began to reign in 1847. He was an extravagant builder of garish palaces of brick and plaster. A worse specimen could hardly be found than the celebrated Kaisar Bagh, noted for its architectural ugliness, but celebrated by the use made of it by the relieving columns which reached the besieged Residency in Lucknow. The ruler was so extravagant of the wealth of the country and so abominable in his life that the British felt called upon to intercede in behalf of the oppressed

people and general decency very much as a wolf would intercede for the saving of the life of an endangered lamb. Lord Dalhousie, who had the metal to go on straight lines to the execution of British policy if he had not the wisdom always to cover his tracks, annexed the Oudh without further ceremony. The voluptuous ex-king, who could hardly trust himself on his legs, had one thousand wives (the word "wives" is used for respectability). Dalhousie deprived him of more than one-half of them, and the feeble voluptuary was removed to Calcutta in 1856, where he died last year, leaving four hundred disconsolate spouses, and his belongings are now offered for sale.

But his removal cost all that followed the mutiny of 1857 and 1858. In June, 1857, all authority in the province was lost to the British, and the Christians, Europeans and Americans who survived the first outbreak fled to the Residency at Lucknow for safety. This was the mansion of the Governor-General, which had some military fortifications, but was by no means secure. It is the marvel of modern warfare that with such inadequate means of defence they were able to hold out against an army at least ten thousand strong, furnished with the best means of warfare of the times and drilled in British tactics. This heroic garrison held that house and the surrounding buildings eighty-nine days. The force consisted of a few hundred British and native soldiers—nine hundred and twenty-seven Europeans and seven hundred and sixty-five natives, two hundred and thirty of whom deserted—and officers, including a few pensioners, crippled and of advanced years. A monument to these heroes stands in front of the Baille Guard-house, the post defended by

most of them throughout the perilous siege. Had it not been for the forethought of Sir Henry Lawrence in storing the Residency for the siege when others disbelieved and ridiculed, the English would not be within five thousand miles of India. They would all have been massacred without a monument to tell of their sacrifice to official credulity and stupidity. The mutiny broke out on the 30th of May, 1857, and from this date until the 25th of September was the time of the siege. During all this dismal period the rebels maintained an almost continual cannonade, and the fire of musketry came from all sides. They mined, but the Residency defence always beat them at this game, having better knowledge and skill. Assaults were frequent, but were always repulsed, though the work of destruction went steadily on, the fine building with heavy brick walls, which had stood more than a century, was honeycombed, and one after another of its defenders were falling.

It is one of the enigmas of existence how much the human organism can endure, what a strain the "harp of a thousand strings" can bear in the awful exigencies which give interest, power and pathos to history. The eyes of the world were on those few suffering heroes; for this Residency enclosure was in that siege all the British possessed in their new kingdom of Oudh. The place excites strange sensations even now by its beauty and desolation. It stands on the highest ground on all the plain and gives relief to the oppressive evenness about it. On one corner are now the ruins of the Residency church, with only fragments of the piers of its foundations standing, the contour of which is easily traced. Around this place of worship are laid the heroic dead; only their brave

deeds have built the monument of their greatness; all else is simple and severely chaste. That little garden, sown with immortal seed, is a wonder of its kind. Vines have crept up the crosses that mark the resting-places of the departed; they have by an instinct heavenly sought to beautify the wrecks that violence has made. Ivy has spread its tendrils and leaves over the graves; roses bloom; trumpet creepers have twined themselves about the temple ruins; the banyans from without the enclosure have spread out their great boughs to keep away the fierceness of the tropical suns; the cypress stands sentinel over the sacred trusts; the air is full of fragrance; and the skies are full of song. The presence of the pilgrim seems to disturb all these speaking and speechless creatures in their devotions. Shadows are tossed gently across by moving branches. Every sound seems to be an intrusion, and one is even surprised at the loudness and inharmoniousness of his own voice seeking for the secrets of this abode of deathly repose.

From this point a hill is climbed through a forest of choice trees, which the humbler growths rival by their beauties, until a ruin is reached; all that is left of the once famous Residency. It was built of bricks an inch and a half thick, with a mortar that cannot be separated from the brick. Most of the outside walls are standing. The round tower is still as it was when the beleaguered remnant left it. It was the watch-tower in which all through those terrible days and nights an officer held his position amidst flying missiles, and with a glass watched the movements of the enemy. The British flag waved from that round tower every hour of that long siege. The tower, with the ruin it crowns, is covered with ivy, in which count-

less birds sing and twitter. Across a hall on the floor above the basement is the room in which the great and good commander, Sir Henry Lawrence, was wounded by a shell that ended his life on the 4th. He was carried to the house of the physician, Dr. Fayvers, and died there in great suffering, but in Christian composure. He had made all preparation for the event before it came as to who would succeed him in command, and knowing, as he did, what awaited captives in the hands of the mutineers, a train was laid that in the last moment all the men and women should be blown up, and so dying, at least, without outrage to the persons of those whose honor was worth more than life. The partition walls where this great, true and good man received his death wound have crumbled from the second story. There is a strange fascination in the places where heroes have fallen in obedience to duty and in defence of the helpless. If it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country, it is nobler and sublimer for those who by their very helplessness appeal to the sacrificial principle that underlies all great manhood.

At one end of the building were two deep cellars, or basements, only above ground sufficient to let in a little light through gratings. In this the women and children were gathered. And what a place it became! Heaven only can reveal its secrets. There children were born amid the continuous boomings of cannon and the crash of falling walls breached by the enemy's batteries. There children died and were buried under the floor of earth. There the cholera raged in its desolating furies, and the victims had to be disposed of as soon as possible. Husbands were killed above and laid away, whose death their family knew not

until their deliverance. Limbs were shot away from the bodies of the brave defenders, but the loving ones in the cellar knew it not. Food was let down in baskets and water in buckets. This was all that could be done, as husbands, sons and brothers could not be spared from their posts of duty to descend into that vault where women were more heroically fighting disease and the king of terrors. Stray shots entered and did their fatal work. One woman was killed by the concussion; another had her head shot from her body; and another had her babe shot away from her arms, no fragment of which did she ever see again. Long and weary and heart-breaking was that awful siege to the soldiers underground. Their groanings went up to the very throne of God. The cry was, "How long, O Lord, will thou not avenge us on our enemies."

The story of the wife of a corporal, known as Jessie of Lucknow, is no idle romance to be ignored. She dreamed three nights in succession that deliverance was near, and woke in delirium, crying, "Dinna ye hear the sloghan." Heartless critics may waive it into the unreal, but no soldier of that remnant could ever be found who even distrusts it. The Highlanders came the day after her last night's dream, just as she said, with dusky faces and bloody hands, both under Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell, so it matters little between them to whom it applied. The release was one of the monumental pages of heroism in all the records of military achievements, which brought before the world one of the most noble in the true ideal of manhood who ever lived to glorify God or serve his race, Sir Henry Havelock. Poverty and nobility held joint tenure in that life up to this moment. He had not been known before, because too poor to purchase

position, too noble to get it by management. He had been sent to Persia, where, as usual, he had finished his work. On the way to India for this struggle, he was shipwrecked and was barely saved to a sublimer destiny. His praises cannot be spoken without the mention of one so noble as to give him the opportunity to finish his crowning work. Sir James Outram, the senior officer in command, placed himself under Havelock as a volunteer, and completed the work when the sword dropped from the hand of the dying hero.

It would be impossible, except in a general way, to describe General Havelock's advance, the reason being that the places are so different from any descriptions. Havelock appeared at the spot where he lies in death at Alam Bagh, a large pavilion, the place provided by the former King Wajia Ali for the occasional occupancy of a favorite wife. This is about two miles south-west of the besieged Residency. It became an initial point for the relieving forces of both Outram and Sir Colin Campbell. It was strongly held by the rebels, but was reduced by Havelock on his advance from Cawnpore on September 23d. On the 25th of September the rebels had moved men and batteries up to the Charbagh Bridge, across a canal in the way of the miniature army of Britons and loyal Sikhs. But these men of iron forced the passage and surprised the rebels by turning to the east, an unexpected move apparently away from the Residency, and bewildered and completely disconcerted the Sepoys. But they recovered themselves and threw their weight again against the relieving force which was sheltered in the narrow streets, and this opposition hindered the advance several hours, so that it was well on in the afternoon before they reached Begum

Koshi, and now the force was divided into three disconnected parts, weakening the whole. Each division now pressed on for itself until they should meet on the way or at the Residency. The next move was for Secundra Bagh, a high-walled inclosure in ruins now, about one hundred and twenty yards square and carefully loopholed on all sides, and held by the rebels in great force. Here, under Sir Colin Campbell, they were terribly punished on the 16th of November. They were destroyed before Havelock's forces, who made for the Moti Mahal, or Pearl Palace, in the courtyards of which, under the Nawabs, the fights took place between wild beasts. Here it was determined to move to the Residency at once, under a misconception that help must be immediate; and this was done with a divided force, which cost heavy loss. The next move was for the gate near the Residency, where desperate fighting was encountered by more than ten to one, many of whom were protected by walls and other hiding places. The fire was too fierce to be endured except in double quick. Here the brave General Neil, with his fusilliers, was shot in the archway, and ever since that spot is known as Neil's Gate.

At five o'clock the Seventy-eighth Highlanders and the loyal Sikhs (kept so by the justness, kindness and wisdom of Sir John Lawrence, Governor of the Punjab) pushed through toward the Residency, upon which they charged, loading, shouting and firing until the relief was gained. The scenes at the meeting between the beleaguered and their brave deliverers can never be described. But while the reinforcement of brave men cheered, it brought no relief. It was in a sense a calamity; for they too were in turn beleaguered and doomed to weary days and nights

of waiting until their deliverance came. The increase of soldiers had reduced the supplies dangerously near starvation, and they were not strong enough to extricate themselves. No help reached them from the 25th of September until the 22d of November.

Sir Colin Campbell arrived near enough to be heard on the 11th of November on the Cawnpore road. He first released the troops at the Alam Baugh, left by Sir Henry Havelock forty-seven days before. He moved eastward up to the Palace Dilkoosha, from which the enemy retreated down to La Martiniere, and, being hotly pursued, left this in time to give the General a place to stay for the night in the enjoyment of a fine palace. Next day the mutineers were in trouble with divided councils and had not much appetite for fight. Here the General executed a feint, leading the enemy to believe that he was about to follow the route of Havelock and Outram two months before. On the 16th of November the General reached Secunder Baugh unobserved, bombarded and took it by assault. The Chouppar stables were captured in the afternoon. The Shah Nujuf succumbed, and the forces called it a day and rested for the night. Next day Teri Kothi was taken, Moti Mahal stormed and taken by the troops of Captain, now Sir Garnet Wolseley, and in the afternoon communication was opened with the force of Sir James Outram, who had forced his way from Neil Gate, and who had made the first effort with Havelock.

After Havelock's entrance into the Residency Sir James Outram assumed command, as Havelock's health began to fail. Outram had fought his way out of the garden north of the Shere Darwazah,

had cleared the spaces all around him, and was ready to welcome the last relieving force. Near Neil's Gate he dismounted and ran through volleys of rebel bullets to meet and greet Sir Colin Campbell. Havelock, nearer the great relieving force of heaven, came like an inspired corpse through the same dangers to greet him for the last time in the battles of earth.

The evacuation began immediately. On the night of the 22d of November the Residency and its grounds were silently left to the ruins and loneliness of a lifeless future. Each of the positions held along the road to the Dil Kusha was abandoned in turn until a place of restful respite to the tired, grief-smitten remnant was gained, where the sick had their first comforts, and where Havelock, having finished his work and witnessed the deliverance of those for whom he gave his life, sank down into the arms of death and the rest which it brings to the Christian soldier when his last battle has been fought. His dust lies within the inclosure of Alam Baugh, from which he had started in his effort to relieve his suffering countrymen.

As one gazes on that ruin now after thirty years the sadness and distresses are only as spent agonies. Imagination cannot supply the events now silent in the chasm between. The roar of artillery, the clash of arms, the heavy thuds of ordnance and exploding mines, the falling fragments of the shelter about those helpless inmates, the torments of heat, the sleeplessness, the cries of sick and dying children, for whom there was no hope of mitigation, the explosions of roofs, the tumbling of side walls, the slow decay of wounds, the raging of epidemics amid a plague of flies that would not be frayed away, the closing of the eyes of the dead, the desperate efforts at burials, the unspeakable

uncleanliness of confluent small-pox, the wail of birth pangs, mingling with those begging to die, these ills can be catalogued at the end of thirty years, but they never can be described. The deep silence that broods over the places where they occurred is a thousand times more eloquent than pen or tongue.

On the 26th of September the strength of the garrison was 1,179, the loss being chiefly among Europeans. Out of nine officers of the Bengal Artillery five had fallen, eleven ladies and fifty-three children had perished by violence or disease, and between that date and the final relief by Sir Colin Campbell, November 17th, one hundred and twenty-two more of the old garrison and four hundred of Havelock's men had died. This is a fragmentary, and necessarily in a military sense an imperfect review; but it will serve to give an idea of the siege and its distresses to those who have been born since, and revive memories to those who lived in those direful days.

Lucknow has not the beauties of some of the Indian cities, but is superior to Cawnpore, having buildings that are worthy of commendation. Some of the number have already been described. "The great Imambara, or the house of the prophet, which is the architectural gem of Lucknow, and which was the crowning work of Asufu-dowlah's reign, is said to have cost a million sterling, and to have been built after a competitive design. The condition imposed was that it should excel in beauty and magnificence every thing ever built, and be unlike any thing of the kind on the earth. Kyfee-ut-Ullah is the reputed name of the architect." It is built for one purpose, *i. e.*, ostentation, and is a moderate success. It subserves no end but the gratification of vanity, and to enhance the fame

of an Oriental upstart. It is situated within beautiful surroundings, Nature has been forced into the empty service, but even the servile work of nature carries in it the sublime. The building has a length of three hundred and three feet; breadth one hundred and sixty-three; height, sixty-three. The effect is dazzling, and the best thing in its history is that it was built during a famine, in order, it is said, to provide for a starving population, and was completed in 1783. In the middle of the central room are interred the remains of the late Nawab Vizier, who died in 1797. The gorgeous hall was usually illumined with wax tapers, and literally bestrewn with flowers of the rarest and most expensive kind. Priests were in attendance day and night chanting verses from the Koran, but they are out of business now, and silence, quite as devout, reigns in their stead. The general prevailing style in India of the times is seen in every part, finished in domes and minarets, with the usual display of gilding.

Another architectural display is the Hoseinabad Imambara. This is a memento of Mohamed Ali Shah III., king of Oudh. It is in the same general style of this century prevailing in India, fantastic and frail-looking, giving indifferent ideas of permanency. It consists of two rectangular enclosures of different sizes, a series of stall-looking spaces with gateways in the centre of each side. By the larger quadrangle entrance is made to the smaller one, in which stands the Imambara on the southern side of the quadrangle, and contains the tombs of Mohamed Ali Shah and his mother. The Imambara is an oblong building divided lengthwise into three rooms, the partition walls arcaded and highly ornamented in Arabesque. In

the middle room are the tombs, and in the central, on a raised platform, is a silver *tajia* and a *tabooth* covered with net, under which are the crown and other insignia of the defunct ruler. The whole is enclosed under a vaulted roof and a gilded dome. The floor is paved with marble of different colors in beautiful patterns. From the ceilings hang magnificent crystal chandaliers. The sides are ornamented with pier glasses. The elevation in front is a basement, part of which forms an open verandah, which on festival occasions is covered with tapestry, forming an awning supported by poles encased in silver. There is within the quadrangle a stone tank crossed once by an iron bridge. On the west side is a small model of the Taj Mahal at Agra, in which is the tomb of the king's daughter. On the east side, uniform in plan, is a similar building. A gateway of three pointed arches wrought in stucco forms the main entrance. The whole effect is pleasing, though architecturally it will not bear inspection in the light of modern art. As it is no part of the purpose in hand to produce a guide to Lucknow, no more space will be required. Our readers are in possession of the best, and descriptions can only give general impressions.

The mission work at this place is most important and interesting. The Methodists of the North hold the city for the great King, and they have a good hold. Their property is the best in many respects in the city, and coming so soon after the mutiny, the government was anxious to bring India into a better moral condition, and was liberal, so that the mission property did not cost a fourth of its present value. There is enough of it to make the mission entirely self-supporting in the future if the

English hold India. The missionaries are active, aggressive, devout and noble men and women, an honor to the Church of Christ at home or abroad. There is a publishing house, large and well furnished, belonging to the mission, publishing books, doing job work, not only sustaining itself, but a source of revenue. There is a book depository with all the literature needed in every department of the mission work. The force consists of Dr. Johnson, the presiding elder, a man of brains, large experience and executive abilities. His wife is also an experienced worker, having learned this before coming to India. Rev. B. H. Badley is well furnished for literary work and evangelistic services, one of the men who can be fitted into almost any responsibility. His wife has had great success in zenana work, and edits a popular paper, which is helpful in the work, and has already a large circulation. The pastor of the English-speaking church is the Rev. Mr. Schively, a Baltimorean, who is also superintendent of the printing press.

The English church is composed of Europeans and Eurasians, at which many of the soldiers worship. The pastor is sympathetic and draws men around him as sunshine draws chilliness to itself. It was a great pleasure to preach in this fine church in a week night service to so many intelligent and devout people, and to feel the warm welcome of genuine Christian co-workers at home and abroad. The hospitalities of the mission were enjoyed at the house of Miss Blackmar, whose work is remarkable for its originality of plan and purpose and for its success. The need to which help has been so blessedly applied is old enough, and as commonplace as old. But the relieving force is by a new experiment. It is a home

for homeless women in Lucknow, and was opened in 1882. Fifty-eight native women, thirteen children, nineteen English and Eurasian women, and ten children, have been inmates for longer or shorter periods. Some have continued in the home from its opening. It has been open to Christians, Hindus and Mohammedans. The Christians, received and helped, have come from eight different missions, chiefly in the Methodist and church missionary connection; of these, ten women and seven children have been baptized. Two hours daily are given to instruction in the Scriptures. All can read the Bible in one of the vernaculars, or in the English. They are also taught to work in the way best adapted to preparing them for taking care of themselves. Some are taught to be nurses, some housework, sewing, &c. A single instance will show the work in at least one of its phases. A young native woman, pretty and attractive, who had lived as the wife of an Englishman, persuaded that she was his wife and true to him, was cast off in order to make place for a European wife, a sadly common occurrence with too many. She was left without a crumb or rag between her and starvation and cold. In her despair she sought the door of this institution and was received. Her conduct was unexceptionable; she refused to think that she was any thing but the wife of the high-toned vagabond who had cast her off. From the first she astonished all her teachers in application and ability to gain knowledge. The English language was acquired, and with it a knowledge of the Scriptures. At first she would hear nothing on the subject of religon and would not come to prayers; but the policy of giving her good reading and letting her alone was pursued. At last, of her own free will and with

a determination resistless, she yielded to the force of Christianity and became an intelligent convert. An opportunity came through which she entered the government medical college, and is there carrying every honor before her and giving promise not only of a useful professional life, but of Christian service in it as well.

The Methodist mission has also a school for boys, five hundred and fifty in attendance. It has in Lucknow a native church self-supporting, which pays its pastor thirty-five rupees a month. The missionaries are well fitted for their work and are doing it grandly, and it is a pleasure to testify in their behalf as appreciatingly as they do to the work done before them by the Presbyterians in India, by which they say theirs was made comparatively easy because these had performed the hard labor of preparing a literature, which was an incalculable advantage to them, and had also lent them a first-class missionary to help them in their beginning.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ALLAHABAD.

SOUTH-EAST of Cawnpore, on the way to Allahabad, the railway threads through a magnificent country, showing unmistakably the effects of the Southern climate. Vegetation is more tropical; nature more winsome. The cities of Futtehpore and Berhampore are the only ones worthy of observation. As the twin rivers are approached vegetation becomes more luxuriant. The Ganges is the most wonderful river in the world. It is to India what the river of life is to the new Jerusalem. It is believed by at least

one hundred millions of the human race to be the river of cleansing for soul and body, and healing as well.

Allahabad, the famous city of the southern extremity of the north-west provinces, is situated on the south-eastern part of the Doab, or land of the two rivers, formed by the junction of the Ganges, which drains the Eastern Himalayas, and the Jumna, which drains the western slopes of the same range, the Mewat Highlands and the great chain of the Aravallis. These rivers in supplies are about equal, and may be styled the twin waters of India. The natives have a legend, and believe it to be the truth, that there is a third river which courses its way below the surface of observation, the Saraswate, or the lost river of the Serhind Plain, which appears at Allahabad and waters the sacred tree in the crypt of the fort, and running under the walls joins the twins in a grand tri-unity. We did not go so deep into unseen things and cannot dispute the belief.

Allahabad is just now the *nexus* between the past and present, for new India would tread on the coat-tails of old India, if she had any. The city is reached from one direction by a work of modern triumph, a magnificent iron bridge crossing the Jumna, one of the wonders of our times. The Jumna is as capricious as the Missouri and quite as tricky in its inclination to undermine and upset whatever is trusted to its moving sands, and delights itself in robbing one side to enrich the other, running away from its friends who have gathered themselves into towns, and leaving them out in the dry desert. The engineers went about as deep for foundations for the piers as was done at St. Louis for the great tubular bridge, the marvel of Ameri-

can enterprise. The city is growing into wealth and importance and contains 143,693 inhabitants, and shows that civilization is elbowing its way through the graveyard of the past by a few fine modern buildings and several splendid roadways, a covered market-place of some pretensions and a dispensary, especially noteworthy because of the great name it commemorates, the late Hon. John Russell Colvin, who died in the mutiny. Soon after the mutiny the seat of government was transferred to this place on account of supposed military advantages.

But the changes of the present are more or less reared on its past, and cannot be considered out of relation to it. It had a life in religion and poetry before the Briton set his eyes and hands upon it, before he was Briton to see or clutch any part of his now vast dominions. The fabled Naiads sung and danced before they thought of a pilgrimage to Greece, or before Greece heard of them they were happy in the tropical glories of the Jumna. This is the land of myths, in which their real or imaginary presence still lives in vague reminiscences of happier days. It has been a country of poetry, which always loves to sun itself in cloudless skies. To India one hundred and seventy-eight of the hymns of the Rig Veda are addressed. Greece has been a great borrower, and this has helped to make her bankrupt, for as the history of the world is better known she is being reduced in her estate of relics of dead empires. Zeus was not the son of Homer; he was not the creation of this blind songster. The Aryans had him before they moved west, and worshipped him on the steppes of Tartary and in the Punjab of Northern India.

Pruyag, the moon god, had the contract of lighting up the sacred spot between the Ganges and the rippled Jumna. Here the Vedic Rishis, inspired alike by poetic fancies and religious fervors, approached the union of the two river deities with reverential awe. Here the Aryan Kshatriyas, the second caste of Hinduism, with the instinct of conquest, built a fortress, which secured and held to them all the upper valleys of the Ganges and Jumna, and dominated the country of the Bengalese to the south of Pragaga, as the ancient city was called, no doubt the oldest city of the Rajputs. There is little doubt that a city stood at the confluence of these rivers in the days of the Macedonian Empire. Feasts were held here in the eighth century of the Christian era in the presence of the Chinese Buddhist, Hwen Thsang. Probably from the coming of the Aryans, or soon after, to the present this junction has always been the holiest spot in Hindustan, has had happiness by the acre, has been able to make the copper coin of the devotee equal to a million anywhere else. When Aaron was in the calf foundry business at the foot of Sinai thirty-three centuries ago, the probabilities are strong that the Hindus were worshipping living cows and calves between the Ganges and Jumna. There are intimations in this cow-worship at Sinai and at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna, that the Hindus originally came from the valley of the Euphrates. This place is also one of the supposed sites of the ancient city Paliboothra, for which historians have so long been in search of a place for it to sit down. It is also probable that this was the place where the Vakeel embassador of Seleucus, Alexander's General, came to conclude a treaty with Sandracottus, as the Greeks called him, or

Sandragutta, as he was known to the Hindus. He was no myth to the Greeks, for he was able to march to meet them on the banks of the Indus at the head of six hundred thousand fighting men three centuries before the Christian era.

In this connection there is an incident and explanation of the despair and victory of Alexander which is interesting, showing the peculiarity of both elephants and Greeks, the Greek cunning and the elephant's prejudices and disgusts. Alexander's army was overwhelmed at the magnitude and imposing character of the Indian army, mounted on its castellated elephants. Alexander was told of the weakness of the proud turreted elephants at the presence of pigs, their disgust and horror of them, and taking advantage of his knowledge he ordered to the front herds of swine and prodded them into squealing, grunting and snorting, upset the solemn demeanor of the elephants, dissipated their courage, so that, according to the quaint description in ancient spelling, "ye pygges upset the elephanntes altogether, and they began to fle eche one, and keste down ye castelles from their backes, and slewe yé knyghtes." By this means "Alysandre had ye vyctorie." This is on the authority of Job Militant, and is regarded by the ancients as entirely reliable. The antiquity of this famous spot in history is further confirmed by a monument now within the courtyard of the fort, known as the Pillar of Asoka, forty-two feet high. It is a monolith not unlike those of Egypt, in a wonderful state of preservation for its age.

As the most ancient city Pragaga has long ago disappeared there are but few traces of the Buddhist monuments seen and described by the Chinese pilgrim in

the seventh century. They may have yielded to the undermining tendency of the deceitful waters of the Jumna, as the course of that river for three miles above the confluence has been due west and east of what it was many centuries ago. This monolith becomes of vast importance as the last tell-tale of the Buddhist domination in this place. There were originally three of these monoliths in India, one stood in Delhi, and the third is in Benares. This one in the fort at Allahabad bears the inscriptions of Asoka Samudra Gupta and Jehangir:—Erected by Asoka, before Christ two hundred and forty years, for the purpose of inscribing his edicts regarding the propagation of Buddhism. It was used afterwards by Samudra Gupta, about the second century of the Christian era, for a record of his universal sovereignty over the various nations of India from the Nepul to the Dakhan and from Gujarat to Assam, and subsequently it was re-erected by the Moghul Emperor Jehangir to commemorate his accession to the throne in the year 1605. According to an universal instinct of common folk, in a strain after immortality, to be writing names in great and high places this famous pillar has been invaded and the names of many ancient travellers appear, from the Christian era downward. We do not mean that this instinct was a birth or output of Christianity, only Christianity has not been able either to extinguish it or shake it off. In this particular instance the silly practice has been of some use in disclosing the periods in which the pillar has been standing and overthrown. That it was overthrown about the middle of the third century before Christ is proved by the longitudinal scribbling of names, in which the "m" and "b" retain the old form. The other reason for supposing that the monolith lay

prostrate when these names were written is that if it had been standing it would have required a scaffold to scratch them, and this kind do not pay for scaffolding from which to exhibit their greatness. Their efforts at immortality are on the side of economy.

The Mussulmans, no doubt, mistook it for an idol and upset it, for there are no writings on it of the *Pala* or Saranath type of the tenth century. The edicts of Asoka are of twofold character, one enlarging on the scriptural doctrine that the practice of virtue is the best sacrifice, and the other teaching the peculiar doctrines of the Buddhists, the sacredness of animal life and the sin of destroying or neglecting it; the name also of Seleucus being mentioned, and other successors of Alexander the Great. The date has been approximately fixed at about the middle of the second century before Christ. In front of monuments of this kind in India is found almost universally the Pipal tree, claimed by some to be descended from the tree of knowledge, a faint tracing of an universal tradition made use of by the Buddhists.

The tree belonging to this obelisk is here, and leads us into another wonder, a subterranean temple or crypt, at the base of which are the roots of this tree, about fifteen or twenty feet deep. The Chinese tourist, Hwen Thsang, in the seventh century saw probably this now underground temple, though in his time it had passed from the hands of the Buddhists into a place of the bloody rights of Shiva. The tree, a part of whose trunk appears in the side of the underground crypt, was no doubt the original companion of the monolith buried in the rubbish of centuries and preserved in this dry earth. The story told to the credulous or not, as the case may be, is that it was placed

there by one of the demigods, who broke off two ends that he might plant one at Guya and the other at Jahanath.

The entrance to this underground temple is between the Pillar of Asoka and Ellenborough Barracks. It is entered by a narrow and disagreeable passage, through which one is conducted by a villainous-looking son of *terra incognita*, who carries a smoking kerosene lanp—it used to be a torch—but this old, greasy, begrimed lamp of modern construction is one of the evidences of India's progress into civilization. We were taken through all the places of mystery and nastiness, so offensive that the man in the moon was holding his nose. There were the usual explanations and the usual object—the money of the pilgrim. The courtyard is square, and in the centre is the disgusting Phallic emblem sacred to Shiva. There are cloisters at the sides of the quadrangle, and these are faintly visible in smoky light, the air being so foul as to feebly sustain combustion, while the walls drip with scanty moisture said, by Hindus, to be from the hidden river Sarsuti previously described, the Indian Arathusa on her way to join the Ganges and Jumna.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FORT, STREET SCENES, AND SERAI GARDENS OF ALLAHABAD.

THE present fort of Allahabad has been built and rebuilt. Its identity through the gray-headed centuries is unmistakable as to its position, but otherwise it is like the boy's jackknife, which he declared to be the one owned by his grandfather, only it had had new handles, blades and backspring. Bishop Heber remarks how the picturesque character of the mediæval castle had been sacrificed to the improvements dictated by the military science of his day, and there has been little else but change since for the same reasons. The lofty towers, more for ornament than defence, have been diminished and the high stone ramparts topped with turf parapets and obscured by green sloping glacis. The gateway in Heber's time was surmounted by a dome with a wide hall beneath, surrounded by arcades and galleries and decorated in rude designs.

The palace exists no more for splendor; it is gloomy and neglected, fighting quite successfully the ravages of time, its only surviving attraction being its age and the veneration which old age commands. The present castle was built by Akbar, about 1575, and it has been modified and enlarged by alternate rulers since. When the late mutiny broke out it was the only place except Lucknow in Upper India which did not fall into the hands of the rebels. "Keep Allahabad safe" was the despatch sent from Calcutta by Sir Henry Lawrence. It was held by the heroic band, one to

a thousand, against all assaults till the hero Neil, who afterwards fell at the gate bearing his name, in the last efforts of the relief force to reach the remnant in the Residency at Cawnpore, raised the siege at Allahabad. Allahabad has no martyr list in the massacre of the rebellion, but there were individual cases of heroism as sublime as any recorded.

One turns from the places, in which the echoes of the life of centuries seem to linger, with a sense of loneliness, as if in the midst of millions who do not deign even to nod at the latest intruder into the secrets of the past. The Buddhists are gone, who once dominated in moral life here, and only a stone, to which reference has already been made, is left, with fragments of history, to redeem them from a grave in oblivion over which shimmers no hope of a resurrection. Here we behold the conviction of a ruler, and his edicts two hundred and seventy-three years before Christ. What wonders have come and gone since! What continents discovered! What governments have risen and fallen! What upheavals and what depressions in the earth's crust and in the life that moved and decayed upon it! And what is more confounding, the same law of human progress existed and wrought its wonders then that works now. God lifts men up out of the lines of poverty and obscurity to power, conquest and rule. Poverty and obscurity are the gates through which men pass to glory. The illustrious grandfather of Asoka, whose edicts are graven upon the shaft before us, was a foundling brought up by a cow-herd, who found him an infant concealed in a jar, hidden in a cow-pen. He, like Pharaoh's daughter, fancied the neglected outcast so well that he gave him to his wife Tsandra, and her

name was joined to his, as was often done to distinguish the numerous offsprings of somebody and everybody when there were many wives in the same household.

There was a strange destiny for this outcast child. He was sold to a Brahmin, who was plotting against his king and desired an heir, and having heard of his uncommon brightness, he bought this boy from his foster-parents for one thousand pieces of silver. He had another adopted son, and now the two were dressed alike and each wore a necklace of gold. The father, desiring to rid himself of one of them, ordered the older boy to take a sword and go to Tsandragutta, the one last bought, who was asleep, and take off his necklace without untying or cutting it. He stood over his adopted brother considering how he could do this, and returned to his foster-father and said he could not find a way. The father did not reply, but soon after when the older boy was asleep he told the one bought last to do what he had told the other:—"Take the necklace from the neck of his brother without cutting or untying the string." He was quick enough to take the hint and unprincipled enough to act upon it, so with a single stroke he took off his brother's head and carried the necklace unbroken or uncut. It pleased the old Brahmin that he was smart enough to see the main chance and bloodthirsty enough to grasp it. He soon after bestowed upon him all his wealth and assured him that he was appointed by fate to take the throne from the king, his personal enemy, and then went into a far country.

The young head cutter rose to all the distinction prophesied, got the throne and killed the king, and

from him descended Bindusuva, and he was father to one hundred and one sons, one of whom was Asoka, the man who had his edicts cut into the monolith in the fort. There was no royal road to the throne of India but through intrigue and blood, and through these Asoka took it, and as soon as in possession he slew all his brothers except one, and this noble Hindu king, according to Hindu notions, and bloody monster, according to ours, became a Buddhist, which was a shade or two better than Brahminism. But even Buddhism was too good to live, and Brahminical persecutions exterminated it, and a pillar alone is left to tell the story, which the Brahmins claim was the walking stick of one of their gods. The city is some distance away from the fort and has a few noted ancient objects, which may interest the reader. A city in India would not be much without its Jumma Musjid, and Allahabad has a structure which all Moghuls were proud to name. It is now only a dishonored and silent witness to the faith of departed ages. It was a massive creation, more impressive for its magnitude than in its detail. It has in the eyes of Mohammedans come to a level with the sty, for in it, during the mutiny, the English soldiers ate their rations of salted hog beneath its lofty dome. And this only shows one side of the paradoxical character of the natives, who are forever in religion at antipodes. The Mussulman abhors hogs. The Brahmin adores and worships them.

It is not more than three hundred yards to another temple of considerable pretensions, where the Hindus are bowing down to the image of the sacred hog Bavaha, which is the second incarnation of Vishnu, who with hoggish snout rooted the world up out of the mud

from the bottom of the sea, for which service he is greatly adored, and gifts of grace roll in upon him in the form of potatoes, mangoes and rice; women kiss his snout and sprinkle it with holy water brought from the Ganges, and hang garlands of choicest and most fragrant flowers over his sacred head and ears.

An Eastern market place is always a wonder to the American. There he will see nearly all the castes of India in their varied costumes and *varied no costumes,* hear the strange cries and observe the moving partition of ages—caste, which forever separates them from each other. They are the noisiest creatures on the earth; their tongues are double geared, and they are probably lying as fast as they can speak. The purchasers are dickering with the hucksters beneath wide-spread umbrellas, serving the purpose of awnings, and supported by bamboo sticks. The bodies of some of the women are tattooed in the colors and shapes of fruit and flowers; some having the likeness of their stock in trade punctured into their skins—an imposition made on them in helpless babyhood. Babies are, too, objects of wonder. Their eyes are as black as polished jet, and they are usually naked, cunning and mirthful, getting the best out of life—riding on their mother's heads, straddling her shoulders and neck, bound to her back, or on her haunches, or in a basket swung to the back. Sometimes they are mad and fighting the maternal back, pulling her hair and ears, or kicking vigorously against her back or side.

These markets are frequented by the missionaries, who preach or wrangle with their foes, according to circumstances. We witnessed a tussle of this kind with two young missionaries, one a native. They usually mount a block or box, perhaps a perma-

nent stand; sometimes they begin by singing a gospel hymn, sometimes they carry about a portable organ, which rarely fails to attract a crowd who listen often with marked attention, but at times do little else than harrass the missionary. The Mohammedans are the worst, the most quarrelsome and insolent, and more troublesome, because they know more about the history of redemption. This afternoon the young missionaries had to fight both. Their opponents began in the most devout and respectful manner, desiring only information, but wound up in a brawl. The pet question is an assault on Christ's vicarious sacrifice, they wanting to know by whom men were saved before he came. But while Mohammedans are the most contentious, they are often most docile, sincere and respectful inquirers. The Brahmins are subtle, shallow and pretentious, and know nothing of salvation as revealed in the Scriptures, except as they have learned it from the missionaries, though there are exceptional cases. They are always ready to show themselves off to the best advantage, and to raise a laugh on the missionaries, which is regarded as a great triumph. But through it all the truth gets among the people, and while it does not turn them often into new affiliations, it modifies their opinions of old ones, so the leaven is working slowly but perceptibly through all India. The fight was going on sharply when the stand was reached, and Rev. Mr. Lucas, being more skilled, came to the assistance of the young men, and soon silenced out of the Scriptures the Mohammedans, who have a reverence for them, though mixed by more "pure cussedness" than was ever known in human form. The Hindus are less contentious, and care less what they believe themselves, or what is believed by others.

In a garden is a deep well, with a passage, down a long flight of stone steps, leading to the water. It is a sacred place, as they believe, watched over by some of their deities. When the garrison during the mutiny was holding the fort against the fiendish rebels, one of their leaders thought he would show his faith in the divine power of the goods by sitting on the well's mouth, to incite the people to confidence in their ability to slaughter the English. He had a magic carpet spread out for himself on which to luxuriate in divine favor; but a few well directed shots from English batteries made him think the well itself was on fire. He moved his well cover from off his magic rug as fast as his spindle shanks could carry him, and he was not known afterward to try to stop any more wells by that part of his body.

Another monument showing that the old Moghuls were not rulers without virtue or humanity is the Serai and gardens. The Serai was built by the Emperor Akbar as a Khan to accommodate travellers, serving in its time something the purpose of the present English Dak bungalow. Some of these Emperors had a benevolence that would make them famous in our philanthropic age. Firoz Shah, who reigned from 1353 for thirty-five years, was a philanthropist. He built for public comfort one hundred caravansaries, forty mosques, thirty colleges, five irrigating canals, thirty great reservoirs for the same purpose, one hundred baths for the public use, one hundred and fifty bridges and one hundred hospitals, and these were all made free by endowment of grants of land. This Emperor so cared for the poor that, lest they might be neglected, he erected a great bell in the open about his palace, and so covered from

public observation, that the oppressed poor could come and ring it, to which he answered in person that he might hear their wrongs and right them by royal edict and punishment. He also built a tomb for his cruel predecessor, who had hunted and slain his subjects. He sought out the families injured by his atrocities, restored their losses as far as possible, and when they were satisfied they voluntarily signed a pardon of the old bloody tyrant, which he sealed in a strong-box and placed beside the bones of the dead in his tomb to help him out in the day of judgment.

A magnificent gateway of that matchless Saracenic architecture which compels admiration for the genius of two centuries and a half ago leads from the Serai to the garden. It is about sixty feet high and about as wide, with a high arched passage through the centre, with apartments on either side. This and its surroundings were planned and built by the great Moghuls—monuments to their taste and innate love of the beautiful. The gate is built of that enduring wood, now the wealth and glory of Burmah, the teak, as lasting as our live oak and as beautiful in color as mahogany. It was built and swung more than two hundred and fifty years ago. Time and the elements have assailed it only to be discomfited. The sun has blistered it and the winds have broken their violence against it in vain through the ages, yet the grain is not even marred, while the gates are as firm as when hewn from the living tree. The Mohammedans of the past were not only builders, but gardeners. The mosques or mausoleums were built for the gardens and the gardens were created for the mosques, and it is rarely that one is found without the other.

There are here three stone mausoleums two to three centuries old, massive and lofty, with walls panelled and covered with records of the virtues of famous princesses. These tombs stand on stone terraces fifteen feet high, and are forty feet square. They are crowned with marble domes glistening white, whose subdued crystals sparkle in the sun. Here the name and fame of the Begum of Jehanjir are perpetuated. The work is fine for any age, and displays the cunning of art and artists of the period when Mohammedanism ruled supreme in India. But they have come down to times and men who care little for the beautiful in art and less for dead greatness. John Bull believes implicitly that a living dog is better than a dead lion, and shows his contempt for the latter by turning his tombs into billiard rooms, so he sends his billiard balls back and forward, clicking their secularities where the great Moghuls prayed and rehearsed the virtues of defunct princesses.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

FAIRS AND FAKIRS AT ALLAHABAD.

THE religious condition of Allahabad is the question of the present. The past is a subject of review, and some idea will be gained by the contrasts. Buddhism has long since perished as an organization, and its persecuting survivor, Brahminism, is powerless; nothing but its malignities live. It has about ceased trying to do good. It is impotent even if it had the purpose. Remnants of its mighty past are to be seen. On the way to the junction of the sacred rivers is one of the objects of Hindu veneration, the bones and

haggard looks of a holy man, who has been sitting and lying on a stone for sixty years. He appears to be a hundred years old, at least—a genuine specimen of the fakir. He has sat there day and night in burning sun and chilly dews, in monsoons and showers. He has endured all in stolid composure. The stone on which he sits is a boulder about two feet high and three or four feet long. He has polished its top surface, as smooth as glass, with his bare skin rubbing it for sixty years. If his seat were as smooth as the stone on which he sits the life problem would be how to hold on. His head and face are wrinkled and grooved, as if the elements had worn them by their everlasting frictions. His hair has not felt a comb in sixty years, never since he started out to be holy, if it ever did before. He bathed as long as he could every day in the Ganges, and since he has become too feeble to go himself he has been carried, or the water has been poured on him. He has a long beard which would be white if it were introduced to soap and water. He is now very feeble, his bones are covered by a tough, leathery skin, but their shapes assert themselves through it. He is a disgusting, dirty, old skeleton, playing the "fraud" on every thing but on the stone where he sits. Now that he is old, skinny and dirty, he is greatly adored, and is fed and watched, not without hope that either he or the stone will give out, to afford an opportunity for some other to take his place. He has two regular attendants who collect money from all who pass by, and are making a good thing of it. They are sleek and well fed, but the old man eats very little, hardly enough to keep him alive, it would not, if he moved about. It is pitiful to see the sufferings which a man will endure to save his soul, and how

he will feed his body to the elements to lighten the burden of sin, while he spurns salvation as a gift and tries to work it out in self-maceration.

On the way to the valley between the rivers and on the side of the hill which is crowned by the fakir is a sepulchre-like place hewn from the rock, into which entrance is made by a door and steps. Here lies a gigantic form, painted red, the idol known as the monkey god, horrible looking, prodigious in its proportions, and in conception a cross between the traditional devil, man and beast. It shows the fullest developments of the worst passions of each, a creation of an inverted animalized genius. For some it has a strange fascination, as being a conceit in which no semblance of good appears.

The tongue of land between the rivers is at the first of January of each year the theatre of strange movements. It is a time of a religious feast, frequented often by more than one hundred thousand people. It is the annual Mela. These multitudes come in every possible way. Royalty comes on elephants, bringing their peculiar furnishings with them and gorgeous tents; others come on camels with the necessary outfit for a month's stay; others come in bullock-carts and live in them or in booths. It is a weird sight; the great multitudes with puggeried heads moving about, some in the gayest colors, some in snowy white, some without even a streamer to float from their meagre bodies. The noises are as confounding; the voices of men in laughter, in prayer, in quarrels and revels; the blowing of elephants, the gutturals of the camels with curled lips; the braying and squealing of asses, the lowing of cattle, the baying of dogs, the cawing of crows, and last and least, and yet not least, the crying of twenty thousand

children and the yelling and screaming of multitudinous wives.

These great crowds come from all accessible points of the compass. The primal object is worship in the form of bathing at the junction of the sacred rivers every morning, and as often through the day as inclination and temperature may incline them. It is a vision that does not often fall to the lot of man to see —fifty thousand specimens of naked humanity in the river at once. There is nothing in our country to suggest it unless it may be in the vulgarities and indecencies of men and women in promiscuous bathing on the Atlantic Coast in costumes as suggestive of indecency as nudity itself, women coquetting with men and receiving their attentions, digging their toes in the sand or sprawling about in the sun. Dawdling about in an undress is beneath the morals of the Mela at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna.

The universal wash is not a means of moral elevation anywhere. The removal of dead cuticle is not a means of improving the soul in either the East or West. One of the peculiarities of this great corporate wash is the shearing of the "lambs," together with a considerable number that might be called "goats." It is the great universal shearing—all heads are clipped of fleece and its contents. The clip of one hundred thousand bushy-heads, and perhaps a half million during the fair, is something, to those fond of magnitudes, worth considering. The capillary harvests lie like swathes all over the holy ground, sometimes knee deep. In no spot on the earth is the product of the dome and seat of thought so apparent. Knee deep in head-wealth is enough to abash the great West, where there often is such dearth of this product and such

glistening want of the cast-off luxury of the Ganges. It is a productive product, so that the only safety to an European, squeamish about the outer companionships of his thoughts, would be to ride through it on a camelopard with a docked tail and tarred legs.

These religious feasts are also arranged to conserve both celestial and terrestrial interests. The traffic of the Empire is often represented here—buying and selling, trading on the present and "futures," peddlers of every kind, dealers in all sorts of trinkets, hucksters, food-dealers, snake-charmers, rum-sellers, dancers, musicians and growlers. But this great concourse does more for Christianity than for Hinduism or Mohammedanism. It is a grand opportunity for the spread of the gospel. It has the advantages of the gathering at Pentecost. The missionaries are busy; for it is their seed time, and they work their opportunities to the best of their abilities. Preaching, discussing, instructing, distributing Christian literature, engaging attention, placating prejudices, attracting interest by singing gospel hymns accompanied by portable organs, or such other instruments as they can command, and by magic lantern exhibitions, of which the natives are passionately fond. The Mohammedans, who are fairly versed in the Old Testament Scriptures, sit by the hour to see pictures of Bible scenes and events, especially of the patriarchs, of whom they believe themselves to be the improved successors. The gospel is preached with force, pathos and power. Many become deeply interested; some carry convictions in their hearts which last through life and modify both thoughts and acts. The gospel is here winged and borne upon the breath of men by the Spirit of the Almighty, and is establishing a kingdom without

observation, which will come forth with power sometime to the surprise of the world.

These truths, from the lips of the missionaries, often but a glimmer of something better than the people have known, but have longed for, are carried into solitary homes. There they burn like an unsteady flame, but it is bright, and whole neighborhoods are affected by it and transformed by a glint of truth divine. There will be a gathering of these straggling rays yet into the noontide of Christian day. The missionaries have adopted the same popular idea and have organized a Mela for Christ. The missionaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in Allahabad and surrounding stations have held such a feast, which was attended by native Christians of every denomination. It was observed with religious services, as in the native Melas, with the exception that all business matters were excluded. It aroused public attention and led to favorable comment as a movement that might be fraught with good. It was concluded with a feast in native style. It was in great contrast with the confused and idolatrous proceedings at the common Melas, at one of which lately several hundreds fakirs, or religious mendicants, formed a long public procession, these men being shamelessly indecent, in the entire absence of their usually scant clothing, and yet were held in high honor by great multitudes of heathen spectators.

India can never rise while this horde of vultures feeds at her heart and debauches her conscience as to lingering sense of decency. They are as disgusting in personal habits as hyenas. Their sanctity is in dirt. Their morals suffer in comparison with the beasts. They are without honor, without affection, without

truthfulness, without shame, without mercy, and without the commonest instincts of humanity. They are vitalized scourges, in comparison with whom the national cholera is to be preferred.

We were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Lucas to the mansion of the wealthiest Hindu of Allahabad. His residence was somewhat pretentious, and was entered, as usual, through a court, where the porters generally have to be aroused from their attitudes, which are ordinarily longitudinal; or, if this is departed from, there is an acute angle formed between legs and body as they sit on their heels with arms resting on the knees. There was a display of marble pavement unwashed. The moneyed prince sat in the midst of careless confusion, the few articles of furniture being in disorder. He received Mr. Lucas with cordiality, and the writer with kindness for his sake, conversing freely and intelligently, and was evidently a man of parts. There was no appearance of wealth, but of the ability to acquire it there was evidently no deficiency. He spoke understandingly of the British government and what its rule had done for the country, saying that before it had held sway in the Punjab if he had crossed a vacant square in front of his house with a hundred rupees he would have been robbed, if not killed. "Now," said he, "I can go where I please with ten thousand, unguarded if necessary." "The British government," he continued, "is a great blessing to men of property in India, and those who desire its overthrow are usually those who have nothing to lose in revolutions and the possibility of some gain in the lawlessness that would succeed." To the remark that the government was in the main just and equitable, and promoted honesty and prosperity, a ready and hearty assent was given.

During the conversation he beckoned to one of his servants, and spoke to him in the native language, who disappeared for a time, and returning brought each of the guests a handful of cardamom seeds, for what purpose we never could divine. They were no doubt evidences of hospitality, and were received as such, though no particular fondness for them was developed. They were deposited in the coat-tail pockets, which ever served us in emergencies in disposing of disagreeable articles of food, so as not to offend the givers.

As we took leave his manner became gracious, perhaps to speed the parting guest. It is hard to do justice to the motives and habits of men only separated by the thin partition of dialects, but which might as well be walls of stone. As the threshold was passed the heaven itself showed its hospitalities in a profusion of colored rays shot across a western horizon. The sun was going into his chamber of amber, of purple and gold, and the high priests in the temple not made with hands were lighting the firmament with their altar fires, while the reflections of the last rays of the sun-setting were gleaming from the heads of the Himalayas, clothed in virgin whiteness.

CHAPTER XL.

MISSION WORK IN ALLAHABAD.

THE mission work in Allahabad extends through half a century, and its progress has been amidst ups and downs, and is now at its highest average. Since the beginning of this work valuable auxiliaries have come to its help. Railways are missionaries, not constructively, but destructively. The chief advantage is their innovation upon the habits of communities. Any movement which turns the paths on which men have travelled for centuries one hundred feet to one side or the other is of moral advantage. The best forerunners to the progress of the gospel are habit breakers —caste smashers. The railways of India in the beginning were dreaded and boycotted, but gradually the necessities created by them became the necessities of the communities. Familiarity with these innovations has had much to do with the changed sentiment. Natives in the employ of the companies have had a favorable influence. The wonderful cheapness of travel in the cars suits the natives, and the love of change, which is fast becoming a passion, is carrying the people to and fro, and knowledge is increasing. Railroad travel is constantly crowding out caste, breaking it, and turning society upside down, all to the ultimate advantage of Christianity.

Allahabad is growing young by its railway facilities, and will soon be the most modern and European

city in India. The sanctity of age is losing its hold and the thought has at last struggled into the public mind that there are advantages in new things worth considering and adopting. An incident will illustrate this. If a woman of higher caste, either purposely or accidentally, uncovers her head before strangers she not only disgraces herself, but her husband. An Englishman with an opera-glass was surveying the prospect when, by accident, a woman was seen under a tree without her veil, feeling that she was secure beyond the range of vision, but had taken no account of the magnifying power of English lenses. Her exposure was perceived and unutterable woe was the result. The woman fell prostrate at her husband's feet, hiding her head in shame, and the man, heart-broken, rushed into the presence of the Englishman, telling him that he was forever dishonored. The Englishman called him that peculiar kind of fool which we need not repeat, and told him to shut his mouth and nobody would know any thing about it, adding a valedictory from the end of his boot, which woke in the mind of the aggrieved the thought that neither he nor his wife could be disgraced by what they could not help, unless they disgraced themselves by telling it, and this was the last of it. So in railways, mishaps are constantly occurring to caste notions. A lurch of the car will jostle three or four castes together, and a collision put high and low in a common heap.

The light of a beautiful morning had dawned and the dews were dropping from the lustrous leaves as the journey was made from the railway station to the historic compound of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The hospitalities of the Rev. Dr.

Lucas were extended, and the dream of years was realized of which so much had been heard in monthly concerts during childhood. It is a lovely spot; a great river sweeps silently by, the sun covering its surface with silver sheens, its banks marked by stately palms, tossing their proud heads to the languid zephyrs. One realizes the majesty of this wonderful river coming down alike out of cloud and mountains when he reflects that it has not been diminished in volume or velocity since the day when man was created. The mission house was a restful place in its own elements, in its associations and in the repose it gave after a night's journey.

The ground owned by our Church is very valuable. It is the best site for beauty, health and general capaciousness in the country. The Church may thank a coterie of fools for this valuable investment. It belonged to the British government. The buildings cost a large amount of money, but an upstart engineer informed the authorities that in a few years the whole of it would be in the river or deposited on the other side, or might turn up a new island in the heart of the river, and the credulous authorities had faith in his guesses, and a new site was selected for the public offices. The preachers were foresighted in respect to worldly affairs for once, and to some purpose. They made use of their observation of the peculiarities of the Ganges and believed more in common sense than pretentious science, and purchased the entire premises for two thousand dollars. It is now worth at least fifty thousand dollars. This may stand as a mitigation to the traditional idea that ministers are business numskulls. It is historic ground in every part, and it will hold a central place in the history of redemption in India. This mission was founded in 1836.

As Dr. J. C. Lowrie was leaving India on account of fast failing health, he was met at Calcutta by incoming laborers on their way to Lodiana—Messrs. John Newton and James Wilson McEwan. The latter located at Allahabad, which at that time was greatly isolated, but the choice was no doubt by divine direction. The mission has held on its way ever since through vicissitudes. It has withstood persecutions; its property has been destroyed, and its missionaries, at one time or another, have been crowned in martyrdom. The church in this compound has had a wonderful history. Those who have preached and listened are passing from the memories of men, but their teachings and sufferings, their prayers and tears, have entered other personalities, who are waging the contest of the present. The most interesting links with the past are the native ministers standing in their lot, their heads white with years, but their zeal, like the fire in the "Pilgrim's Progress," sustained by an unseen hand ever replenishing the flames with oil.

One of the pleasing surprises in mission work greeted our coming. When a student in Danville, Ky., we had the pleasure of the friendship of an estimable family. Of the children, a young boy was the most promising. He was seen in his father's store, a favorite among the customers. He was taught the Shorter Catechism, for his parents were of Scotch-Irish descent. That boy, grown into Christian manhood, is the missionary in charge at this Jumna mission, and one of the ablest and most useful of the force in India. What marvels hath grace wrought! Dr. Lucas is a preacher, teacher, writer and man-of-affairs, with an intrepid spirit in all the movements toward good.

Near the homestead occupied by so many of Christ's nobility is the school-house for boys, in which the lamented Dr. Alexander Hodge lived while a missionary at this station. Though he was still living when we were there, the place had a marvellous interest in the fact that the inspiration of his life, which appeared in his wonderful practical knowledge of theology and which added to its profundity the charm of the sermon and the poetry of a Christian life, was born in India amid its natural glories and its unspeakable depravities, and in the all conquering faith that the gospel of Christ will yet bring all into his own image. This school is prosperous. It was under the tuition of the Rev. Henry Forman, a young man of remarkable abilities and attainments. Born to the work, he brought not only the enthusiasm of his young manhood to his profession, but the constraining power of the love of Christ. He appreciated the heritage of service in life and death, to Christ's cause rendered by the noble and the holy gone before. The school is a model in propriety and accurate scholarship. The English would have been creditable in our own country. On the blackboard, in a language that every nationality can read, were the signs of their progress in mathematics. These young men desired to hear from far-away America, the land of golden fancies, the goal of the ambition of Oriental youth, the ideal paradise for the poor and oppressed across the seas, just under the propitious rays of the sunsetting. This honor was appreciated and the desired service rendered to the best ability, and what was a greater surprise, we found that these dark-eyed Orientals can perceive a hit, or the glimmer of mirthfulness, just as quickly as the more favored sons of the happiest country under the skies.

Since this delightful visit, Rev. Mr. Forman, who is a son of the noted missionary at Lahore, has been assigned to the place of teacher of theology at Saharanpur, in the same institution where the well-known and esteemed Dr. Wherry labors when he is in India. There is a female seminary with commodious, and for the country, luxurious accommodations, an honor to the women of the Board of the North-west, by whose diligence it has been prepared for its noblest mission, woman's work for woman. There are connected in some way with this compound, homes for native Christians, a blessed provision of good sense and liberality, for one of the greatest hindrances to missionary work is the awful boycotting of Christians. They are thrust through the door of want into hopeless starvation.

Other homes were visited, one belonging to an elder, a man of parts and prominence in the church and out of it, who, by his purity of life, has not only silenced cavillers, but has commanded respect despite all hostility. He is an eminent lawyer, and has a home after the Christian ideal, just what can always be predicted of those born of God. His wife was a ladylike person, who presided in her home with modest dignity. The furniture was in European style, which is as much a marvel among the natives as is a Christian. In the list of household furnishings we noticed the Bible in an honored place, in reverent state, as it ought to have been, for it had lifted this family from the dunghill and had set them with princes.

We were in another home where poverty dwelt, not amidst meanness, but amidst purity and gentility; for where Christ is worshipped poverty is itself sanctified and takes on a saintliness like the Master's. The house

was built of mud, which the periodical rains called monsoons, which are deluges, wash away so largely that a man would have to search for a part of both home and real estate in the rivers Jumna or Ganges. These poor Christians, without an article of furniture that an American or European would recognize, were still in all that makes up manhood or womanhood head and shoulders above the highest caste about them; and still there are Christians who do not believe in foreign missions!

There is nothing in connection with this mission work more pitiful than the home for lepers. The disease is not drawn in the Scriptures a tint too highly, nor are the colors too dark in which its woes are painted. The gates were gladly opened to their friend, Mr. Lucas, whom they love passionately. It was the saddest sight we ever witnessed. As we entered the news of our coming brought into notice all the miseries of the most miserable spot we ever beheld. There were victims with faces gone and eyes only protruding; there were men and women from whose limbs joints had dropped off; cripples, blind, deaf, feetless, handless; miseries standing, lying, crying waiting, wasting for pity and help, seeking the only earthly relief that could come in telling of their pains and pangs to their benefactor, and a word of pity from him was like the kiss of a mother on the baby's burned fingers. It brought tears and sighs over hapless distress to see its efforts to struggle after its helper. Some were crawling on all fours, or what was left of them; some blind, were groping, their poor heads one way and hands another, calling for recognition; some who had sight, but were cripples, were trying to lead the blind to the only one who had

cared enough for them to provide for their comfort. If they could only kiss his hand it was enough.

Heathenism has neither word, sympathy nor help for them. Before the English control lepers were buried alive. Heathenism waves them away by the cry unclean. Only Jesus Christ ever had pity, healing and help for lepers. This plague spot was in the midst of surpassing natural beauty. The leprous spot was there, but the soul made clean dwelt in the decaying tabernacle, and what a glory could be seen on the half-consumed faces of those who had found soul healing and cleansing through his omnific word, "Be thou clean." These poor creatures had been driven from home, children and friends, and had bidden farewell to all that could give a cheering ray. Many still halted at the threshold of sovereign mercy and would rather starve than come. Many lepers are members of our mission churches.

After the mission home-work, associations and histories on the Jumna had been considered, our faces were turned to another point not so beautiful, but as rich in its self-denials, toils, hopes and victories—the Kutra Mission. At present it is under the manage ment of the Rev. J. M. Alexander, from the neighborhood of St. Clairsville, Ohio, and of a family noted for its sturdy Presbyterianism and piety, and from which there is always one at least to serve the Church in the ministry. He is a scholarly, able and enthusiastic laborer, who holds a high place in the estimation of both natives and Europeans. The hospitality of this home was graciously tendered. This is one of the unmistakable distinctions of our countrymen in every part of the world. The schools were visited; the scholars appeared to advantage without being coached for the

occasion. The pupils were studious and unusually bright in all the departments. Mr. Alexander is a missionary of all work. He can take a hand at any thing to be done, and of course ever finds a place for both hand and head.

His work is varied, and a catalogue of his engagements would cover more space than could be spared. He is a preacher able to cope with both Brahminism and Mohammedanism. He preaches in various parts of the city and suburbs and has the gift of gaining attention at the native Melas, both heathen and Christian. He also assists the native pastor, Mr. Caleb, one of the first and sturdiest converts, whose life has been a continual devotion to the gospel that saved him. The Kutra church seemed to us in the present condition of the city to be in the least advantageous situation of any of our churches, and a new one is sorely needed, but last year brought fourteen additions, raising the number to seventy-four. Mr. Alexander is engaged also in a mission school near the Kutra Station, which has one hundred and sixty-two scholars and a bazaar school of twenty-five scholars. But beyond this his labors extend, in strengthening the churches and assisting other missions.

At this old station one of the most interesting instrumentalities of missionary effort is the printing and publishing department. The printing is now conducted by natives, who can do it more cheaply than the missionaries, upon whom, however, the work of editing comes almost entirely. The press in the early efforts of the church in India was one of the most efficient agencies, and could do as much now to bring in the final result if it were pushed by the Board. This work of the American Presbyterian Church is recognized

by all the Christian laborers of every kind in India. Dr. Shearing, of the London Missionary Society, says that "the missions of the Presbyterian Board of America deserves the credit of creating a Christian lliterature." Amost the entire Bible has been translated here, Hindu and Hebrew grammars, also translations of various standard works, a Hindu hymn-book, and Dr. Hodge's "Outlines of Theology." In the work of preparing a literature the native missionaries have done good service. One of the most eminent went up higher years ago, the Rev. Ishwari Dass. There is also a paper which has lived through fourteen years, is still alive and healthy, the *Makhzan-il Masihi*, or Christian treasury, and is published in the Urdu language for Christian families.

Since our visit there has been a new church completed in an advantageous place, from which great things may be expected. It is at a centre of population, especially of business, where men of all opinions congregate, who will turn in to hear the gospel at leisure moments from curiosity, malignity, or from honest interest in its claims. It was opened by special religious services, attended by crowds of Hindus and Mohammedans. It was the occasion for the display of brotherly love, in which missionaries everywhere excel all others. In the services Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists joined heartily in the joy and triumph of the Presbyterians.

In the home of the Rev. Mr. Alexander the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. Janvier was made, who with his young wife, formerly Miss Rankin, daughter of a missionary in China, began his life-work in the strength of his manhood, bringing fine scholarship, a well-trained mind, Christian enthusiasm and a sacred name

—a martyr name; for his father, the Rev. Dr. Janvier, of Sabathu, was killed at a Mela at Anandpur by a Sikh fanatic in 1863.

The female missionaries have not received yet the attention they deserve, for "woman's work for woman" in India stands the peer of all that man has done, not a rival, but a helper. The wives of the missionaries are all workers, in teaching, in attracting the favor of the natives, in gaining their confidence, in zenanas where men cannot go, and so reaching men in the most natural and heaven appointed way, by women. It is a wonderful revelation of the unfolding of divine grace that woman has been elevated to her place in the soul-saving service in the world, and that she is no longer in the moral sphere a cipher added to a digit, but in herself is both digit and cipher happily conjoined. The medical work is carried on by Miss Seward, M.D., assisted by Miss Syms, a graduate from London, and no efforts of consecrated and qualified woman can be more useful in opening doors of opportunity for the incoming of the Great Physician to soul and body. The only defect observed was a want of laborers and a weakening notion too prevalent among many good men, but in our judgment narrow and distrustful, pernicious both at home and abroad, that the English ought to take care of India, which is about as wise under the circumstances as to say that Germany ought to evangelize France. It appeared to us that the foundations of society were being undermined and that this is the time to get ready for a reorganization upon their ruins for Christ.

The Methodist and Baptist Churches also have missions in Allahabad. The Methodists are comparatively young in the work, but are making progress.

The Baptists have never in Northern India made the wonderful progress which has crowned their labors in the South and in Burmah. Their work here, like the rest of the churches, is slow, but it is a contribution to breaking down and enlightening needful before any wide-spread upbuilding comes. Disorganization must come in order to reorganization. The English Church is strongly entrenched in the work of the London Church Missionary Society. This Society has several Divinity Schools, one at Lahore and another at Allahabad.

The acquaintance of Professor Hacket was made on the Indian Ocean in the ship. He is a man of abilities and attainments and a delightful companion, a man of broad sympathies, as are the missionaries in this Indian field. He extended the hospitalities of a true foreign missionary. We were in the Divinity School during one of Professor Hacket's recitations, which seemed to be going on all right, in the native tongue, which is about as far as our knowledge would warrant. He extended an invitation to us to address the students in English, which was accepted and enjoyed on account of the brightness and enthusiasm of the candidates for orders under the commission of our Divine Head. This missionary was one of those who exposed the tricks of the notorious Madam Blavatsky, incurring the wrath of her dupes on every side. Theosophy received its death blow through these exposures with all who do not delight in the sensations of fraud. Theosophy is on the level in India with common jugglery.

CHAPTER XLI.

SOUTH-EAST INDIA.—BENARES.

ABOUT twenty-eight hundred miles have been travelled over plains on whose vast expanse not even an undulation appears. To see a hill or mountain is like meeting an old friend and renewing a home acquaintance. The spurs of the Himalayas run out into the plain and cut off the line of vision northward. This range is singular in that it starts up abruptly from the level plain in a succession of terraces rising to a height of eight to ten thousand feet, followed by a plain extending northward hundreds of miles, broken by mountains of about equal height. Rising from these is another range, the whole elevation being twenty-eight thousand feet, covered with everlasting snows, which no tropical heats have ever denuded of their hoary locks. But another surprise on the way is the reappearance of palm trees, graceful and fruitful, and in their society the plantains, which nestle under their great shadows.

The ancient city of Benares appears on the west side of the Ganges, that most sacred and most filthy of all rivers. The one turned through the Augean stables was of crystal clearness and cleanness compared to it. It serves the purpose in India of the scape-goat in Syria, which bore away the sins of the people. The Ganges carries away some portion of the indescribable dirt of the Hindus into the sea. It looks very much like the Missouri river at this time, but in the rainy season is larger and more turbid.

Benares is the brain of Indian idolatry, and one of the oldest cities in the world. It has not much recorded history, for it has only been ambitious in upholding that idolatry which has wrought its degradation. Its glory is that it is a city "wholly given to idolatry." Its original name was Kasshi, and first appears B. C. 1200, or to attach the date to what is more familiar, about the period of the Judges in the Old Testament, and of the elopement of Helen of Troy in the history of the Greeks. It was not until the sixth century B. C. that the history of this city became definite. Then an event occurred which not only glorified Benares as a religious centre, but became a moving impulse through all the East, the results of which we survey to-day. That event was the birth of Sakya Muni and the rise of Buddhism.

Siddharta, a prince of one of the minor principalities near the Himalayas, worn out with the seductive luxuries of an Eastern court, entered Gaya in the guise of an ascetic in quest of deliverance from the vices of himself and his times. He was sceptical respecting Hinduism, still he was friendly with some of its disciples and kept in the society of Brahmins, frequented the schools of philosophy and practised the penances which his teachers prescribed; but none of these ever helped him to solve the secrets of life and death. He turned from its gods, and accompanied by five Brahmin friends, retired to the solitudes of the forest to think out the great problems of life. For six years he endured all that Brahmins did in austerities with the purpose of subduing every natural desire, that he might triumph in the end in the work he had set himself to do. But all that came of it was projecting bones and spindle shanks, with little disposition to

make any effort. This led him to the conviction that the mind and body were too dependant on each other to solve problems by starvation. So he resolved to eat, which offended his Brahmin friends, and they left him. He was greatly weakened and dejected by disappointment, and was about to give up, but resolved to make a last desperate effort. Taking forty-nine days' supply of food with him he sat down under a tree and gave himself to the deepest abstraction, the result of which was the system of Buddhism. Buddha was a philanthropist and sought deliverance for others as well as himself.

He had left his father's court with the determination not to return until he could bring tidings of deliverance to all, and now he started on his mission. He went in search of his offended Brahmin friends to reveal his discoveries, and next to the sages to whom he had listened the schools of philosophy to inform them of the better way. His course was onward, everywhere proclaiming his newly evolved system and was nearly everywhere successful. Multitudes received his doctrines, among whom must have been the King of Benares and his court, for it was soon afterward a Buddhist capital. His fame spread to Burmah, Mongolia aud China. Benares was filled with the prosperity which the new doctrines gave, its riches multiplied and its territorial sway extended as far south as Orissa.

The Brahmins were overwhelmed, but not destroyed; they waited and hated. Driven from their stronghold they took refuge in the small kingdom of Kananj. Their time of recovery and vengeance came. King Asoka was a follower of the new doctrine and all-powerful as paramount sovereign of Hindustan.

He was so ill-advised as to attempt to force his faith on the hostile faction. But this, as usual, united them and started them on the aggressive, quickening their fallen system with new intellectual life, so that it adapted itself to the wants and weaknesses of the people. Thus they encroached at first on Buddhism, then conquered it, so that in the twelfth century A. D. it was expelled from India. Nothing could shake it in Benares until the eleventh century, when it was overthrown and the city again became the Brahmin capital and the nerve centre of its movements. But it is in decay now; its shrines are being deserted, its great temples falling into the Ganges, and no man loves it enough to put forth a hand to avert its inevitable ruin.

The first shock given to the city was in the Mohammedan conquest. It was overcome by Mohamed Ghory, the founder of the second Mohammedan dynasty of Delhi, in 1194. In 1677 it received a second visitation from the Mohammedan scourge. The Emperor Aurungezebe hated all infidels of every name. Benares was sacked, its temples demolished, and as usual upon the sacred sites mosques were erected from the fragments. This involved the removal of nearly all that was superb in temples from the city. This ruler also tried to humble the English colony on the Hoogley. He feared even then its growing power, and with good reason, for the English had determined to found an empire in the East, which was begun in earnest under Clive and Warren Hastings. Benares itself is now included in this new imperial sway.

The Sepoy rebellion manifested itself at this centre, but was summarily ended by a few brave English, who not only disarmed the insurgents, but slaughtered

many of them as they were carrying out their purpose, on June 3d, 1857. Religious Benares is all that is worthy of a thought at present, and this thought will only beget disgust. It is considered the most sacred of all the holy places in India, and whoever dies within its hallowed area, be he Hindu, Mohammedan or Christian, pure in heart or foul in life, is sure of a blessed hereafter. Men spend their lives in oppression and crime and then come to die at Benares, comforted with the thought that all sins can be washed away by its sacred stream. It contains fourteen hundred and eighty places of idolatrous worship. Their architectural characteristics and the fine carvings and tracery upon them will command attention, and in some special cases admiration, even when one stands amidst the sickening degradations within and about them.

Shiva is the tutelary god of the city and his trident is seen on many spires and domes. Shiva worship originated in the conception of man's ability to raise himself by his own austerities to an equality with the gods. It considered the human soul as an emanation from the divine, and urges its adherents to realize renewed union by subduing the passions and mortifying the desires. The popular idea of him is that he is a mendicant who gained and who keeps his place by his austerities; morals he had none; he was drunken and licentious. In his lifetime he rode a bull from city to city craving alms and indulging in vices that decency dares not name. This is the reason why the bull is sacred to him and used as one of his disgusting symbols. His aspect is frightful in the extreme. A third eye in his forehead is supposed to reduce to ashes any one bold enough to interrupt his devotions. A necklace of

human skulls dangles about his neck, while serpents mingle with his hair and crawl over his person.

There is also Vishnu worship, which is essentially different from Shivaism. It starts from the idea of God condescending to men and revealing himself in a series of avatars. The name of the supreme being is Brahm, and from him gods and all existing things have sprung. The first person in the Hindu triad is Brahma, the creator; the second is Vishnu, who had nine avatars, or incarnations; the third Shiv. Vishnu is represented as of a black or blue color, and as in a state of repose resting on the face of the floods by which the former world was destroyed. The lotus flower is his throne, which is supported on the waters by the great serpent Ananta, and upon which he reclines, oblivious of all objects and indifferent to the affairs of men.

This worship was far too refined for the common mind, and to make it popular avatars or second incarnations were invented, nine in number, among which are the fish, tortoise, boar, man, lion, dwarf. But they are of no consequence further than to show the essential beastliness of this form of heathenism. It is the sixth avatar that brings us on historical ground, which is that of Rama, the popular hero of the Brahmins, and of these only. The seventh avatar was the great warrior hero, Rama Chandra, with Sita, his wife, and his brother Lachman. This incarnation is next to that of Krishna, the most popular in Northern India. Their deeds are celebrated in that magnificent epic, the Ramayan, of which there is a first-rate translation in English. Ram is the lip god, for he dwells on the lips of the multitudes. Their morning salutation is "Ram;" the funeral cry is "Ram sat pai—"

"he is the self-existent." The pilgrim hurries on crying, "Siti Ram, Sita Ram."

Ram was assisted by the monkeys, under their great leader, Hanuman, in his victory over Ravana, the demon god of Ceylon, who had carried off his beautiful Sita. This victory is celebrated every October in a festival which occupies the place of honor in the Hindu calendar. The eighth avatar was Krishna, the most popular of the present day. He was born in Muttra some centuries before our era. His parents belonged to a Nomadic tribe called Yadavas. He was famous for his skill as a musician, and for his coarse gallantries among the milk-maids of Brindabun. He occupies his high niche in the temple of fame on account of the assistance which he rendered to the Pandav brothers in their long struggle of supremacy over their formidable rivals, the Kanravs. He died at Muttra in obscurity, but his name and memory are imperishable.

This story excites the Hindu of the present day as do the events celebrated during the Muharram the Mohammedan. Krishna is generally represented as a shepherd with his flute, or holding a huge snake, on the head of which he is standing. The ninth avatar is said by the Brahmins to have been Buddha. Recognizing Buddha as an avatar and incorporating his theories the Brahmins gained his adherents and did away with the necessity of a separate sect in India.

The tenth avatar or incarnation is yet to come. But many assert that it has come in the English rule, which explains the hold that the English have on some of these people who believe that they will prepare the way for greater future revelation and consummation. There is among the many idol repre-

sentations of Benares one of a monkey wearing a crown and holding a huge mace in his hand. This is the monkey General Hanuman, who with his legions helped Ram to conquer Ravana and deliver Sita, to which reference has been made.

The river Ganges is the river esteemed above all by the Hindus, because the Shastras declare that it flows from the toe of Vishnu. Durga is another of these deities, the consort of Shiv, and in this character is said to delight in the afflictions and death of men. She is worshipped by the sacrifices of animal blood, and formerly of human beings, offered to appease her wrath and to turn aside the calamities which she delights in sending.

This condensed outline will throw light upon the descriptions which will be given in their order to show that idolatry is not a senseless thing in the Hindu mind, but has a wealth of religious ideas, genealogies, philosophies and histories. In and through these it combines all the hues of native thought, as the white light has in it all the colors of the rainbow.

CHAPTER XLII.

RELIGIOUS SHRINES AT BENARES.

ONE of the remaining objects of religious interest is the Golden Temple of Bisheshwar Nath. It is reached by a narrow street reeking with filth. One does not know what to do with his feet, and his nose is in open rebellion. He is elbowed and jammed between dirty wretches, quarrelling among themselves, and agreeing only on the one purpose, to devour, if possible, the meek and unfortunate European. The first

building that arrests the attention is a large, white mosque, which stands on the site of the old temple Bisheshwar, destroyed during the persecutions of the Hindus by Aurungezebe, and was designed to be a standing insult to the Hindus. Its offensive proximity to their most sacred centre in Benares has led to many a battle between Hindus and Mohammedans, in which the former are usually worsted, for the Mohammedans have about all the courage shown in such emergencies, and are never averse to a *fracas* in which they can exercise it. The old temple was thrown down by them, but this did not satisfy their rancor, they must add insult to injury, so the images were used as steps for the faithful to tread upon. They are an insolent set of wretches, but further than this they ought not to be accused of moral obliquity.

It is a pity they did not lift the ground on which these abominations stand, for if Hindu life is worth preserving it would have been a great blessing. In such places cholera is bred and will ever exist, for no cleaner disease could live and preserve its self-respect in such an atmosphere. There is an old *Ficus religiosa*, the trunk of which is overlaid with idols. A little further on is a stone bull, six feet and a half high, sacred to Mahadeo, by whose name it is known. The Mahadeo's image is said to be at the bottom. The faithful believe that at the approach of the Moslems he got up on his stone "pins" and cast himself down into the well. The well, of course, is honored; so around it is a carved stone wall covered by a large cloth to prevent the flowers and other offerings from dropping into decay in its sacred waters, but for all that a considerable part goes down and the stench is insufferable.

Two wells at Benares are considered supremely holy. One is called "the well of knowledge," in which a no less dignitary than the god Siva is supposed to reside. Its waters are in a state of constant putrefaction from the flowers and offerings dropped into it. The Manikarnaka is believed to have been dug by Vishnu with his discus and filled with the perspiration of his own body. Stone steps lead down to the water, which is only three or four feet deep. These steps are thronged with bathing pilgrims, many of whom are filthy and covered with sores, the stench of which fills the air around. These reeking waters are believed to be infallible in washing away the sins of the soul.

But all dirt seems to be holy in the eyes of heathenism. The divergence of Christianity appears in clearest contrast with this. There is no nameable filthy thing that is not either drunken or eaten by these peoples at some time or other as a sacred act. This water, so fetid, is tasted by every worshipper, and some glut themselves with this liquid nastiness. A Brahmin, seated at the well's side, serves it out to the thirsty crowd, who smack their lips with an absolute relish. As every spoonful lines the pockets of the priests, it need not be said that the owners are men of vast wealth, but this does not stop the clamor for "backshish," and Christians might as well know that the priests regard "backshish" from Europeans as their offerings to idols. These dumb stone and metal man-made idols are constantly drenched with water, votive offerings from the Ganges, for its waters furnish a part of every offering; the result is prolonged and disagreeable filth.

Near by is a small, but exceedingly artistic, building of white marble, and a peep can be taken through the wall at the east end of the Golden Temple into the interior, which is crammed with idols of every form, size and ugliness. Emerging from this passage of stifling air and disgusting humanity a shop is reached, the floor of which is covered with marigolds and other garish flower sold to the worshippers for offerings.

From here an ascent may be made to the Naubal Khana, from which a soul-sickening view may be had of heathenism in its most degrading manifestations. Crowds in intermingling confusion move by each other, going to and fro; those coming with holy water from the Ganges suffusing each of the idols, at the same time touching with their foreheads some sacred stone in the floor. But the most indescribable part is the rubbing of their faces with the tails of the sacred bulls until they were smeared; then going to their heads they kiss them on their lips, and the most devout did the same at the roots of their tails. This temple is full of sleek bulls and cows, which are objects of devotion to the multitudes, and eat the garlands of marigolds and other flowers offered by the degraded devotees.

The Golden Temple has three towers, two of which at eventime flash with the glory of the setting sun. The covering is of the same material as that at Amritsur, copper plated with gold. The effect, if separated from the indescribable loathsomeness of all about, would be splendid, and something which one would instinctively pause and admire. The expense of this temple was borne by Maharajah Runjit Singh. We beg our readers to bear with this distasteful description; it

is all we shall ever attempt to give, and we are sure that it is more than enough were it not for the fact that it is becoming the rage to glorify heathenism in efforts at comparative religion. Were it not for this there would be no need for the wearisome sacrifice of time and delicacy of feeling necessary to describe any part of the disgusting affair.

But we will have to go through lower depths in a visit to the Annapurna, or the cow temple. The others described were in the positive degree of comparison; this is comparative, for there is still another. Its court was crowded with worshippers and Brahminic bulls that stuff themselves all day long on the heaps of garlands cast before them by the crowds of worshippers. The offal of these sacred beasts is received in human hands with delight at the honor of the service. This place of animal abomination is reached by a passage, just at the door of which is deposited the offal of these beasts. This temple was built about 1721 by the Peshwa Baji Rao, who was deprived of his territory, thank heaven! by Lord Warren Hastings.

The superlative in degradation is Durga Kund, or monkey temple. We have said before that the monkey is a sacred being. This temple is dedicated to Durga or Kali, (the authoress of all ills, sufferings and death) in order to appease her wrath and avert danger. She is worshipped not only with the ordinary offerings, but with higher forms of life, such as he goats, rams, and sometimes buffaloes. In front of the temple is an altar about two and a half feet high, with a pan-shaped, shallow cut in the upper end to catch the blood when the head of the sacrificial victim is severed. There is a post cut in the cen-

tre like a two pronged fork; in this fork is pressed the neck of the animal, which is held in position by a firm fixture passed through the prongs of the fork over the animal's neck. The priest holds a long, heavy knife and faces the temple in the sacrificial act. When ready an attendant seizes the legs of the victim and pulls his neck to enable the priest with one blow to sever the head from the body, for if the head is not clean cut from the body evil will betide the offerer of the sacrifice.

The temple stands in a quadrangle surrounded by massive walls. Within are even more shocking performances than without. Deified monkeys with their well-known habits command adoration, and they behave as if conscious of the fact. Hundreds of these creatures scamper and chatter; nothing escapes their detection. They became so numerous and pestiferous that the citizens had to request the magistrates to remove them. Several car loads were carried north and dumped out to continue their torments in another place, on the principle that "turn about" in the endurance of religious pests "is fair play." We have always had a sense of disgust at the monkey cosmogony advanced by our modern materialists, but confess that it has lost much of its loathsomeness and has gained probability in the worship heathenism gives. The difference, however, is in favor of the monkeys, who, so far as known, have never lowered themselves to the worship of man, while man has forced his homage on them.

At the south side of the temple is an immense Tamarind tree, the body of which looks as if formed out of monkeys grouped lengthwise. It has within its trunk a hollow of about two feet in diameter, and has been the lying-in hospital for centuries. No mon-

key of all the temple multitudes is said to have been born out of this place. This temple stands on an elevated platform and has several fine architectural effects. In front of it there is a porch supported by twelve carved pillars; from the roof, which is dome-shaped, are suspended two bells. The temple was built by the Rani of Natur in the last century. It has brazen doors, and on a platform is the idol temple in a small building, to which the visitor may approach so near as to see the idol, which has a face of silver, and also the priest officiating. It is magnificently dressed and adorned with numerous garlands. A priest, or some other dignitary, throws over the pilgrim's hat two garlands, one of marigolds and the other of jessamine, which part of the performance was not understood technically, but the *ultimate thule*, "backshish," was comprehended.

On the way from the temple to the Ghats may be seen one of those wheeled monsters, the pictures of which every boy and girl has regarded with terrified wonder, the Car of Juggernath, which means "lord of the world," the Moloch of India. It has twelve wheels; on the platform over them is a series of columns about two and a half feet high and two and a half inches in diameter, octagonal in shape, with Ionic capitals. There are about fifty of these sustaining the second platform, on which is the throne, an affair enclosed all round except in front. It is octagonal and has eight columns sustaining the dome, which is elongated and also octagonal. In this place, painted and ornamented in fantastic colors, the priest sits, while the car containing the idol is being drawn at frightful speed and regardless of consequences. This car was an old one, and looked as if it had

crushed many a devotee. It is now only taken out once a year, on anniversary days of the car festival, when the great car at Puri is dragged out.

Puri is a small town on the shore of the Bay of Bengal and ranks next to Benares in sanctity. Multitudes of pilgrims throng to this place, many of whom are women. Hundreds die by the way, and skeletons lie scattered along the road. During their stay they must buy the food presented to Juggernath, which is often putrid, badly cooked and very dear, and as it is sacred not a morsel must be thrown away. The result is that sickness makes fearful havoc among them. The images of the god and those of his brother and sister are horrible to behold. That of Juggernath has large round eyes, a peaked nose, and looks like an owl. On festival days, of which there are two, the images are bathed with sacred water and dressed in costly robes. They are then taken to a small room called the sick chamber, where they remain for two weeks, suffering, it is said, from fever resulting from the unusual exposure of the bath, and during this time the temple doors are kept carefully closed and there is no regular worship. The reason, however, is that they are receiving a fresh coat of paint. After this is done they are brought out for public inspection and admiration, and afterward dragged on three cars to temples two miles distant, and after remaining four or five days are dragged back.

The only other objects worthy of description in this heathen capital, Benares, are the Ghats, the places of religious ablutions and ceremonies on the banks of the Ganges. The following prayer is addressed to the river:—"O, Mother Ganga! I now bow at thy feet, have mercy on thy servant.

Who can describe thy virtues? Were the greatest of sinners, the perpetrator of endless crimes, to pronounce the word Ganga, he being delivered from all his sins, shall be translated to the blissful abode of the celestials." Thousands of pilgrims flock to its brink and a constant traffic is carried on in transporting the water to all parts of the country. It is believed that if one die with his body half immersed in these waters he shall be happy thousands of thousands of ages and resemble Brahma. This leads to abuses, as when one is supposed to be dying he is laid amidst a crowd whose shrieks and groans disquiet him, and a few moments before death is placed in the water and his mouth filled with mud and water. In this way many lives are shortened, and in some cases men are murdered by those who inherit their property. The British government was obliged to station guards to prevent Hindu mothers from sacrificing their children by throwing them into the river.

The first of these celebrated bathing places, or Ghats, is called "Dasaswamedh Ghat," a place of great sanctity, for here Brahma himself offered a sacrifice of ten horses to place it on an equality with Allahabad. It is the very gate of the Hindu's heaven, and so holy that nothing can defile it, and this we were ready to believe; for as dirt with them is sanctity, it is so dirty that nothing in the range of the universe *could* defile it. It is, perhaps on account of its incomparable filthiness, one of the five principal places of pilgrimage. Above the Ghat, pundits or teachers may be seen seated amidst a group of idols reading the sacred books to the passing worshippers. During an eclipse it is thronged so densely that they jostle each other into the river, leaving "the devil to take the hindmost."

There is a series of steps rising to a superb building with extraordinary tracings in sand-stone. It is called the Man Mandira Observatory and Ghat, both of which were erected by Mana Sindha, the Rajah of Ambherim Rajputana.

There is another Ghat which may be of interest, not on account of the multitudes of the creatures that dabble in the water, called Manikarnika and Scindia Ghat. This is *awfully* sacred; its sanctity, however, affects the visitor chiefly at the nose; instinctively he grasps this facial organ and holds on as if in some way it were to be his salvation, as all heathen sanctity in India smells. But his eyes will disclose to him at this place the marvellous advantages of cremation, for which some of our countrymen are trying to work up a sentiment. The place where this goes on is called the marghat, the place of burning. There is a comfort in the thought that a man will not have to go through this process until he is dead; and therefore it has some advantages over the Papal institution of martyrdom by fire. The place is black, greasy and grimy, and is colored by the charred dust that has accumulated for centuries. Though it is asserted that what remains is put into the Ganges, many shall wake to the future out of their watery graves to find that they are not all present, part having been left upon the shores of clay and time.

Burning was going on within, three bodies were passing through the fires of purgation, all except what escaped in the air, which was identified as belonging to the natives, being the odor of their living precepts and examples. One was finished all but the skull, from which the hair had not all been burned at the back, protected by the sand

in which it lay. This was poked up by a stick, probably by the eldest son, whose duty it is to break his father's skull with a bamboo pole. It was kicked into the river among a crowd of women, who were filling their water pitchers for home use. The ashes were shovelled into the waters, raising a cloud of dust, flying all about, so that they did not get entirely into the sacred river. Another body was in process of roasting, the feet sticking beyond the pile of wood, and which, when burned off, would go in whole, being deprived of their upper appurtenances.

This is enough "to sample the lot," and we have no doubt our readers are as anxious as we to get away. But while we were moving out another burial performance came in sight; it was the last rite given to a holy fakir, who departed this life for want of breath. This class will not be burned at death, but have the distinguished honor of being buried in the Ganges. He was a bony specimen even of the Hindu kind, whose legs in their best estate are not thicker than ball clubs and give no more appearance of fleshiness. There was no effort to disguise his butternut-colored legs. He was wrapped about the body with something; not being desirous of too accurate knowledge, we cannot tell what; clogs were fastened to his body and he was rowed out into the middle of the river under the last rays of a beautiful sunsetting, streaking the face of the river in golden ripples, and was there dumped—"*sic transit gloria mundi.*"

About this horrible burning place are many small stone tablets, standing upright like grave-stones. These are the memorial stones of *Satis*, or women who

have gone through the abominable Suttee rather than be enslaved in perpetual widowhood, and in view of the light which they possessed we cannot be hard on them.

Below this Ghat is a confusing scene of architectural glory and degradation, and it is one of the riddles of history how intimately the grandest architectural achievements and vast hopeless human degradation are associated. Below this place of burning lie massive and splendid ruins. The Ganges, like the Missouri, is always undermining its banks, which to the depth of one hundred feet are but heaps of sand, and these magnificent buildings, all clustered at the river's edge, are gradually sinking down into the water. Several of the Ghats are tipped over riverward and whole blocks stand at an angle of forty-five degrees. Great clustered towers, peculiar to India, pyramidal in shape, with groups of pinnacles of exquisite workmanship cut on their sides, bases, columns and architraves are all being moved by the religious instinct of the country to take a dip in the Ganges, or perhaps are more suggestive to the Christian of the toppling processes of heathenism bowing before the supremacy of the all-conquering power of the truth. Even in Benares, the head centre of heathenism in India, the final desolation is evident. Juggernath is gone; Suttee is gone; snake worship is gone; men are found boldly denouncing child-marriage. Many are trying to repair the old system, which is a declaration that it is inadequate to the needs of the day. The Somajs are only acknowledgments of felt weakness.

The Church Missionary Society is here making most encouraging progress. But the decay of the people

will go on. Only by death can life be evolved. How can a people do any thing but die physically, mentally and morally in such foul, destroying contact, such unspeakable religious beastiality, as is seen on the banks of the Ganges? Priests are quarrelling as to who will do the abominable deception best, and the devotees are travelling around holding on to a bull's tail, while he symbolically takes them into heaven, they using his tail, wiping their faces therewith, to take their sins away. The very sight of it is debasing; a Christian who has seen it afar-off feels defiled even by its vision. The cry of Peter came again and again into memory, as the only fitting expression after witnessing these horrible realities: "Lord, wash not my feet only, but my hands and my head."

There is little else worthy of notice in Benares except mud houses, stagnant ponds giving out poisons, cesspools from which the people drink and die, the perpetual home of cholera, a few good modern buildings, a Queen's College, a government institution, Prince of Wales Hospital, the Town Hall, &c. But nature never fails in India to clothe all desolations with her beauties, as if instinctively to hide man's self-wrought ruin. The thought of getting away from the intolerable weariness and despairings of a city almost wholly given to idolatry was entrancing; so we set our faces toward Calcutta. The country has the same general characteristics already described, only growing more tropical as we advance. The air has that indescribable mistiness which lends enchantment to all objects far and near. Reaping was going on by the wayside, which was peculiar in that men and women reaped squatting, so that when a hundred or more of them

moved on it was a hoptoad motion, but so nimble are they that they work in this painful position all day.

The first hogs seen in the country were at Benares; to whom they belonged would be hard to even surmise, for the Mohammedans would not own them, and the Brahmins would not if they had to be killed, and it could hardly be imagined that they were kept merely as scavengers. In the specimens seen was well illustrated a tendency of animal life in the country to go back to original types. These swine were all head and shoulders, their hinder parts being very insignificant. Their hair was long and brindled; their tails reached to the ground and were straight. The centre of gravity had been moved to the shoulders, so that in running fast, if their snouts struck on any object, over went the hind end, hoofs over appetite. This is also apparent in dogs brought from England —heavy in their hinder parts at first, in three or four years they will go all to head, the head getting disproportionately long and the body growing slender; an evident deterioration toward the original type.

On the way also the work of the white ants is seen; an institution of the country. They keep the soil well dug up, or are, in other words, subsoilers. Hundreds of acres in places are burrowed under by these insignificant creatures, and turned under side up ready for the seed, and in a country where no good ploughing is done their value as agriculturists can hardly be overestimated. The soil is renewed by these busy creatures which had only been scratched by the fork of a tree, the longer part being used as the beam and the shorter part set into an iron socket like that of a mortising chisel; a primitive contrivance, but

all that the country has had for more than three thousand years.

But these white ants are not an unmixed blessing; for they are the most destructive creatures of their size ever created. They eat up in a few days the thick beams on which rests the roof of a house Were it not authenticated by the best of proof and had we not seen the wreck of timbers it would be incredible. The roofs of houses in this climate are very heavy in order to keep out the heat. There is nearly a foot in thickness of clay and lime mortar, so that the inmates live in the shadows of terror, for beams are often eaten up to the whitewash without detection, and roofs have fallen down without warning that have crushed every life below them.

There are but two kinds of wood that offer them resistance, and these not always, teak and pitch pine. Many are using iron rails as the only perfect security. But this is not all, they will eat furniture, and pictures on the wall have been destroyed in a single night, and houses built of clay and plastered with lime mortar have been thrown down, as have been those built of sun-dried brick. Even hard bricks will not always withstand them, for they work out the mortar from between or undermine the foundations. There is no overcoming them, and they are admitted as tenants with inalienable rights.

Another of the calamities which waste the population is the abominable water, and the unclean tastes and habits of the people in its use. They believe it has self-purifying power, and no amount of filth and animal and vegetable putrefaction will deter them from drinking it and using it in the preparation of their food. The village pond, in which they all wash

and throw decaying and dead things, is so horrible that one turns from it even in the passing train. But with all the mania for bathing the person, they are about as filthy a people as can be found on the globe. Dirty clothes are both honorable and religious. The women are worse in this respect than the men, and the reason they give for their revolting dirtiness is that outcast women are spotlessly clean, and they would be as far from them in every respect as possible. Therefore assured virtue consists in indissoluble dirt.

The following was written by a native who had gotten his eyes partially open, wide enough to see the truth in some of its aspects, at least, and who was honest enough to tell his impressions to his countrymen: "Put the average Indian in Paradise, and in no time he will make it a pig-sty; for dirt, dust and flies are to him what the water is to the fish. If you doubt me, look to your sacred city of Benares, where men and women go in quest of beatitude in this earth of misery, or to your red-ochred Paris of India—Jaypore —where in spite of the efforts of European and enlightened native officers, look what your countrymen have done a few steps behind the main street. Or, better still, remember how some years ago you fought tooth and nail against the introduction of pure drinking water into Calcutta. . . Ah, my friends! we are a tremendously religious people. Put a European in a pig-sty, and he will soon make it a place that will charm the eye and cheer the heart. If you doubt me, then go to Sealdah and see for yourself the humble cottages where the employees of the Eastern Bengal Railway have made the naked stem of the cocoanut blossom in all shades of colors and the land around smile as the flower-beds of Cashmere. If all

want to be nice, neat and tidy you can imagine what the country will be. Besmear your walls with betel leaf spittings, allow the spider to spread its net from beam to beam, let cockroaches live in peace among your boxes and vermin suck your blood, have weeds to cover your house, a dirty tank to poison you, and all around excrement of man and animal as fuel for nature's decomposition, and—well, you do not know that there is any thing better in this world. So go on vaunting about your cleanliness. The very goddess of cleanliness ought to be grateful to you for the trouble you take in rubbing a little oil on your body and plunging into a neighboring cesspool."

But strangest of all is that all the animal creatures here are beautiful in some proportion to man's filth. The crow with us in America is ugly; here he is beautiful, dove-colored to the middle of his wings, is lively, familiar and happy, and exceedingly smart. A friend gave us an incident, or rather one of many, of his exceeding cleverness. A crow saw a dog gnawing at a bone which he desired, and the dog not being willing to part with it, the crow hied away and returned with reinforcements. One sat down as close to the dog's mouth as was safe, while the other pecked at his tail until the dog lost his temper, and turning quickly on his tormenter lost his bone, for when he regained his composure the two crows were devouring it on the top of a tree. In the pastures, on the backs and sides of the cattle, the crow is found making himself at home. This is generally in the chilly evenings and mornings, and is to keep his feet warm in the hair of the animal and from the heat of his body.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CROSSING THE HOOGHLY.

THE country south of Benares is flat, and would be ugly but for its tinted atmosphere and countless palm trees, its glorious sunrises and gorgeous draperies of variegated clouds at sunset. The people in the south lands are, as usual, inferior to those of the north in almost every particular. They are smaller, less intelligent, without courage, debased and grovelling. Heathenism has full sway, and its products are the illustrations of its degrading power. The towns by the way are populous, wretched and dirty. The great fields of wheat and their rich harvest odors were grateful. It is a country without living streams, and the water used is taken from ponds and hollows thick with mud and mantled with slime, in which hogs and cows wallow and stand and the natives bathe.

Twenty hours south by rail bring the pilgrim to the famous river Hooghly, along which was the beginning of Indo-English history, and on whose banks is the famous city of Calcutta. A glorious sunrising welcomed us, its rays glistening on the ripples of swiftly moving waters. Here was encountered a horde of moving, gesticulating life, screaming in the Bengalese language, or broken and inadequate English, to gain the eyes and pockets of the tourists. This historic river being crossed a new centre of history is found. Before describing this heart, whose throbbings are felt around the world, it will be necessary to show how Western civilization, an antagonis-

tic, yet life-giving force, was introduced through native decay and what would have been final death.

India on the map looks like a triangular peninsula hanging by its broad side, its apex washed by the sea. It is encompassed by the Himalayas, which cut off India, east and west, from the rest of the Continent. It was divided by its Creator into three natural divisions by two great rivers, the Indus and Ganges, one flowing into the Bay of Bengal and the other into the Indian Ocean. The other division is the triangular district, two of whose sides are washed by the sea. The base is formed by drawing a line from a little south of the mouth of the Indus to the opposite coast. These three districts are known as the Punjab, or basin of the Indus, Bengal, or basin of the Ganges, and the Deccan, or Southern India. India has always been her own despot, her own conqueror. The hostilities of her people to each other are without parallel, and thousands of petty feuds on account of tribal relations, castes, &c., have always invited invaders. Any brave ten thousand men, who are bound by principle or greed, can conquer her. Besides the rich plains and genial clime have always tempted the nations of the North. Her more than two hundred millions have lived for centuries on a small part of her fruitful lands. To the nations beyond the Himalayas she has always been a land flowing with milk and honey. It has been both her fortune and misfortune that there was any opening through the Himalayas. Her mercy and her misery always came by the Khyber Pass. Conquering hosts have come through Afghanistan until imagination, running back, is itself lost in the mists of antiquity.

When Europe was in barbarism the Hindus had a civilization all their own. They had a philosophy, poetry, art and agriculture; but mere culture usually ends in imbecility. They were cultivated into inervation; courage had gone out of them; it had perished in their vices. The Afghans spoiled a people already decayed by luxury. Their attack was made in the time when William, the Conqueror, was swooping down upon the people of England. But the Afghans, in turn, perished in the luxury and laziness of the tropics; they died on the field of their victories. In the time of Henry VIII. they went under before the Moghuls, the first of whom were men of brains and power, and in the sixteenth and seventeen centuries their dynasties were brilliant as mighty; but they were smitten in the same way as their predecessors. The Empire dissolved. Idleness and beastly indulgence conquered them. The first despot is always a man of power, or he would not get there; but the last is usually an imbecile, the illustration of decay of the virtues and the product of the vices of his greater predecessors.

This condition of things invited conquerors from the far-off West. They had gotten foothold in the Empire peacefully, merely as merchants and manufacturers. They had come in without other purpose than to better their fortunes and leave. They had crept around the Cape of Good Hope by the aid of idle winds that did no more than flap a sail. The first were Portuguese, whose blood can be distinctly traced to this day in its mixture with the natives. The Hollanders came next; then the English and French. The English had an organized existence in the East India Company, which was formed in A. D. 1600,

just before the death of Queen Elizabeth. The first factories of this Company were at Surat and Madras. Then Bombay, which had been settled by the Portuguese, was given to the English, and the three focal points, Madras, Calcutta and Bombay, are to-day the centres of influence for the Western invaders.

The French, always at the heels of the English, were making settlements and getting ready to contest their claim to the Empire. India had first fallen into disorder, then into a comatose state, in which she could not resist approaching political death, and this state of things gave hope and opened an opportunity of getting rid of the English and mastering the country. France had the man in the field, Dupleix, Governor of Pondicherry, a place of importance on the South, still occupied by the French. He was a man of great ability and foresaw that all government in India would perish through the idleness, incompetency and petty rivalries of the natives. He knew that soldiers would be in lively demand ready to hire, first, to one Nabob, and then to his rival until both would be worn out. He saw that soldiers could be made out of the natives if they had European officers and training; he could do what he pleased in India. There were plenty of European drill sergeants and leaders waiting to be hired, who were not particular where, nor for whom, they fought. So he soon had plenty of well-disciplined troops, not costing more than a penny a day each person, content if they got no more than the rice they ate.

The English were not idle observers of the movements of the French (they never have been), and had to adopt the same tactics or leave the country; so they hired and drilled Sepoys. But the French, outside of

France, always sacrifice their opportunities. They can win colonies, but cannot keep them; so Dupleix was not supported and was finally recalled, and John Bull was left to fight it out and to change the face of the world, and to deflect the course of history. But this was not done without blood.

The East India company had a young clerk who was to settle the destinies of two hundred and fifty millions of people, and to change the future of as many more east and west. This young clerk had genius which has not been more than equalled in modern times; but courage and great genius for battle were not the half of his power, he was a master of intrigue and diplomacy. The matchless Oriental cunning was never equal to his foresightedness. This was Robert Clive, founder of the Anglo-Indian Empire. There were two determining battles at the beginning of this Franco-Anglican struggle which have become famous among the moulding forces of the world. The first fought by the English was by Clive, the battle of Plassey, 1757, in which the young clerk and a thousand English and three thousand Sepoys overwhelmed twenty thousand led by the Nabob of Bengal, who, incited by the French, had attacked the English and destroyed their settlements on the Ganges and had immured the East India servants in the celebrated Black Hole of Calcutta.

The second battle was of Wandewash in 1760 between the English and French commanded by the famous soldier Eyre Coote, but counseled by Clive, a battle which disposed of all the hopes of French domination in India. These were not all the results of Clive's genius. He made the East India Company practically master from that moment. He devised the plan of leaving the conquered rulers to play with their titles

and to destroy themselves by their incomes, but the British kept a hand ever on the helm. This Company never set aside a native government. It was rapacious, but extremely modest, and consumed a prince while acting as his agents. The changes were good for the captors, but hard on their southern captives.

This brings us abreast with the rule of the great but unprincipled Warren Hastings, another illustrious clerk. He was from a family long distinguished in British history, made an orphan by the loss of both parents, and was wholly dependent upon the benevolence of a grandfather. He was born with a love for books. He lived daily in sight of the estates which his ancestors squandered, and which in his boyish desires and dreams he determined to win back. He formed the scheme when seven years old, lying on his back by the Isis, to restore them again to the family name, in which purpose he never faltered through all the vicissitudes of his eventful career. It dominated all desires, modified all ambitions, ruled his spirit amidst tropical suns, and led him to control one hundred millions so that he might gratify his life passion to be Hastings of Daylesford, and though he had reached life's sunsetting before he was master of his long coveted possession, here at last he found repose and here he died. He was almost a pigmy in size, which he attributed to bad feeding at school. He had a wonderful mind, flashing with genius, self-possession, and an indomitable will. He obtained a clerkship at seventeen years of age in the East India Company and sailed to Bengal to engage in his duties. So Calcutta became the scene and centre of this great man's career, audacious, illustrious and cruel.

At the desk of the Company in Calcutta he labored two years, after which he was sent up the Hooghly, about a mile from a place known as Moorshedabad. This was a city of the Prince, who by an authority ostensibly derived from the Moghul, but really independent, ruled the three great Provinces of Bengal, Orissa and Bahar. Here the company had established a small factory, and Hastings employed himself in bargaining for materials with the natives. While he was here Surajah Doulah succeeded to the government and declared war against the English. Hastings was sent a prisoner to Moorshedabad, but through the intervention of the Dutch Company was treated humanely. The Nabob marched on to Calcutta and most of the English prisoners perished in the Black Hole. The Governor was shut up at Tulda, and being desirous of knowing how the hostile Nabob was getting on he employed Hastings to keep him posted, and by this opportunity he became a diplomat as shrewd and far-sighted, as insincere and treacherous as any native could be. Clive came to the rescue, and Hastings, inspired by the success of the clerk, determined to make his own life as illustrious, and to this end joined the ranks in the successful battle of Plassey, followed the Nabob, who was discomfited. Meer Jaffier succeeded him and Hastings was appointed to reside at the court of the Prince as agent of the Company. He afterwards became a member of the Council, and was in consequence returned to Calcutta.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WARREN HASTINGS, THE BUILDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

INDIA is the country of all others where the best and worst qualities of the Anglo-Saxon have entered into history. The most appalling spectacle the world beholds is the strength of civilization without its mercy. And this condition has made the evils of submission a greater curse than resistance. But resistance in Bengal was impossible. English rule in the days of Hastings had the power without the restraint of conscience, and hardly of decency. It wrung life dry, squeezing the last drop that would bring a price in the market. But Hastings was made repulsive to the world through the rapacity of his masters in England. If he had been left to himself he would have been above the average in justice, if not in humanity. He never lost his love for letters and his generosity to his family. He was appreciated by that autocrat of letters, Johnson. He returned to England for four years a recognized statesman, a man of integrity, with a genius for government. It was not till after his return that the cloud began to lower upon his fair name.

In 1769 he embarked for his future career, so dark and so unrelieved by nobility and humanity. He found the affairs of the Company at Madras in a bad condition. So the politician and statesman was reduced to a financial agent to devise ways and means of ingenious extortion. This pleased the Company, and he was placed at the head of the government of Bengal.

There were no restraints on the Company except what glimmerings of conscience might remain to them, which in a contest with greed, where the cries of the victim could not be heard, nor his woes seen, were sure to be extinguished. The English for a long time held their power nominally as vassals, but they really exercised it as rapacious despots. The Nabob in Bengal, whose name appeared in documents, was fed into impotence, so that he would care more for his belly than his estates. The power of the Governor was that of a dependency, which could be restrained or overruled on the gravest questions.

The Company did not trouble itself much about police; the administration of justice and the details of the collection of revenues were neglected. It was forever intriguing for the extension of territory and political power. The ostensible government of Bengal was in the hands of a native minister, at Moorshedabad, to whom every thing was confided but military and foreign affairs. His own allowance was one hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, and he had the control of the income of the Nabob, amounting to more than three hundred thousand pounds annually. For this and the collection of revenues and the administration of justice he was responsible to none but his British masters. Such an office would arouse the cupidity of an Oriental to the highest pitch.

The most powerful aspirant for this place was Mohamed Reza Khan, of Persian origin and a Mohammedan—this will show one side of the case. His rival was a Hindu Brahmin, whose name in death has been twisted into the strands of the history of Hastings. He was an unprincipled schemer

and made every thing focalize upon himself. After the defeat of Surajah Doulah he had his head and hands in all affairs. His force operated through the channel of his cunning; a servile life had developed only the qualities of the fox. He could manage to cut off the skirts of the garments of kings without their knowing it. This is to this day the character of the Bengalese. But Bengal had no soldiers and no manliness.

This Maharajah Nuncomar had all these qualities; he was cruel, lying and utterly unprincipled in his intrigues, always plotting against the English and anybody else that stood in the way of his ambitions. He was, as usual, of high caste, and was regarded by the people as a paragon of holiness. He carried his intrigues to London and ingratiated himself with the Company in England. Hastings was advised to use him, which was not according to his tastes, for even then there was little else between them but disguised hostility. This gave Hastings, who was never wanting in an expedient, an occasion to break up the dual mode of government in Bengal. Mohamed Reza Khan, who had been Governor seven years when Hastings became Governor, against whom the sneaking Maharajah had plotted, was, by order of the Company, removed and imprisoned, and with him Schilab Roy, a brave man, who had fought heroically for the British. They were prisoners, treated with respect, while Hastings completed his revolution. The double government was dissolved and the Company installed in full sovereignty in Bengal. The office of minister was abolished, and a system of civil and criminal justice, under English superintendence, was established. The Nabob was not even to have an osten-

sible share in the government, but was to have his allowance, and was permitted to play sovereign under the espionage of guardians.

A son of the unprincipled Maharajah Nuncomar was made treasurer. This was the turning on him of his own tactics; he could not be spared, nor trusted, and the sop he wanted for himself was given to his son. These changes being accomplished and the Maharajah beaten at his own game, the prisoners were acquitted and released in great dignity and with apologies. The Maharajah Nuncomar did his best to have them destroyed. This was owing to Brahminical hate to the Mohammedan, and the design was to accomplish his ends by this overthrow. But Hastings had in turn used him, and had accomplished what he desired. All his intriguing and lying in London against his Mohammedan rivals came to nothing; and worse than all, the government was transferred from Moorshedabad to Calcutta, and changed from native to European hands, while his enemies had been set at liberty, and showered with honors and apologies.

Hastings then turned aside to money-getting. His masters in England must have a heavy quota above the expenses of the government. Money and morals were alike demanded; but a man of Hastings' perceptions could easily see that the morals were only the ass on which rested the needed booty. The morals, being interpreted along side of the demands for money, would read, "Be fatherly and oppressive, be just and unjust, moderate and rapacious." He was not long in determining that morals without money would not sustain Governors; so he reduced the allowance of the Nabob of Bengal from three hundred and twenty

thousand pounds a year to the half of it, notwithstanding that the Company had pledged this amount to the great Moghul in lieu of the provinces which he had given up, and had added the districts of Corah and Allahabad. But Hastings now announced that the English would take immediate military possession of the ceded provinces, and were determined to get rid of them to the highest bidder. The province of Oudh, at the breaking up of the Moghul dynasty, had come into possession of the great Mussulman House. This Surajah Doulah, the Nabob Vizier, was rich, and Allahabad and Corah were just what he wanted, and they were worth nothing to Hastings or the Company. The provinces, therefore, were transferred to him for a half million of pounds sterling.

The sale was made, but the possession of property is always nine points in law. How to get rid of the bravest people in India was a problem that could only be solved by infamy. Among the invaders originally from beyond the Himalayas were the Rohillas, heroic people virtually independent. They were unlike the Hindus in their beauty of form and fairness of skin. They were soldiers in danger and prosperous in peace, and loved either according to the exigencies of their situation. During the last throes of the dissolving Moghul Empire they were in the midst of peace and prosperity. Surajah Doulah was the Ahab and England, through Hastings, played the part of Jezebel. There was no more justice in this than in the Old Testament outrage. But the beautiful vale of Rohilicund must be wrested and given as a morsel to avarice. There were no natural defences, but the Afghan had too much courage to be conquered by any native soldiery; none but

English troops could do it. So the Surajah began to negotiate for the English troops to massacre the best subjects England had in India; and he was successful. An English army was to be sent to perform one of the basest tragedies that man or devil could conceive —the price of blood was four hundred thousand pounds sterling and the expenses of the troops.

England during her history has not been averse to hiring troops to fight her own kin; but this is the first time, to our knowledge, when she hired out her own troops to inhuman work. Three brigades were marched off to a butchery as horrible as that of the Sepoys in the massacre of English men and women in Cawnpore, at which the world after thirty years stands aghast. The Rohillas pleaded not to be obliged to fight the soldiers of the government to which they had ever been loyal. A large sum of money could not buy peace; so they determined to make it cost England as much as possible in the blood of her sons. The cowardly Surajah Doulah fled with his butchers, and the English had to fight the battle alone. Only when all their leaders had fallen did the Rohillas weaken. After the day had been gained the merciless wretches, for whom England in the person of her brutal Governor fought, reappeared to despoil and mutilate the slain. More than one hundred thousand of the conquered took refuge in the mountains and jungles, to perish by disease, hunger or wild beasts, any of which forms of death was a blessed relief from the rule of the inhuman and hated Vizier and his English confederates, who had sold them for pounds, shillings and pence.

The British officers tried to stay further brutality to the remnant, and appealed to Hastings, who said he

"could not dictate to the Nabob, nor permit the commander of the troops to dictate how the war ought to be carried on;" and so ended the second tableau of Hastings Gubernatorial career. The noblest race in India was crushed, and their prosperous province was so blighted that it became a waste. But a remnant of the people lived, and traces of its nobility are yet perceived in their hatred to England, while all that can be said of Hastings, or of his country, is that it was a financial success. There is one more act in the Hastings drama, then our readers will have a general impression of the way the foundation of the Indo-British Empire was laid and the policy of its upbuilding outlined.

During the ministry of Lord North there were brought into the Parliament what was thought would be reforms in the government of the Indian dependency. The bill, known as the Regulating Act, ordered that the Presidency of Bengal should dominate the affairs of the Company, and that the head of that Company should be Governor-General. A Council was provided of four members, and a Supreme Court of Justice, with a Supreme Judge and three others, which should be maintained at Calcutta, and this Court, independent of the Governor-General and Council, had unlimited civil and criminal jurisdiction. The Governor-General and Councillors were appointed for five years, consisting of Hastings, Governor-General; Barwell, a servant of the Company, Clavering, Monson and Francis, who is believed to be the author of the celebrated letters of Junius, which shook England. Francis was the man of brains and knowledge, and as determined as brainy. The two new ruling bodies were installed in their several departments, but they never would stay there; meddling and intermeddling

were the code of Court and Council. The Chief Justice Impey belonged to Hastings soul, body, ears and appetite.

The Council was never in a good humor, and Hastings disliked it thoroughly, and the chronic dissension began which convulsed India and occasioned more eloquence in Parliament for eight years than any other event, unless it was the contest over the American colonies. Clavering, Monson and Francis seized the government, and justified the act in England and India by the atrocious proceedings of Hastings in selling the English army to the Nabob Vizier, the butchery of the Rohillas and other matters of the Governor's jurisdiction. They recalled the troops from the Nabob's service, exercised authority over the subordinate presidencies, until life and property were in constant peril.

The Hindus were quick to understand the weakness of the government. They sat like wolves watching a dying buffalo, thinking their time had come. They began at the strongest personality in India, whom they had fawned upon and feared, as mice will gnaw the paw of a dying lion. Charges began to come into too eager ears. And now the occasion came to the old intriguing scoundrel, Nuncomar, the Brahmin.

He furnished Francis with evidence against Hastings, with a seriousness becoming the final judgment, charging him with accepting bribes and other offences. He could not let the affair of the release of Mohamed Reza Khan from prison with great honor and many apologies pass. So he presented an amended edition of his charges, in which Hastings was represented as receiving a great ransom. Francis read it and it raised a storm in Council. The Governor-General in

turn denounced Nuncomar, and rejected the authority of the Council in such matters; he declared the sitting at an end and left. Nuncomar braced his lies by other and bigger ones, as is the Oriental habit. Outsiders were with the General; they knew his work and saw the disorder which must follow from the loss of his power. There was an appeal to the government at London, and if that went against him he was undone. He sent his resignation, with instructions that it should not be used unless the company was against him. Nuncomar was jubilant, but he did not know that he was playing with a threshing machine; a man whose ingenuity was ever equal to his adversities. He had not thought that in Bengal there was a court as well as a Council.

Through the influence of Hastings this court was none too well disposed to the autocratic Council. The chief justice belonged to him. One bright day all India was confounded at the arrest of Nuncomar upon the accusation that six years before he had forged a bond. The Council was frenzied and demanded that he should be admitted to bail, but the judges were immovable. Nuncomar was brought before Chief Justice Impey, and a jury of Englishmen and pronounced guilty. The law was made for England, and conviction for forgery had never been heard of in India, but it suited the code of revenge. It was impossible in the eyes of the natives that a man of high caste should be hung. According to their law a Brahmin could not so suffer for any crime. The Mohammedans were on the side of the Governor-General and the court. They remembered the malignity of Nuncomar to their co-religionist, Mohamed Riza Khan Nuncomar met his fate with great fortitude; not an

audible murmur was heard. Hastings was ahead and again master of Court and Council. He no doubt excused it as a war measure, and all India feared and fawned upon the man who could subdue his enemies in such a magnificent fashion. Their faces were again turned from the setting to the rising sun. The trial of Hastings in London, one of the events of the century followed, unequaled in forensic strife and ability. After eight years contention he was acquitted. But he had laid the foundations of the British Empire in India. Politically, England owes more to him than to any ruler who ever labored for his country's glory. Morally, our readers can judge for themselves.

We have gathered these facts from reliable authorities, that the true relations of England to India may appear.

CHAPTER XLV.

CALCUTTA AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS.

CALCUTTA is the most European city in India. The European part of it is the most prominent. The native quarters appear to be on the outskirts. January is the height of the pleasure season. It is winter when the mercury stands at sixty-five, but one cannot dismiss the thought of eternal summer. The trees are green; the flowers bloom; the fruits are abundant. The part of the city which best presents the native home in Southern India is on Chittypore Road. It is a continuous bazaar, in which is to be found every queerly shapen thing on earth; every oddity in mechanism and life representing all countries. These little shops are about ten feet square and five or six in

height. They are receptacles for native trinkets, bracelets for the arms and ankles, &c.

It is said that it takes nine tailors to make a man; the saying must have originated in India, for a dozen natives would weigh no more than an average Englishman. They sit crossed-legged like their fellows the world over. Small as they are they project over on the sideway, so that they can scarcely be passed without dragging their spindle-legs first one way and then the other, according to the direction of the passer by. They were, so far as we could observe, all sewing muslin, and this will be no surprise when we remembered that a native is well-dressed on fifteen cents. If he have a shirt reaching to his knees he belongs to the well-to-doclass of society. He is a citizen fairly well off if he have enough muslin to tie around his loins.

Other shops glittered with tinsel head-gear for stylish native men. There were also gilded slippers to match. There was in one of these bazaars an old-time regulation picture of George Washington. It was one of the many amazements, ever recurring in this strange land, where marvels grow as fruits of the country, how it ever got there, and stranger still it was on Cornwallis street. The keeper of the bazaar informed us that he had been a sailor. He was about half Portuguese, spoke English, and was better versed in the world's affairs than most natives. The question as to how George Washington got so far away from home was propounded for an answer, knowing that it was against native principles to say, "I don't know." He said, with great gravity, "It was taken from the wreck of an American ship," which was probable enough, but he said that he found it and knew its value when nobody else did. He declared that it was very

dear to him, and putting his hand to his bare and hairy breast as if in an agony of emotion, asserted that he esteemed it the greatest event of his life to find in his home an American who would give him the worth of this wonderful picture, and take it back again to its home.

"O," said he, "I could weep over the loneliness of that picture. If we had had such a man to do so much for us in India we would kiss the dust on which he walked; but," said he, "your countrymen don't deserve such a country and such freedom. If they did they never would let the picture of the Father of their Country stay so long so far from home. It is enough to bring on you the downfall of your great country," and then he assumed the attitude and look of unspeakable pity. "But," said he, 'I think I see a nobler specimen of America, that proud country, that country of aspirations, that country of the all-conquering eagle, the noblest bird, in whose beak is held the destiny of liberty. You can have the proud distinction of taking to its native skies the picture of the Father of his Country. I feel that you have come to my bazaar to save the honor of America."

The reply was not reassuring and enlivening. The stranger was provokingly cool. He said that he was delighted to meet such overwhelming regard for the picture of the Father of his Country, and so much love for Americans and the American eagle, which was a bird of considerable proportions, and when he spread himself on the Fourth of July, and soared until with a spy-glass one could hardly see the tip of his tail, he still had an eye that scorned the brightness of the sun, and as for the moon, he sat on his legs and winked at it as an owl blinks at a lucifer match.

The man was overcome but for a moment. And then said he wished the gentleman from America would get him some of those eagle's eggs. He would have them hatched for India, where, he replied, he could look on the sun all the time. Said he, "I will give you the picture of the sublime Father of your Country and will take for it the eggs of your great American eagle. When they reach Calcutta I will send the picture on the first American steamer. I will have it well-covered so the gilding will not rub, for the American ships are such 'leetle tinks.'" We were not insensible to the thrust at the great American navy, and this was also an extinguisher on the great American eagle.

In reply, for he was waiting with his eyes fixed upon the floor, we assured him that the great American eagle was of the male persuasion, and could not do much in the way of laying eggs; he had to look after the affairs of the nation in the skies. But our statesmen often sat on things and did a great deal of hatching. He looked on the floor again and then said, "You have more love for the great American eagle than for the Father of your Country. I see how I missed it in having so much moneys in that picture; I ought to have bought a picture of the great American eagle, and then the gentleman pay me greater moneys than for the Father of His Country, ze noble George Washington, what fought for American liberty and conquered the British before the great American eagle was hatched, somewhere in the great American clouds."

By this time the American needed somebody to help him let go his Indian shopkeeper. He said, "You ought not to sell that picture of George Washington. It exactly suits Cornwallis Street. Some unseen hand

and wiser mind must have guided you to bring it here. That picture is for the saving of India. You don't know how much you are losing in the sale of this picture of Washington. When he was a little boy his father gave him a little hatchet, and he used it on his father's cherry tree. His father said, 'George, what did you do with my cherry tree?' 'I barked it, sir.' He would not tell a lie for one cherry tree. I doubt if he would have told a lie for two or three. His father was greatly pleased at the thought of a son who would not lie for two or more cherry trees, and to show his appreciation of his son's truthfulness he did not whip him, but kept thinking that he would come to something great some day. Now you ought to keep in India the picture of a man who would not lie for a cherry tree. You ought to take it and hang it up in your temple. You might make money in taking it about as a show; everybody would pay a rupee in India to see the picture of a man who would not lie; the fact is it would be the greatest novelty in the Empire. No, sir. I would think that in the condition of of your country it would be wicked to buy that picture. I have too much interest in your people to remove from Cornwallis street the picture of George Washington. You ought to study that physiognomy, for when the people of India get in the notion of telling the truth, even about their hatchets and cherry trees, there will be a revolution. Beside all this, you hope to conquer the English and to drive them out of the country. That face of George Washington, in parting with which you are so foolish and disloyal to your race, is the only one the British ever feared. He did the business for Cornwallis and the rest of them, and if you wish to get rid of the British

you must not tell lies. You must be brave as Washington, and learn to stand in line with moral principles, and if needful to smell powder. Do you understand? I will never do India such a wrong as to buy the only picture of George Washington in it."

The Oriental barber is an institution by himself. He carries with him his shop, as does the land turtle his house, and squats wherever he finds a man unshaven, with cash enough to pay for his services. The bathing places are sought, and when a bargain is made they both seat themselves in the dust, and the face mowing begins. The barber has no visions of butcher's bills, nor of landlords. He sniffs the fragrant morning air in the truest elements of a freeman—free from shoes, clothes and care. He is the man to consider the lilies, and as for Solomon's being "arrayed" he gave no care to that, for if he were he would be out of fashion in India.

The drinking vessel is the most important article in life; everybody has one. If there is no covering to his personality but the mystic draperies of the skies there will be a copper or brass vessel out of which he drinks. This is polished on all occasions, frequently in the mud-puddles of the street. If the owner be a Mohammedan he will not, if he can help it, let even this touch his lips, but from it pours the contents down his throat, holding it a foot or more from his lips, letting it dribble into his mouth with the precision of a Wimbledon rifleman firing at his target. The same washing of pots and vessels goes on spoken of so often in Bible times, especially of the "outside of the cup and the platter."

The Hindu has somewhat modified the Mohammedan,

but has been greatly modified by him, the weaker always succumbing to the stronger, even in the most unchangeable sanctities of his religion. One of the greatest industries in Indian towns and cities is the making of copper and brass vessels, and the clink of the tinkers hammer is heard on all the streets of the natives. These vessels are shaped on an iron form not unlike the horn of an anvil, and the makers have, no doubt, continued in their craft, making no change in shape, material or workmanship, since the days of the world's childhood, when Tubal Cain started a shop somewhere on the Valley of the Euphrates under the curtains of the skies.

The European of Calcutta quarters are outlined by Chouringhee Road and the Maidan, or Park, which shows the presence of the Western stranger in the land. This park is to Calcutta more than Central or Fairmount Parks can be to New York or Philadelphia. It is noted for beauty and for the displays of royalty and its splendors, which make such a profound impression on the Oriental mind. This park is in its full glory from five to six in the evening. Rotten Row seems to have been moved into the East without the loss of its follies and fashions All that every man possesses in the varying degrees from pretension or "shabby genteel" up to the extremes of lavish wealth, are here present and in contrast. Most of this display is a sham and looks as if the bottom rupee was being tossed to the top in equipages and extravagances.

The Governor-General leads the concourse and inspires that awe so peculiar to countries ruled by birth and ostentatious display. He has outriders, according to the customs of the Moghuls. The way is

thronged by the aristocracy of birth, wealth, military and civil service, a magnificent moving panorama of life trying to exercise itself in a climate which forbids activity during the hours of the day. The army is more generally represented than any other profession, as it is still a mighty factor in India—they see enough of it. The uniforms and imposing size of Englishmen are in marked constrast to the slender and diminutive natives. Their reputation for courage, and the reverence that weakness always has for power, makes them objects of servile deference, while the natives, in their true inwardness, hold them as objects of detestation, so that they are feared, revered and cursed at every foot of their magnificent progress. Britain rules wherever her presence is manifest; old things are passing away and all things becoming new. The equipages and processions of the Moghuls are disappearing just as "the fuss and feathers," moccasins and war paint of the North American Indians, are giving way to trousers and cut-away coats. The elephants must go, as their splendid masters have gone. Near the Maidan Esplanade, or parade ground, is Fort William—the strongest on this side of the mountain passes into Afghanistan. It is an object of fear to the natives, who have never acquired a taste for balls or burning powder. Adjacent are the Cathedral grounds on the south, together with other enclosures surrounding the government house, separated only by an open square.

The city does not have what in Europe or America would be called fine houses. They are showy and good enough for this warm and steady climate, but lack substantiality, being mostly built of soft brick stuccoed, and usually only painted in distemper

colors. The house of the Governor-General is formed by two semi-circular buildings, standing back to back, united by a great hall in the centre, giving a kind of uniformity to both sides. The whole is surmounted by a great dome of lofty and imposing regulation pattern, while rows of graceful columns formed into porticoes give architectural varieties. These great buildings form a society centre, around which are pretentious residences of the people of style.

Such is the exuberance of the country in every form of natural and floral beauty that a greater show can be made on less cash in it than in any other other part of the habitable world. Calcutta is a city of magnificent contrasts. It has been called the City of Great Palaces, but has equally great degradations in the styes called homes and in the wretchedness of the people. The best of the abodes are but wattled huts of bamboo and clay mixed with cow manure, which make a fair roof, besides giving great sanctity to the concern.

Nothing beyond the English quarters appears ever to have been cleaned. There are no sewers through the native part of the city, and everywhere the nose rebels at the cesspools into which all filth runs and from which the miserable people drink pestilence and death. This is by no means an exaggerated description of the black town in Calcutta. There is nothing in a name in India, and white town would be no better. This city of Calcutta has grown into its present prodigious importance since 1686, when it was a mud village called Kali Ghat, Kali being the name of the Hindu goddess of death, and Ghat, a sacred bathing place, or rather a series of steps leading down to it. It is said that the present name is a corruption of the two words. Bathing

here is a religious duty, a habit, a fashion and a pleasure. There is no weather that will stop it any more than will Alpine frigidity the ducks of St. Bernard. The Ganges washes more human bodies than all the rest of the rivers put together. When the long rays of the morning sun lie aslant the earth, and when Europeans are shivering in their heavy wraps, the great crowd of natives rush wildly into the sacred waters. Each holds a copper or brass pot called a lota, which is used for lifting up and pouring the water while the bather looks toward the sun, as if worshipping this monarch of the skies, and many others scatter rice on the waters.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF BENGAL.

CURIOUS religious contrivances are the prayer rosaries, made by fastening with a string many small natural flowers resembling the petals of the white lilac, or yellow flowers not unlike buttercups, and as the praying goes on these are counted, and when the "Amen" is reached they are thrown on the bosom of the river to float to the sea.

Sun-worship, of which Persia was the originator, still exists. It prevails largely in the mountain regions of India, where her noblest youth have been sacrificed on altars dedicated to the sun, and would be yet, if the British government had not interfered. The idea that the waters of the Ganges are purgatorial was a substitution for human blood-shedding in the interest of humanity and a great advance over the cruelties of the dismal past. This is all the

religion the Hindus have, and nothing is benefited by it but their skins. They wash themselves and their garments, and then fill their lota-pots from the soakings of dirty bodies and the dirtier rags about them, taking the sacred liquid home in which to cook their food and slake their thirst, leaving the rest to the crocodiles, with an occasional leg and foot snapped off from the bathers in the holy waters, which is of too frequent occurrence to excite startling remark. Everywhere on the eastern shore of the Ganges these Ghats, or stone steps, anywhere from one hundred to one thousand feet in length, appear. They are the only substantial work of the hands of the natives. They are of red sand-stone beautifully dressed, the perfection of which is found in this land of sunshine. These stones are bound together by great iron clamps, for the shores of the river are as changeful as the banks of the Mississippi.

The finest buildings of European style throughout India are the railway stations. The grandest one of this description of building in the world is in Bombay, and those at Calcutta would be considered respectable in any country. The coaches are English in clumsiness and discomfort. The most curious railway contrivance ever seen for the accommodation of human beings is the cars for the poor natives. They are in stories about four feet high, like sheep and hog cars, only not so good as those in America. As the natives never get off their seats unless they sit down on a wasp's nest, or on fire, their capacity is estimated from the hips up, so that three feet is high enough for the movement of their heads, and a third-class car comes into the station like a chicken, geese or duck wagon into a country market. The

cars are boarded with slats for air and the dissipation of the smoke of tobacco and other vile concoctions. Bad as this may seem, it is revolutionizing India; the railways are breaking up caste, which has not allowed the people to go out of a narrow district. When the cars are jostled they tumble castes and outcasts over on each other. This plan reduces the expense of travel to the merest trifle, as the natives carry their own food and bedding, and curiosity is a mightier force than caste. Now, the railway is substituted as a means of pilgrimage when formerly they had to walk, so in India the way to the heavenly Nirvana, or their Paradise, is by rail.

The history of European India centres about Calcutta, and to get the thread of this a detour will have to be made. About twenty-five miles from Calcutta is the first point of Indo-European history in connection with Bengal. It is Hooghly, the first spot on which were planted European feet. It was purchased by the Dutch and a colony for traffic was founded in 1625. Job Charnock founded Calcutta sixty years afterwards. Hooghly, bearing the name of the famous river, was alternately ruled by the Dutch, Portuguese, French and finally the English. In Akbar's time the Dutch colony of the Hooghly forbade English traders to share the traffic with them of the Ganges. They commenced hostilities, which ceased when the English had captured or purchased the forts and trading posts of their Dutch enemies. Hooghly was the vast grain depot of all the valleys of the Indus and Ganges.

When the Portuguese occupied it they introduced Roman Catholicism, and their Mariolatry was so offensive to the beautiful wife of Shah Jehan, after the conversion of her daughter Jehanira, that she prevailed

on the Emperor to destroy the image worshippers, which he was only too willing to do. The result was an order to destroy the whole colony. But they sold their lives as dearly as possible. In their little fort they stood a Moslem siege three months, and when nothing was left to shelter them they entered their ships. Fearing that they would fall into the hands of the fiendish Mohammedans, and preferring death to dishonor, they blew up the largest, in which were two thousand souls, and all perished. Of the sixty-four ships into which the Roman Catholics attempted to escape, all were lost but three.

Two miles distant there is still a living remnant of the martyred faith, a college established by the liberality of a French general, who entered the Mahratta service, in which he became immensely wealthy. By the law of compensation by which outrages prompt nobler natives to pity, a Mohammedan gentleman has given the institution a yearly income of twenty-five thousand dollars. It has about six hundred pupils in all its departments.

Further up the Hooghly, close to the railroad bridge, are the remnants of a city great in the time of Pliny. The Romans traded here, and it is interesting to think of the line of their journeyings on beasts of burden, for then animal back-bones were the ships of mountain, valley and desert. Their journey was first made from Rome across the Mediterranean, thence by Damascus to the City of Zenobia, across the desert of Persia to the Hindu Koosh Mountains, through the Khyber Pass, through the Valley of the Indus, and then by the Ganges to the "City of Magnificence." Now there are not more than a half dozen marks, outside of history, of its existence.

Pundoak, almost in sight of the Hooghly, had a circumference of wall and moat of about five miles, and was in its day as impregnable as forts could make it. But it is more celebrated for its long line of kings, who reigned within those defences in an unbroken line sixty-one in number, nine more than all the Afghan and Moghul Emperors of Delhi since it was invaded in the twelfth century. The downfall of the city and country was by the scourge of the nations, the Mohammedans, on account of an insult offered through a sacred beast. The interpreter of the nephew of Mohamed Togluk butchered a sacred cow to celebrate a feast in honor of the birth of his child, an unpardonable outrage to the Hindus. He took more than ordinary care to avoid giving offence by burying her bones in his compound, but the jackals became his unexpected foes and dug them up, exposing them, to the horror of the cow-worshipping natives, who demanded that the outrage should be expiated in human blood. The infuriated populace seized the child for whom the sacrifice had been made and killed it. The father carried the body of his murdered child all the way to Delhi, and presented its mangled and decaying form before the Emperor, who wanted just such an opportunity to justify him in conquering the country and exterminating its inhabitants.

He sent Shah Sufi, who made swift and awful settlement by both sword and cunning. The Hindus fought with desperation, looking for the reward of being immersed in a sacred reservoir, which would restore them immediately to life again, so that they could resist their foes and render the fighters immortal. But the Moslem determined to end their expecta-

tions of immortality by pitching into the reservoir the carcass of a cow, and then no Hindu under any stress, not even of death, would touch that water. The spirit of defence was gone; this was more dreaded than Moslem guns and sabres; for in this water they rendered worship. They must drink it, too, and in it they were obliged to cook their food. It was an irreparable calamity. According to their faith, it would bring on their souls and those of their children an interminable series of beastly transmigrations from which none could hope for a return into manhood again. So they submitted after the extremity of the ancient mariner, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." This offence and defeat occurred five hundred and fifty years ago. Mohammedans only occupy Pundoak now, and the tank is still there, near the railway station.

The Togluks were great on domes. They were their architectural play-things and embellishments; so upon the roofs constructed in their reigns some have as many as sixty. There is in this ancient site of Mohammedan conquest a mosque with sixty domes full of curious and startling reverberations, where whispers are caught and carried back and forth through the arches. Here Shah Sufi had his prayer platform and rug, and went through the ritual of devotions. Women have special places for the offering of petitions for motherhood. If there is a great desire to increase the family circle by a few additional links, and if the prospects are not encouraging, the wife brings her gift and places it on the water. If it is heavy enough to sink it is placed on something that will float it, and she prays and watches for the favorable gale, which, if it bring it back toward her, is

bracing to her faith, and she considers her prospects good, and waits the lights and shadows of coming events with hope and fortitude.

In marked contrast with the native religion is the birthplace of Christianity in Bengal. Thirteen miles north of Calcutta is Serampur, originally a Danish trading point founded in 1598. This city was famous for its fabrics, the finest of the century, woven in the most primitive fashion. But genius was the shuttle, and the splendid results appeared in the gossamer muslins of Dacca, the royal robes of the most magnificent courts of the times; besides these were the Cashmere shawls, only within the reach of a few, even in palaces. One hundred and forty years were spent in these industries, and then the whole plant was purchased for three hundred thousand dollars by the rival English Company of Calcutta.

This is the industrial and material side of the history of this city; but its greatest glory consists in its soul-saving histories, especially in the first efforts at its redemption from sin by the Baptist missionaries, Carey, Ward and Marshman. Their dust lies here, the pledge that India will yet be redeemed. They hold it in trust even in death. Their graves are in the little burial place, and are the noblest treasures of the Empire. They need no monuments of stone or brass; their name and fame is in the memory of the good. They are not without what the world calls a monument—a great college started by their own gifts. It stands upon the banks of the Hooghly, which glides by, murmuring praises of the institution to the hopeful and faithful.

There is a well filled library, containing rare sources

of Oriental knowledge. Between the College and the river was room originally for the residence of the immortal Carey, but the river has taken it to its bosom and keeps guard over its sacred remains. Carey established a botanical garden, in which were thousands of species of plants. The First Church Missionary Society was organized by the Baptists in 1793, by the "consecrated cobbler" Carey, who was the first missionary. He sailed in 1793, accompanied by his family and Mr. Thomas, his co-laborer. The first hindrance the devil contrived was worked by the East India Company for all that it was worth. Parliament lent itself to this infamous act by decreeing that if any subjects of His Majesty, not being lawfully licensed, should at any time repair to, or be found in the East Indies, such person should be declared guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor, and liable to fine and imprisonment.

Carey lived in extreme poverty; sometimes he dwelt in the midst of malaria and wild beasts, his passion was for saving the souls of the natives. For this end he was preparing himself, and, with the aid of an interpreter, soon began to preach in places of public resort. He found a friend in need and deed, the proprietor of an indigo factory in the district of Mudnabatty, and to escape the torments of the East India Company he was reported as in his employ. For six years he and Thomas labored among the natives in the factories without apparent results. They were sowing seed beside great waters.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CHRISTIANITY PERSECUTED BY ITS OWN FRIENDS.

THE East India Company has written its infamy in its treatment of the cross, and planned and executed its own downfall in its behavior toward the first missionaries. The Baptist missionaries, Marshman and Ward, followed Carey, the cobbler, and to avoid arrest from the East India Company, embarked in an American vessel and passed by Calcutta to Serampur, sixteen miles above, to the Danish settlement and protection. Marshman, upon touching land, knelt and thanked God for a safe voyage to their field of labor.

The company was in a rage; one of the directors declared that he would rather see a band of devils in India. An order was issued to the Danish governor for the immediate arrest of the missionaries, that they might be sent out of the country. But the governor was not subject to scares, and determined to defy the British and to protect the missionaries. Frederick VI., of Denmark, when he heard that the missionaries had taken shelter in his domains, informed them that he was well pleased, and would take them under special protection. The governor assisted them in the purchase of a house, which became their headquarters. A printing press was set up and the New Testament, translated by Carey into Bengalee, was issued. In 1801, an edition of 2,000 copies of the New Testament Scriptures were published, and in 1809 the whole Bible was published in five volumes. Carey's motto, "Expect great things from God and attempt great things for God," was carried into resistless execution.

In 1800, Marshman and his wife opened two boarding schools which became very popular, yielding an income of £1,000 a year. The next movement was by Carey; the translation of the Bible into fourteen other Oriental languages, and their printing on the presses of Serampur. His power was summarized in his words to his son, "If anyone shall attempt to write my biography when I am gone, his best criterion will be the character of a plodder. I can plod and persevere on any definite principle; to this I owe every thing," and so he went on. It took him into the Ganges on the 28th of December, 1800, to baptize the first Hindu, Krishno, who stood the test of persecution from the Brahmins, and his own son Felix became true, useful and faithful. Soon Krishno's daughter, Golok, embraced Christianity, and for it was forcibly carried off by her heathen husband. As he was beating her by the way, and passing a police station, she exclaimed, "I have heard of the sufferings of Christ; these things have laid hold on my mind, and I have become a Christian from choice, and am not willing to go with this man."

This work of conversion went on until thirty-five were baptized and a church organized, and then a cold wave swept over them, and Dr. Carey and other ministers were forbidden to preach to the natives of British India. The subject reached Parliament. Sidney Smith reproached the uneducated men, who were trying to cope with a philosophy which had withstood centuries. But Southey espoused their cause; and defended them against the charge of being low-born and low-bred, showing the prodigious amount of learning displayed in the translation of the Scriptures into ten different languages. He said, "These

low-bred and low-born have done more in four years toward the spreading of the knowledge of the Scriptures than all the world besides." The persecution was ended by an agreement, that all matter printed in the house at Serampur should be, before publication, submitted to the inspection of the Governor-General. For this they observed a day of prayer and thanksgiving.

In 1809 a commodious house of worship was built in Calcutta, and the work greatly extended in Serampur. In 1814 all restrictions on the missionaries were removed and great activity followed. Missions were established in all the north-western provinces. Then came internal disturbance through an attempt to manage the work at home by people who knew nothing of the conditions and difficulties of the field; which has been, more or less, a hindrance in all missionary work till this day. These difficulties continued until the death of the senior missionaries, but the Serampur mission was so near self-sustaining that Carey and his brethren pushed their work in the face of all difficulties.

A book society was established in Calcutta. Marshman had within a range of twenty miles forty-five schools, in which were two thousand pupils. A college was established in which lectures were delivered on mathematics, medicine, ethics, theology and all other branches found in average colleges in England. When the year 1832 was reached the whole enterprise, like a ripe seed-pod, collapsed in the death of Ward, and three years after of Carey, after a missionary career of forty years service. On his tomb the man appears in the epitaph chosen by himself:

> "A wretched, poor and helpless worm,
> On thy kind arm I fall."

This was the final blow to the Serampur Mission. There was a scattering of the seed grown there, and soon after a consolidation of the work in Calcutta. From 1817 and 1827 there was a chronic quarrel between the Serampur missionaries and the parent Society, respecting the property at Serampur, causing division and independent work, which lasted about ten years. Harmony and union were restored between the parent Society in Calcutta and the Society at Serampur, and in 1887, the Society has over 100 native evangelists, about 5,000 children in day-schools and nearly 4,000 in Sunday-schools. The largest number of Christians connected with it, are at Backergunge, where the Christian community is about 5,000. Native members are about as many, and adherents about 12,000. These figures are from the best sources we could obtain. They are old, and are under, rather than over, the present status. This Society gives itself more to preaching and evangelizing than to educational work, the lack of which, in our judgment, is a defect apparent in most other societies. Educational and literary work is easier, and freer from the disagreeable features of mission work, and has drawn too much of the time and force of the churches from the preaching to the multitudes the doctrines of salvation.

There is another name, which can no more be left out of mission work in India than the title page in a history. That swiftly passing orb of heavenly light, Henry Martyn, who was born at Truro, Cornwall, England, 1781, from humble, but godly parentage. He was sensitive, proud and ambitious, of high and indomitable temper. A genius, distinguishing himself in his studies and winning a fellowship at St. Stephens. His religious life was formed and inspired

under the wonderful character of the godly Rev. Charles Simeon in the glory of his ministry in Cambridge. Of the honors gained at graduation, Martyn said, "I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find that I had grasped a shadow."

He studied for the law, but turned to the ministry. Carey's work in India and the life of David Brainerd among the American Indians were the forces shaping his plastic nature. He says, "I rejoice in thinking I shall meet this dear man in heaven." Martyn offered himself to the Church Missionary Society of England to work in India. He was accepted and ordained at Ely, 1803, being twenty-one years old. He could not at this time go to India without a license from the East India Company. Such was the spirit of Satan in it that he could get no license. He, like the Baptist missionaries, would have to sail in a foreign ship and put himself under foreign protection. He would have to leave the love of his young heart behind, who had not his spirit of self-denial, and whom he never saw again. The Company, under strong pressure, appointed him to a chaplaincy. When he was on his way he learned that the ship had been sent out for the capture of Good Hope, which gave him great distress; but he was not idle in this calamity, but labored with the wounded and dying in a miserable hospital where two hundred men were weltering in their blood.

At Cape Town he met the famous Dutch missionary Vanderkemp, whom he asked if he had ever regretted leaving his native country. "No," said the old man; "and I would not exchange my work for a kingdom." He arrived in Calcutta May, 1806, and like Sampson laid hold of the pillars of heathenism;

and if they did not fall he loosened them on their bases. Near the city of Calcutta he became the guest of Mr. David Brown, who gave him a pagoda as his dwelling-place, in which Martyn studied the language and prayed aloud, as he said, "To my God;" and the echoes returned from the vaulted roof, "O, may I so pray that the dome of heaven may resound." Everybody was captivated; he was the central figure and charm of European society; but it did not captivate him. His face was toward the heathen millions.

His first work was at Dinapur; and the preparation required was a knowledge of the Hindustani. He began a school for natives, and also the work of translating the Bible and preparing religious tracts for the multitudes. In two years and a half he could speak the native language fluently. He established and maintained five schools against both European and native hostility. His version of the New Testament was unsurpassed in beauty of diction and power. While in Dinapur, great trials came upon him. Two sisters died of consumption in England, and the last hope of being united to the only love of his life perished. The fell-destroyer consumption was at this time shadowing him, it loves a shining mark, and soon fastened on his classic features the look of death. He saw that there was no hope save in leaving Cawnpore for Persia, which was not wholly disagreeable; for it would give him greater facilities for the revision of his Persic Testament. He bade his friends in Serampur and Calcutta farewell and departed for Shiraz. Five months were consumed in the journey. His travels on land shattered his already enfeebled constitution. He was consumed by heat during the day and chilled by night.

When the journey was over he was in the most delightful spot on earth—the city of scholars and learning, of rarest flowers and finest fruits, and fields laden with richest grain. Here the Persian rose becomes a tree and is weighted down with petals and perfumes. It is the land of feathered songsters. Here the nightingale fills the air with bewitching notes; it is a place of cloudless skies and pure air. In this earthly paradise the man with the arrow of death in his heart was braced for his last work. The scholars of Shiraz were astonished at his attainments in their language. He began a revision of his translation of the New Testament June, 1811, and completed it February 9th, 1812, and in a month the Psalms were completed. In the midst of such labors he found time to teach Christianity by word and example. He received all that would come into his garden. He confronted the Mohammedans so successfully that all Shiraz was excited. He was sapping the foundations of their ancient faith. He had a debate with the chief professor, which resulted in his discomfiture and the opening of the eyes of the people. He did not live to see the results, but others have. However, he knew of the conversion of Mohamed Rahem, to whom he gave, as he was leaving his presence, a copy of the New Testament, on the fly-leaf of which was written: "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

His health was slipping away from him, and he knew that the battle was almost over. A great longing came over him to see dear old England once more, and in the fever of a last desire he started for Constantinople, a journey of twelve hundred miles. His manuscripts were left in the care of the English Em-

bassador, Sir George Ouseley. He succeeded upon his departure in doing what he had failed in a short time before, in getting the King to accept a copy of his translation of the New Testament, which he did with public thanks. His journey was long, trying and exhausting, but the shortest and quickest road to heaven. His escort was composed of human wretches, who hurried his death. Alternately burning with fever and shivering with ague, he was forced to pursue his journey on horseback at a rate that would have worn out a trooper.

On the 16th of October he had reached Tocat, twenty-five miles from Constantinople, where he laid his head quietly down for the last time and his soul went up to God as sweetly as music flies from the throbbing string. He was thirty-one years old, and in six years of missionary life he had done forty years work, left his impress on the great Empire and won a martyr's crown. Claudius James Ritch, an English resident at Bagdad, erected a monument over his remains with the inscription, "As he was returning to his native land the Lord here called for him to his eternal joy, A. D. 1812." His native land mourned for him. The beauty of her manhood had fallen by the wayside, weary with the strife.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SURAJAH DOWLAH.

SURAJAH DOWLAH is a character that cannot be overlooked. Bad and good men are tangent to humanity at so many points that their memories cannot be annihilated. This incarnate fiend has an immortality of infamy; he has smirched the face of British history in India. Moorshedabad was the centre of the movements of this cruel man. The Delta of the Ganges was the richest of all the provinces, the diadem on the bosom of India. It yielded sugar, silk, fruits and fabrics, and its products and resources were immense. Its Viceroys reveled in the luxuries of its wealth. They were independent of the Moghul Emperor in every thing but name. Surajah Dowlah was master of this great domain. He stands solitary and unapproachable even in the records of Oriental official crime. Cruelty gave to him greater delight than music to better natures. He loved to see the people drowned in the Ganges, and the more he saw going down, never to rise, the happier he was. He enjoyed more than wine the dying struggles of men and women; even the sight of drowning babes gave him ineffable pleasure. When he felt well and peculiarly exuberant, he would walk through the streets with a doubled-edged sword, cutting the people down right and left and splitting the heads of those who did not duly honor him. That horrible distrust of men which comes over bloody tyrants seized upon him, and he would no longer trust to the protection of his own sex; so he called to be his

body-guards Amazons from Tartary and Abyssinia. Moorshedebad was the pivot of his fiendishness, but he swung round the circle until he struck the English a blow that filled the world with horror.

In 1756, he invaded Calcutta and took the city. He was a fierce hater of the English and took one hundred and forty-six prisoners. These he ordered to be shut up in a room twenty feet square, with little ventilation. They were driven in at the point of the sword, expostulating against what they could not, at first, believe to be a veritable order. They cried for mercy, tried to break down the doors, fought for a gasp of air at the barred window, and trampled upon each other to get the few drops of water which were sparingly doled out. The jailers held torches to the barred window and jeered at the frantic struggles of their victims. When the doors were opened in the morning, only twenty-three ghastly survivors struggled out of the heap of corpses already festering in the intense heat. The Nawab, after giving the fiendish order the night before, had sunk into a sleep after a debauch. Word was sent to the merchant soldier Clive, who answered promptly by his movement of ships with one thousand English soldiers and two thousand Sepoys to avenge the horrible act. He rose into the highest stature of manhood, and was more than equal to the emergency; he was no longer the boy soldier of Arcot. On the way from Benares to Calcutta is seen the spot where that English courage, which is peerless, flashed its grandeur and heroism into history. It was where one did "chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." This occurred on the 23d of June, 1737. One thousand Englishmen were all he could trust with certainty to avenge the outrage upon the

British at the Black Hole of Calcutta. They had to meet fifty thousand foot and fourteen thousand horsemen.

Clive halted the morning before at Cutwa, where the battle was fought, though Plassey carries the honor. Sixty-four thousand soldiers and fifty pieces of heavy artillery, drawn by oxen and elephants, were to be met only by skill and courage. He called a council of his officers. The majority decided not to fight, and he yielded. The officers went to their quarters; but Clive was working the problem over again in a battle between prudence, duty, outrage and courage. He sat down in a grove and gave himself to reflection for an hour. The destiny of the world revolved over and over in that hour; for he saw, even then, that the cause of India was the cause of the world and its higher civilization. If he turned back, all British advantages gained were lost; it was really the beginning of retreat; besides his country was already reeling at home under her defeats and national disasters. His unconquerable spirit asserted itself, and he determined to fight. The little army crossed the river, the gallant 39th fought the battle, gained the victory, and changed the tide of destiny both in England and India, and so added to England's crown its brightest star. Civilization moved on to the front; Christianity became possible; and men rushed in from her ranks to hold the advantages of this day's triumph. Clive put the cruel, cowering wretch to death in a garden, where he had taken refuge, in a starving condition; and one more monster went to his own place. This is the history of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

The pilgrim, a century and a half away from its

horrors, still shudders at the fact now stripped of all its visible terrors. The wealth this official fiend had extorted from the enslaved people was astounding. It was in his palace that it is said Clive stood dazed amid the glittering heaps of gold and silver, of diamonds and precious stones. He took forty millions of dollars for the East India Company, and between one and two million for himself, and ever after mourned his modesty.

Extortion evokes the sublimest ingenuity in India. Another Mohammedan tyrant, a predecessor, invented a scheme for the collection of arrears of rents from his tenants, which we have not heard of in the lists of the reported atrocities of Irish landlords, showing how little they have read of Indian history. Cooley Khan took vengeance on his defaulting tenants by putting live cats into their breeches. We do not vouch for this statement, though history is thought to be veracious, because the people must have been in better condition then than now; as no garments can be found on any natives that would hold a cat, it is, therefore, relegated to the improbable. If Cooley Khan did, as alleged, it was the coldest catastrophe they ever had in Bengal.

Changes are violent in India; and our readers need not be surprised if we make a short turn from the Black Hole and its tragic history to the domestic life of the people. The wedding there means far more than in any European country; and as the description of a great Oriental city is more a thing of legs and eyes than of logic or continuity of event, we will describe a wedding procession. It breaks in upon the Westerner like the coming of a combined menagerie and circus. Loud, inharmonious blasts of trum-

pets rend the air and drums keep it in motion followed by the ding-dongs of gongs, the shrill notes of flageolets, and the long agonizing of bows drawn across ill-tuned violin strings, the whole moving through colored lights. If the bridegroom is rich, his marriage awakens more wonderment than the change of a dynasty in an empire. His nearest friends make it a magnificent affair according to Indian ideas. They come riding in a triumphal car shaped and feathered in the form and fashion of a peacock, the sacred bird of the Empire. This wheeled carryall, the body of which is a man-made peacock, is drawn by white oxen, the most beautiful creatures except the peacock in all Bengal. The young companions of the bridegroom in this chariot are arrayed in costly robes covered with gold lace, sparkling with diamonds and every other glittering stone. In the hands of each are flags and banners with strange devices. They carry what makes humanity hilarious, a tribute to its vast maw, bushels of bon bons which they scatter, and for which the crowds jostle, push and run over each other, picking them out of the dust. Following them is the joy of the urchins, gangs of boys in red tunics with gold-braided turbans, beneath purple canopies, yelling from shrill throats that never weary.

On a platform carried on the shoulders of men the bridegroom is seated in a golden chair with two pages at his side. Over him is a gorgeous canopy, its roof, spangled with silver stars, protecting him from the dangers of being star or moonstruck. His robes are of cloth shot through and through with threads of gold; his turban is of the same. A mantle of embroidered silk, such as only the deft fingers and ingenuity of these natives can devise, is thrown loosely over his

shoulders; a sash of richest crimson silk surrounds his waist; a gold chain of heavy links and a necklace of costliest pearls adorn his person. He is following the order of Bible weddings, and going to the home of the bride, whom he has never seen. She may not be a dozen years old, a very baby she would appear to a Westerner, one who ought to be in the nursery saying her prayers in her night-gown; she has seen nothing and knows nothing but the silly babble of her mother and servants. When the feasting at her father's house is ended, she will go to her husband's father to be tormented by her mother-in-law until she shuffles off the mortal coil. When, however, she becomes a mother she can torment all who have come in after her. This much can always be guessed, but more will not be known of her until her corpse is carried to the Ganges, and she enters her second estate in the maw of a crocodile.

During our stay in India the death of one of the famous rulers of the most mutinous provinces occurred—the King of Oudh. The British government worked its way into the kingdom of Oudh as the fabled camel which first put in his nose and then thrust in his whole body. On the death of Asaph-ud-Dowlah, who, through inheritance and assistance of the British government and good management, had a revenue of two hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling, there occurred a struggle for the succession. The Indian government was not unwilling to hear that the claimant was not the legitimate heir, and Sir John Shore, the British Governor-General, went to Lucknow and seated a tool of his, Saadat Ali, who soon saw the benefit of submitting to his foreign masters. From this time the native rulers of Oudh

lost their grip on their kingdom, and instead of ruling they were encouraged rather to turn their attention to beast and cock fighting, to fire-works and dancing prostitutes, in building seraglios and furnishing them with lustres and mirrors, with glass lions and porcelain negroes, together with wines and whiskies.

In 1816 Saadat was succeeded by Ghazi-ud-din, and he by Nasir-ud-din-Haddar in 1827, who at once plunged into the very slums of degradation. Upon his native genius for and heredity in vice he engrafted all the lowest forms of foreign abominations. He was succeeded by one worthy of his example, the last Wajia Ali, in 1842, who built the Kaiser Baugh in Lucknow already described, on which he spent a million pounds sterling. He had one thousand wives, and according to Mohammedan law was required to be husband to them all. His abominations, which would not have shocked his people if they had not been so extravagant, were reported to the British Indian government, and gave Lord Dalhousie the opportunity he desired to annex the country and dispose of the feeble voluptuary, who instead of walking rather dragged his legs after his diseased body. He was removed to Calcutta in 1856, and this was the lighted match which set Oudh afire, and resulted in the butcheries of Cawnpore and Lucknow. This mutiny ought not to have been a surprise in view of such antecedents as the East India Company's godless rule, their rapacity and their hatred of the Christian religion. The reward of the native princes for their faithfulness was to be drawn into the jaws of this great boa constrictor. The creature, known as the King of Oudh, lived in what in Euro-

pean estimation was prodigal luxury. He had a pension from the Anglo-Indian government of one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum. But he was so poor he could only support four hundred wives in Calcutta. He was in his penury "very much married," and no doubt died of the "muchness" of the institution. His great palace and its wonders in the form of luxurious furnishings and his large collection of wild animals and serpents were sold under the hammer. The amount of costly furnishings of every kind, if stated, would be thought fabulous. Boxes of rare furniture and bric-a-brac, purchased in Europe, were piled up in the rooms of the palace unopened, while, it is said, the King and his wives squatted on their native mats and ate with their fingers. The poor creature did not use scarcely any part of his palace. He had little intellect, was a self-cultivated Oriental idiot, and the world is well rid of him. His English masters were governed by greed, and ministered to his crimes to gratify it, but it all resulted in the interest of India and humanity.

Another Calcutta institution, we suppose, is the moving of the effects of foreigners. Such an expedition from one locality to another was witnessed. It was a strange procedure. There seemed to be a servant, or servants, for every single article, head and shoulders did the work. Each table rested on a head corresponding to each leg; every article was mounted on from one to eight heads; mattresses were laid on heads, bedsteads and bureaus on heads; rugs and mirrors were borne in the same manner; every native servant had something. They did not proceed individually, but when every article in the house had been poised on a cranium they all started together; the largest articles

on the greatest number of heads first; then the next number, until the simple articles which could rest on a single head. Some had brooms, some mats, some tubs and kitchen utensils, and the last, bringing up the rear of the procession as orderly as a Philadelphia funeral, were eight men, each crowned by eight unmentionable utensils, handles turned to their backs, glistening gloriously in the sun.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"*MISSIONARY HUMBUGS.*"

THIS is a senseless common-place sneer with multitudes of ignoramuses, who visit India, and who, by that law known popularly as "birds of a feather flock together," find each other. Such find their kind by instinct, and fortify each other in the propagation of hackneyed lies. Men saturated with rum, who frequent brothels, say that missionaries are humbugs; men who live in constant breach of the Seventh Commandment echo it; likewise loose livers, infidels, spiritualists. Madam Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, *et id genus*, shout it so that all the world can hear; and this with some reason, for their trickeries have more than once been exposed by these peerless and scholarly men. "Lazy beggars" is another form of reproach, while others say that their efforts are well meant, but don't amount to any thing. Facts withstand all surgings of the slums. The census returns in the Empire give the number of native Christians connected with the Protestant churches in India as nearly two hundred

and fifty thousand, and this represents Protestant missionary efforts of a century. These are church members; and do not represent those who are dominated by this influence, nor children of believing parents, nor as great a number in the Christian schools of the Empire. What does it amount to? Let the British government answer out of its Blue Book, as it has so often done. If to this is added the work of Roman Catholic missions, the longest in the field, the number is raised to over a million. What is the value of this? Suttee has been abolished; also child-marriage in parts of India; and the best of the natives are discussing the change seriously everywhere. The ideal standard of Christianity has been raised, so that the British army has been called to a halt in its nefarious business of legalized prostitution, supported by a Christian government. The cry of not more than a half dozen missionaries in London, supported by those who believed in them, has shaken both the home and Indian government into an awakened sense of decency. Has any greater evidence of moral power appeared in any Christian country on earth? They are denounced as "humbugs," but they have succeeded in humbugging people to give up the disgusting practices of ages, and are strong enough to call the English government in both Britain and India to an account, and to compel it to act on the side of religious morality.

The nation has caught the enthusiasm of the missionaries for knowledge. They are knocking and pleading at its gates everywhere. Multitudes of the Baboos, the wealthier and cultivated classes, are desiring to have their wives educated. Man has come in India to feel the force of the Bible

statement that it is not good for man to be alone. Moral and intellectual isolation leads to inanity. Woman is the God-given stimulant to man's moral and intellectual nature. What great thought or aspirations could the grandest genius have in a household of chattering monkeys? Man cannot rise with woman hanging as a clog ever at his feet. The Hindu people have genius, and more, have substantial talents, which would bring them to the front in national, intellectual and moral greatness. They are diligent, patient and docile. But all efforts, until Christianity took up the work, began at the wrong end of society. Woman was left out. The mothers make a nation, but these mothers can only be reached by their own kind. Hence the Zenana phase of the work is beginning at the right end. Here is the lever that will overturn the practices of dead centuries.

Such incidents as the following illustrate this. Dr. Valentine, a Scotch missionary of the Free Church, was travelling through Rajputana; the wife of the Rajah was very sick; he heard of the Christian medical missionary, and sent for him to treat her; but the wife would rather have died than that any man should look on her face. All her husband could get her to do was to put her tongue through a hole in a screen and to allow him to put his fingers through to feel her pulse. She recovered under the treatment, and the Rajah was so grateful that he would not hear of the Doctor's leaving his kingdom. He offered him three thousand dollars a year if he would stay in his territory, and told him he might preach where he pleased and as much as he desired.

We have now come abreast of one of our American missionary organizations—the Woman's

Union Mission. The association has eleven ladies employed, who, besides their direct labors, have the supervision of thirty-five native teachers, having about eight hundred women of the higher classes under instruction. They reduce the labor of going from house to house by having a meeting of several women at one of their houses. They are taught plain sewing, reading, writing in English and Bengali. It is an interesting sight to see the Zenana teachers start for their work. They are more than welcome to the hungry souls and minds. Their messages are caught from their lips with avidity. The native women have never heard any thing so wonderful before. They are as eager, when once the mind is aroused, as a bevy of children for stories. There is often only one chair in the apartment; this is for the missionary. They all squat, or sit about, at her feet. They desire to learn embroidery and hear stories, but they are obliged in order to get these to learn the alphabet, and from this on to spelling and reading; and so these faithful Christian women have taken hold at the right end of the only means to the redemption of India. The mission is well-located in Calcutta, with fairly good buildings.

One of the early roots, which has stayed in the soil, sending out constant scions, is the work of Miss Cook, begun in 1821. This school for girls almost took the breath out of the natives. This work was inaugurated by the Church Missionary Society of England, one of the most successful in all the ages of soul-saving service. Miss Cook began with one pupil the first day, and thirteen the second. Soon three schools were established with about fifty pupils. At the close of 1825 there were thirty schools and four hundred pupils. One of the native princes, Rajah Bordenath

Roy, gives two hundred pounds a year in support of this work.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel followed soon after. It has a strong organization in Calcutta, and a flourishing mission in Chotamagpore of more than eleven thousand members.

Orissa is the hardest spot in Indian heathenism. The greatest Juggernaut temple in the country is at Puri, in this province. The structure shows a great dome on the principal edifice, rising above two lower ones. This dome is two hundred feet high. In the main building are Juggernaut and his brother Bullubpudra, and his sister Soobhoodra. In the next room, dancing girls perform for the entertainment of the Juggernaut family. Great quantities of food are brought before these gods. They are only entitled to the smell; the Brahmins eat it. The enclosure is six hundred feet square, and the wall twenty feet high. The idol is the consummation of ugliness; his hands and feet are made of gold. The Brahmins fit it out in Cashmere shawls and jewels, and like the bride, who took off her false nose and teeth as she retired, this idol has his hands and feet and toggery taken off at night lest some of his devotees should get away with them.

The car is a platform thirty-four feet square, forty-three feet high, mounted on sixteen great wheels and hauled by six heavy ropes three hundred feet in length. Juggernaut is entitled, according to Brahmin descriptions, to be known as the god of nastiness. The descriptions of the priests respecting this attribute are abominably obscene, and according to the details of filthy and unbridled imaginations is the loudness of the applause. This scrap of history is introduced to

show that there is no heathenism so desperate that Christian missionaries have not modified it.

In 1821 the General Baptist Missionary Society sent out Mr. Lacy to establish a station at Cuttack, the capital of the province of Orissa. Three missionaries labored six years without a convert. The Society in 1880 had six churches, nine hundred and ninety-four actual communicants and twenty-eight hundred and twenty-two holding the Christian faith.

The Free-Will Baptists began work in the country of Juggernaut in 1836. In 1879 this Society had in Orissa five congregations, four hundred and seventy-eight communicants and four hundred and fifty-three pupils under instruction, with seventeen young natives preparing for the Free-Will Baptist ministry.

The Church of Scotland was behind in missionary zeal and effort, but when they did begin their work were wonderfully successful under the leadership of that remarkable missionary, Dr. Alexander Duff. He entered the field in 1829, was a scholar and thinker, a man of great executive powers, and as fearless as great. He was left to his own judgment in his work, thus evincing great wisdom on the part of the society that sent him. Multitudes have been crippled by grevious home meddling. He determined to establish a great English school for the natives; he would teach them the religion of Christ in a language which would not debauch its truth. In these schools he made the Bible the chief text-book. He foresaw that if the English government held India that it could never suit itself to the multitudes of dialects spoken. He saw that the trade of the Empire must go through the channel of the English language, and that it would ever be taking the young

life of the nation with it. He opened his school against the evil predictions of everybody, in 1830. He brought the Bible into immediate competition with their sacred books, and set them to fighting for their religion. They had to meet it in the mouths of their children. The young men went to his schools, talked about the sacred classic, and absorbed the spirit of their great teacher.

The Brahmins were compelled to examine the Bible, to refute it, and in the minds of many its superiority was apparent. The following testimony of a learned Brahmin will stand against some of the silly slanders of the people who spend their intellectual and moral force crying that the missionary cause is a humbug. In the presence of two hundred Brahmin students he said:—"I have watched the missionaries and seen what they are. What have they come to this country for? What tempts them to leave their parents, friends and country, and come to this, to them, unhealthful clime? Is it for gain or profit that they come? Some of us, country clerks in government offices, receive larger salaries than they! Is it for an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. Look at the missionary. He came here a few years ago, leaving all, and for our good. He was met with cold looks and suspicious glances. He was not discouraged; he opened a dispensary, and we said, 'Let the pariahs take his medicine, we will not,' but in the time of our sickness and our fear we were glad to go to him, and he welcomed us. We complained, at first, if he walked through our Brahmin streets; but ere long, when our children were in sickness and anguish, we went and begged him to come, even into our inner apartments, and our children now smile upon us in health. Has

he made any money by it? Not even the cost of the medicine he has given has been returned to him. Now what is it that makes him do all this for us? *It is the Bible!* I have looked into it a good deal in the different languages I chance to know. It is the same in all languages. There is nothing to compare with it in our sacred books for goodness, and purity, and holiness, and love, and motives of action. Where did the English people get their intelligence, and power, and energy, and cleverness? It is their Bible that gives it to them. And they now bring it to us and say, 'That is what raised us; take it and raise yourselves.' They do not force it upon us, as did the Mohammedans their Koran, but they bring it in love, and say, 'Look at it, read it, examine it and see if it is not good.'"

The new mode became contagious, and those that condemned praised the Lord. Wm. Bentick declared the results to be incomparable. Other helpers came, MacKay, Evart, Smith and McDonald. They labored not only in teaching, but with converting power until the harvest came. Many distinguished natives, some of high caste, were among the saved. They suffered the loss of caste and its reproaches and inflictions, with unconquerable firmness.

The Disruption of the Church of Scotland carried most of the missionaries and their converts over to the Free Church, and the work went on. The subject of Zenana missions was agitated in 1840. Rev. Thomas Smith, of the Free Church, said if the women and girls of India would not come to the missionaries they ought to go to them. In 1855 he obtained the consent of several wealthy Brahmin families to have Christian governesses for their daughters, and that was the first systematic Zenana work. This was soon

followed by a high caste school which was also a success, and so the work went on. It is said that Phidias so formed the brazen shield of Minerva that it could not be held in any light that his image could not be seen. This is the moral and intellectual likeness in the thought of all India. Dr. Duff will be the last man to die in all its two hundred and fifty millions. He is dead, and behold he liveth. The work is still in progress, but it lost momentum in the death of its magnificent leader.

The Established Church of Scotland came into the field and took possession of the original College building, while the Free Church built in another place. The College belonging to the Established Church was visited, and a gracious welcome was extended to us by Principal Smith. It was genuine, Scotch-like, hearty and ministerial. The Principal and Professors conducted us through the class-rooms while the students were reciting. In the department of Metaphysics, and in two others, the request was made for an address, seconded by the students. No country produces a handsomer class of men, nor with higher abilities in acquiring knowledge. The recitations would compare favorably with the same departments in either Scotland or America. These are men of quick susceptibilities, and can see and appreciate a point with startling quickness. We have never addressed a more thoughtful audience, nor have we ever had from Principal, Professors and students a more enthusiastic reception. This College and its Faculty and students were worth a journey to India to see. The institution is on the high tide of prosperity.

The Free Church College was visited with a desire

to know something of its work and progress as the successor to the glorious heritage of Dr. Duff and his co-workers. But the excuse for very scanty information was that they were in the midst of examinations, and something else not worth remembering. After somewhat limited observations we are obliged to say that the Established Church people usually took more pains to be courteous to those seeking knowledge than those who, on account of their Free Church principles, have in America been the greatest favorites. The Scotch churches were also visited during the religious services; neither of them were very well attended according to English and American ideas. Nor were the services so inspiring as in the churches at home. The impression made by what could be seen or heard was that these churches had not reached the Scotch element in India in any fair proportion to their numbers, and that many, who were members of the Church at home, had drifted into lives of utter irreligiousness. The tendencies are in this direction, and the blame may not be altogether attributed to want of attention, adaptation and attractiveness of the churches.

In Calcutta the Kali Ghat, or bath of Kali, may be seen; also the temple and horrid idol. But in contrast may be seen the work of the "missionary humbugs." Fifty years ago heathen mothers were bringing their babes by the thousands to this moveless, senseless destroyer. But the "humbugs" have brought these rites to an end. The British government, inspired by the work and progress in Christian public sentiment of the missionaries, has put its hand on it and stopped them. The temples still remain, and disgusting ceremonies are continued, but human sacrifices cannot be made. The priests pour out

blood so that it runs and stands in pools before the idol; they may be seen pouring warm blood on her tongue and wallowing themselves in blood as an act of worship. But over against this degrading temple the "missionary humbugs" have built a Memorial Church to perpetuate the name of the saintly Bishop Heber, author of the song, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which has inspired the Church to sacrifice and battle, and which we expect to hear after the Song of Moses and the Lamb in heaven, when Christ receives the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

The Methodist work in India, started by Bishop Butler, has been already referred to. The statistics given will show what these "missionary humbugs" have been doing. In 1886 their church property was valued at $202,404; parsonages, $122,443; value of orphanages, schools, hospitals and book-rooms, $156,550. They had 23 missionaries, 17 assistants, 32 Eurasian and European assistants, 282 native workers, 41 native ordained preachers, 203 native teachers, 11 foreign teachers, 3,527 members and 1,183 conversions during the year, one Theological School, with 55 students, 8 high schools, with 1,091 students, 559 day-schools, with 13,761 students. There is a phase of the work which the Methodist Church has taken up with great success, for which they deserve the highest praise. The Eurasians are the half-breeds born, in and out of wedlock, from English and native parentage. In the early days of British rule the English women could not, and would not, go to India. Many British officers, civil and military, married native women, against whom there could be no re-

proach; and many others ought to have married them, against whom stands this everlasting disgrace. This class of European Asians are called Eurasians. They were almost entirely neglected until the Methodist Church began, under Bishop Taylor, with considerable success, the effort of organizing congregations from these largely English-speaking people. The plan of Bishop Taylor has not been quite successful, but is encouraging. It has given, at least, probability to the hope of self-sustaining congregations throughout their missions. They have fallen on what they call the grant-in-aid plan, which means that the home society will give as much to the support of a church as the natives and Europeans give.

Dr. James M. Thoburn has been a great moral force in Calcutta; perhaps the greatest in his peculiar form of work since the days of Dr. Duff. The largest congregation, and the most lively one, is his. It is self-sustaining, has plenty of people formerly Scotch Presbyterians in it, has Sunday-schools and out mission stations; also a large and flourishing female seminary, whose pupils are mostly Eurasians.

There are one or two more peculiarities about these "missionary humbugs," which are worthy of note. One is, that they die, regretted by the people whom they have humbugged. This is a marvel. It is not so in our country; when noted humbugs die their victims do not cry and follow them to their graves with great mourning. "He loved all men alike and never despised any one," were the words of the Melanasian boy, over the body of Bishop Patterson. And after the death of Rev. Philip Smith, of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, at a meeting held a few days after the mourning had spread over the community, Mr. Protap Chunder

Mozoomdar, the leader in the Bramo Samaj since the death of Chunder Sen, spoke as follows:—"Truly did the Rev. Philip Smith imitate the glorious ideal, by whose name he was known, by living in this country a life deep and profound. What shall I say of his life? It was so gentle, so good, that his features have painted themselves on our mental vision for all time. Manhood and womanhood, tenderness and strength, blended in his sweet character." Such overflowing love to people of strange heart and tongue and color has been the uniform characteristic of those who have carried the Messianic tradition of love beyond the bounds of national creeds and the home centres of national faith. There is not time or space to take up a dozen more of these missionary societies, as deserving as those mentioned, which are doing blessed and abundant work.

CHAPTER L.

FRAGMENTS GATHERED UP.

BEFORE leaving Bengal there are a few fragments to be gathered up, to give a symmetrical idea of the country and its people, though the observations of the traveller must be more or less in scraps; but even these will help to give a correct idea of a land and its inhabitants. The Bengalese should be described in their peculiar characteristics. The typical Bengalee is effeminate, with no more power of resistance than a sheep, though he is as cunning as a fox. Courage has been wrung out of him by the more resolute men of the North. But the law of compen-

sation has given him for protection a cunning which is marvellous.

The English government would never think of looking in Bengal for any thing but a soldier on parade. The mind of the native is as powerless as his body in any ability to resist oppression. But Bengal is the place for tigers and tiger defence and tiger cunning. Whatever is peculiar in a Bengal tiger represents the force and tact of the Bengalese. It is the country of intrigues, of cabals, of ambuscades, of craftiness, of insincerity. The native is an adept in flattery, in deceit, in falsehood. He can tell a lie so probable, that if one knew the truth one would be bewildered. Chicanery, perjury, false witnessing and forgery are his strongholds, into which he retreats as a coney to its rocks. As a born sharper he is unspeakably grand. This may be the effect of rice, a vegetable diet, which makes a man's conscience flabby, as well as his body. Vegetarian diet will prevail, no doubt, in the new heavens and earth where there will be nothing to fight and virtue will not have to contend with evil. But in a world constituted like ours carniverousness is a moral necessity, if backbone is at all desirable in our personality. The meat-eater always conquers the vegetarian in both moral and physical conflicts. An example of this is seen in tribes bordering on the delta of the Ganges. The Bengalese occupy the valley, but on the hills is a class superior in the very things in which they are contemptible—the Santhals, descendants of the hill tribes, who were there when the Aryans came down from the regions of the Caspian and settled in the Valley of the Indus. They are, in character, neither Bengalese nor Hindus.

They have not caught the religious contagion of either, nor has Mohammedanism been able to conquer them. They are naked and flesh eaters, who feed on snakes and animals and insects. The Santhal is not particular about his diet, nor any culinary arrangements, but he is a man for "a' that." He is the most truthful native in India, showing that it takes something stronger than cabbage or turnips to make men, who have had no Christian training, truthful. We do not go so far as to say that flesh eating makes the difference; but do say that a man full of good beef is more likely to overcome the total depravity of constitutional lying than one filled with boiled greens. These tribes are as harmless as they are truthful and brave. Their religion is a childlike trust in the few beliefs they possess, having no doubt about God. Their consciences are active in deciding between right and wrong, so far as they know one from the other. The Santhal women do not wear veils, but are passionately fond of jewelry. A belle will carry thirty pounds of jewelry in one form or another on her person.

The comforts and discomforts of life are distributed and adjusted according to mercy and justice the world over. There is no spot so cold that there is not a warmer side within reach, or provisions of nature to moderate the temperature; nor is there a place so warm that there is not some refreshing mitigation. Calcutta in its steaming heat is intolerable, but the mountains are near, where a temperature may be found ranging from comfort to freezing. Dhargeling sits upon the side of the Himalayas, affording a deliverance from the exhaustion and peril of the heat, where withering babyhood from the steaming valleys can get vigor and smiles, and weary mothers

can recover from tropical debilitation. The last rays of the parting sun fall languidly upon this mountain city, while it is kissed by the first rays of the new morn.

In the twilights of a glorious sunrise Calcutta was left for the weariness, storms and tossings of the seas. The passage through the famous Hooghly was made in the bright and balmy hours of early day. The isles and banks presented a new phase of life in India. In these jungles, coming flat down to the edges of the river, for there are no bluffs, lives every destructive creature. Here the battle goes on between them and man for his primæval sovereignty. When he rebelled against his Lord, his subjects in turn rebelled against him, and the contest still continues in swamps and jungles. Tigers glide sullenly away before the noise of the floating monster, with its strange cargo; monkeys hang by their tails, or sit on the branches, seemingly discussing the situation or ridiculing what they cannot understand. Here the boa constrictor finds his congenial home and sustenance; alligators lie lazily in the lagoons, grown fat on human bodies, dead or living, which are still thrown to them; wild hogs, wild cattle, wild fowls, every creature of wing, hoof or claw, obtains home and living; in all, it is a relentless contest for the survival of the fittest.

As the ship threads its way between islands, where the sand is constantly falling into the water as on the Lower Mississippi, amid wonderful growths of every form of floral beauty, one has time to consider both the delights and privations of this great empire of Indian life. There are no well-defined changes; things shade off, blending into each other.

This country never disrobes herself; never changes her garments until they drop off in rags. Man and nature in this respect are alike. There are no surprises in sudden incomings of vital energy. All the divisions known are hot, hotter and hottest; rain, rainier and rainiest; monsoon, monsoonier and monsooniest. The hot begins in March and lasts until July; then the exodus begins to every part of Europe; great steamers, with prows set to the Red Sea and Mediterranean, groan under the loads. Of those who cannot get away, the Himalayas, Afghanistan, the Dhargeling spurs and the Nilgherry of the Malabar coast receive the worn and wasted.

Western India has its sanitarium in the mountains near Poonah. It is fly or die; for two or three years in this heat thins the blood and poisons with malaria what is left. First is the hot season; then comes the hotter or the rainy season, which is a steam bath from July to the 1st of November. And such is the dependence of the country on the monsoon, or rainy period, that, however uncomfortable it may be, every man and woman prays for it as a hungry child begs bread. Famine or monsoons are the inevitable issues presented to all. The monsoon breezes are looked for in May; and if they do not come, there is national uneasiness. On the Western coast they begin about the 10th of June. They are heralded by light clouds, or alternate clouds and sunshine. These clouds thicken and move up in battalions, and soon the war of elements begins. The breaking of these monsoons on the mountains, which enclose India on the north and west, and north and east as a bow, is more terrific than the thunders of a battle. Blackness gathers, over which run wrathful flashes and resounding thunders; clouds move backwards and for-

wards as if taking position in some great engagement; resistless gales howl like lost spirits bent on destruction, before which the abodes of men are as feathers in a tornado; houses go to fragments, and fly through the air; great forests sway and groan and are torn up by the roots in the fury.

Then the floods come as if the sea had been caught up into the heavens and suddenly turned upside down, and these are emptied on the mountains to come down upon the plains and into the rivers with the velocity gained by a fall of more than twenty thousand feet. Then come restorations by which the seas above are replenished from below; heated mists carry oceans again above; the air is clammy and the human body has its moisture drawn from it; every thing is saturated with dampness; drops gather and stand on the walls; mold collects on the driest objects; boots polished will be covered with a crop of fungi in twenty-four hours; yellow spots appear on them as if the leprosy were breaking out; fires must be kept in all the apartments; braziers of burning charcoal must be put into the closets to counteract the dampness.

Then, every thing seems to be alive. This is the time when serpents begin to crawl into the houses, to drop from ceilings, to start up in bathrooms and sleeping chambers, and to hide themselves in the beds. Insects swarm as if the very air were passing into this form of life. Creeping creatures innumerable buzz as if the millions would take refuge in one's ears. They dive into the food, and combine to put out the lights until they lie thick about them in determined but abortive attempts. Fleas without number get into the beds, playing hide and go seek over the body, giv-

ing nipping salutations, which make the martyr cry, "Would it were morning," or, as "in all the desperate fight the cry of Ajax was for light to see his foeman's face." When the terrors of the night cease, the terrors of the day come like giants, refreshed with wine; gnats go straight for one's eyes; and others, if one's mouth is open, will go for the throat; some bite and others sting into welts, while others pester by their noise until life has its very hopes flattened to the ground.

The white ants enter the contest against humanity. They will eat up the ties of railroads for miles in two or three nights. The bridges of railways must be built of iron, and the ties will soon have to be of the same; the beams and rafters of houses as well. They eat up a library in a week; clothing, furniture and bedding are speedily devoured. All food is consumed in their destructive marches, unless it is kept in earthen jars; bed posts must be set on glass or iron dishes filled with salt water. These are some of the torments of India.

But joy comes after the wet season; all nature is washed clean; all filth has been borne away. India, like Philadelphia, is more indebted to the storms for her sanitary condition than to any street-cleaning contractors. And when the cool season comes, it is paradise regained. The foliage is dark and velvet like; rich in texture and hues. The flowers are fragrant, and gorgeous in colors and combinations. The sun shines out of cloudless skies; the days are serene; while the heavens display their altar fires in their first magnitudes. As the ship ploughs through the Bay of Bengal it is under the Southern cross, and the constellations shine in indescribable glory.

It was not, however, long until another experience was encountered. A cyclone had swept by; the barometer showed a violent change; every thing on the ship was put in order to fight the elements. The captain looked depressed and uneasy. Cyclones usually come between monsoons. Fierce winds blow from June to October from the south-west, and from November to May from the north-west. They lie in wait on the Bay of Bengal and sweep up the Ganges to Calcutta, where buildings are wrecked, ships are beached, dashed into fragments, or go down almost entire. During some of these storms, thousands of natives perish in the lowlands.

One of them had passed just ahead of our ship, which rolled from side to side and then reared up until it stood nearly on its beam ends, while the clouds deluged us with torrents. This lasted all the way from the mouth of the Ganges to Madras. Except for the danger, it did not make much difference, for the passage is dreary, and when the coast could be seen it was scarcely above the water line, being marshy, scrubby and deserted, while hardly a town was visible.

CHAPTER LI.

MADRAS.

AFTER days and nights, tossed by monsoons and enveloped in alternate fogs and rains, when neither sun, moon nor stars appeared over the dreary Bay of Bengal, the ship, which had been true amid the treacherous waves, was driven against the hidden banks of Madras. There are no rising coasts along the seas in this part of India. There is no commercial city in the world so badly located with reference to the sea. It is on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal, noted for its indescribable treacheries. Its waters are filled with venomous creatures. The bites of water snakes are as deadly as the cobra. It is filled with moving forms of death, and swept without warning with terrific storms, so that the business of the mariner is to be alternately reefing and unreefing sails, putting ships in fighting trim, and shutting and opening the hatches. Madras affords no more safety to vessels than when they lie in the middle of the sea. The roadstead is open to every gale except from the west, and in case of storm in port, if such a term can be used, ships have to run out to sea to keep from being dashed to pieces, or set over into the interior of the Empire. There is no river or inlet to give the slightest protection. The government has tried to wall in a part of the sea into a harbor, and the best efforts of modern engineering have been employed but to little avail.

The walls, on account of the terrific rollers, are as likely to endanger ships as the waves themselves.

About one-half of the work is broken down, and the rest makes too small an enclosure to be of any practical good. The sea laughs at them and the waves run and jump on them until they loosen and sink down. Disembarking is something appalling to Europeans, though the natives with their rickety boats care little more for it than sea-gulls. The country is flat and unproductive except at the expense of painful tillage. During the hot months there is a perpetual steam bath, the thermometer ranging above one hundred in the shade. In calm weather the surf breaks three hundred feet from the shore, and during storms one thousand feet landward from the shore line, with waves fourteen feet high. During the winter months there is an almost constant sea breeze which modifies the heat until it is tolerable to Europeans, which is called the "doctor," and lasts from noon till night. The city is flat, and in America would be called "Stringtown," following the line of the sea nine miles. It has about a dozen suburbs, some of which would be called geese and goat towns. This is to give our readers an idea of their style, sanitary condition and character as seen by foreign eyes.

Fort St. George is the centre, and perhaps, rightly; for it has been the pivot on which the destinies of the people have revolved, besides being in a good position to display the sainthood of the Georges. It is garrisoned according to exigencies, but usually by not more than a regiment of English and a few companies of natives. North of the Fort is Blacktown. Its favorable reputation consists in the fact that like Elim of old it has wells of pure waters while the number of its palm trees were not determined. The city is a garden of beauty; it lacks position, but it has com-

pensation in its wealth of tropical growths, in its fruits, and flowers and everlasting green. The buildings are not costly, but in effect they make a better appearance than the expensive fabrics of the Western world. They have sunshine to magnify their proportions, and are washed clean from heaven without money and without price.

As usual, in India the finer modern buildings belong to the government. These do not, however, reach the splendor of those in Bombay and Calcutta. The light house to the north of the Fort is one hundred and twenty-eight feet above the sea level, and claims to have the most brilliant light in the world. The people are not, in appearance, equal to any other part of India in strength, energy and progress, but average fairly with those dwelling in the same climatic conditions throughout the world. They are cursed by chronic lassitude. Their minds are quick and flashing, but they lack the courage and persistence of the North. It is a wonderful city in its manufacturiug instincts, tastes and skill. It has a population of about four hundred thousand, twenty-two thousand Europeans. Its commerce can be estimated from the number of vessels in port during the year, amounting to about 2,400 foreign vessels. The imports of 1871–72 were reported at £2,615,078, and exports, £7,006,227. The municipal institutions consist of a government house, University, with European and native Professors and Teachers, a valuable Museum, a Library, male and female orphan asylums, a medical school, a branch of Royal Asiatic Society, the Madras Polytechnic Institution, the Government Observatory, and a Mint, with many other buildings of less prominence. The interest of the moral world in Madras lies in the

progress of Christianity and its civilization. Its political history has been anticipated, and the actors while under French and also the English domination have been described. In the city of Madras are seen the monuments of the labors of the Scotch Presbyterians. The Scotch church of St. Andrews, one of the most central, historic, and imposing, was built in 1818. The English Church is represented in the St. George Cathedral. In its enclosure are the monuments of the heroes of the cross, who have given their lives for Christ in this land. There are two or three monuments by Chantrey; one of these is of Bishop Heber; there are also some by Flaxman.

The first missionaries in the southern part of India were Danish. After the death of Schwartz, mission work was paralyzed for a time; it had lost its head; but there was a revival upon the sending out, in 1805, of two missionaries of the London Society, who established themselves at Madras, and who were joined soon after by Richard Knill. In 1815 the Church Missionary Society entered the city; and in 1816 the Wesleyans followed. The work of the Danes, which had been taken in charge by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, was turned over, in 1825, to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. As a commentary on the words, "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him," it has been found the most wonderful field of Indian missionary effort.

The Tinnevelly district, so well prepared by the Danes, has made the most astonishing progress. Tinnevelly must always be associated with Schwartz, the most revered missionary India ever had. Sir

John Shore, Governor-General, said:—"I have never heard his name mentioned without respect." His character for sincerity and purity made him the friend of all men. His face inspired trust and his smile won affection. He was master of human hearts. When full of years and with honors from a heathen people his end drew near. They were wild with joy if they could only see him, and at his death a long and a bitter cry arose from the multitudes who had heard him during all his preaching journeys through the South of India. The Rajah, who had been his friend and protector so long, was overwhelmed with grief, and as his remains were to be removed he covered them with a cloth of gold. So died the apostle of India in 1798, after forty years service, and his death marks the first Protestant mission period in India.

The next began on glorious foundations. We must remember how limited were the resources of the first period. The entire number of missionaries to the end of the eighteenth century was fifty, and at no one time were there more than ten in the field, while they had to begin with their A B C's, and with everybody else's A B C's, and endure not only the superstition, idolatries and castes of the people, but the diabolical oppression of the East India Company, and a degrading apathy on the subject in the home churches. In converts it was the golden age. In nineteen years there were 19,340 persons baptized, and during the century the number of converts amounted to 50,000. In Madras as many as 4,000 natives were received into the Church. Then came a declension, which was no doubt largely attributable to the fact that there were no men capable of taking the places of the fallen. Such men as wrought in

the eighteenth century do not have successors. Their death was the beginning of a new era in both men and opportunities. The modern work is more thorough and carries less driftwood. In the Tinnevelly of the present the work of missions most concerns us. The province is at the southern extremity of India and is separated from Travencore by the Ghats, a mountain chain running from the north to south.

We cannot follow the steps in the progress of the work. The present age demands results, and not an exhibition of the ladders by which they have been attained. The missions of Tinnevelly are under the government of the foreign missionaries alone, which deserves consideration in missionary circles. They are governed by local councils on a well-considered feudal system, in which the natives themselves take a principal part. Since 1877 the members of this native community, under the care of the Church Missionary Society, have risen from 22,000 to 44,000; that is, their accessions since 1877 have been 22,000, their numbers having doubled in six years. To this must be added the work of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, which has 26,000 baptized Christians. Tinnevelly carries the banner as the most Christianized province in India.

There are also missions from our own country in Madura, and, as usual, they are the most extensive and important in the field. They were begun in 1834. There the Tamil is spoken, and the work was started by missionaries from Ceylon. The first was Messrs. Hoisington and Todd. In 1837 the American Board had eleven missionaries in this field. This mission in the beginning was built up by preaching and school teaching. Two years after their arrival they had 35

teachers and 1,200 children; in 1840 they had 3,316 scholars. There was in 1845 a considerable loss in consequence of a change of policy in the Board, and in 1853 the heathen schools were closed; the missionaries were ordered to abolish them all, except for Christian families, and to pay special attention to the multiplication of Christian congregations.

This mission had peculiar trials from the indulgence extended by other missionary societies to caste distinctions, which were not tolerated by it. The storm blew over, and calm skies and a purer atmosphere came after it. The progress of this work shows that turning from school teaching into preaching, making this the leading instrumentality, was wise, and has received the blessing of God. The mission has now: native ordained preachers 13, American missionaries 13, native preachers 135, churches 33, converts 11,389, congregations 217, seminaries and boarding schools 33, Christian teachers 202, scholars 4,261. This detour from Madras to Tinnevelly has been made to show that the Lord is not slack concerning his promise, "Lo I am with you alway;" that faithful work done in heathendom will be rewarded; that the money given in America has been well and faithfully expended, and that we may combat the contemptible lies that foreign missionaries are idlers living in luxury, and that missions are failures.

But our own countrymen appear once more in labors to save India. In 1819 the American Board sent the Rev. John Scudder first to Ceylon, and then to the district of Arcot, west of Madras, among the Tamil-speaking people, in which field he labored thirty years. Three of his sons joined him, who desired, with their father, to cultivate a neglected field among this

people. But the Board would not spare the father from his field at Madras, and the sons occupied the North and South Arcot district, which has since become the special field of the Reformed Church, to which the family belonged. The Rev. Henry M. Scudder explored this region in company with the late Secretary of the Board of Publication of the Presbyterian Church, the lamented Dr. John W. Dulles, whose missionary zeal was only measured by his intense love of souls. While his health lasted he was peer of the best of his associates, and he only gave up his work when his strength had utterly failed. God had another place for him to fill, which he did faithfully, standing in his lot until rest came and took him to its bosom, freed from all pain and care.

Dr. Scudder died in 1854 at the Cape of Good Hope while on a journey for his health. Two more of his sons joined the mission in that year, making it the most famous missionary family in the world. In a population of 3,000,000 a soul could not be found that knew of the Saviour of mankind. But twenty-five years gave another history for these unsaved natives. The Scudders had gathered a native population of 6,000; 1,300 of whom were communicants, and had in their schools 1,000 scholars.

The great work of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland must come in brief review in order even to outline the soul-saving work done in and about Madras. In 1835 Dr. Duff's influence indirectly inaugurated this great movement. A committee was formed for the establishment of a school for native education in the neighborhood of St. Andrews church, after the model of Dr. Duff's in Calcutta. The Governor, Sir Frederick Adam, started a subscription with an offer-

ing of 700 rupees, and the school opened with fifty-nine scholars.

The great man who was to obtain immortality through this movement arrived in 1837, Rev. John Anderson, the first missionary sent to Madras by the Assembly. The object of this institution was to give the highest form of education, of Christian life and activity to the better classes of native society in Madras. The Assembly gave specific directions to its missionary that he should give his energies to imparting a Bible education to his students, and from such as God should give him in conversion from time to time to raise up a native ministry of preachers and teachers who might go forth to evangelize their countrymen.

The institution was opened April, 1837, with fifty-nine scholars, but before the year ended the number had increased to two hundred and seventy-seven. It was as soon broken up by the cantankerousness of caste. The occasion for the outburst was the admission of two pariah boys. The principal, Mr. Anderson, felt that he could not refuse them, as the object was to save men without respect of persons, and he could not justify the refusal before his own conscience. Besides, the refusal would be a precedent which would cripple him in all his future work. He planted himself on the principle of perfect equality as the basis of his future operations. Petitions from the parents who had withdrawn their sons came in, and deputations waited on him to get the dismission of the despised pariahs, or to set them on separate benches; but it was in vain. But what always comes to a man planted on moral principle came in the end. Soon the high caste boys began to return, and the institution was stronger than before;

and soon pariah and Brahmin could be seen sitting side by side, which was a startling victory.

The first converts from the institution were baptized in 1841, and were three of the best students of high rank and great intelligence. Then another religious and social tempest surged all over Madras, and the institution was again emptied of four hundred scholars, while only thirty remained. But the tide of indignation flowed backward, and slowly forward again. The schools were moved, and in the following year there were two hundred and seventy-eight present. Those first baptized became ministers, and held honorable place and influence before their countrymen.

In 1842, two other baptisms occurred without much agitation, and the students increased to five hundred. In 1846, eight students were baptized, and at the beginning of 1858 ninety-three had received baptism. In 1881, the numbers constituting the native community of the Free Church Mission in Madras were three hundred and forty-two, and nearly all of these were well educated, the result mainly of the school work among the higher classes, who, on this account, became influential in the community. This institution has been a well spring of continual good. It has always had workers most gifted in talents and piety. The names of its principals are known not only in India, but wherever men and women have been interested in any form of the work of saving heathen.

Anderson, Johnston and Braidwood, were active in the troubled times of the mission's formation. Since it has been steered through perils by Campbell, MacMillan and Miller, the present popular and efficient Principal. He is a type of new India, progressive and inspiring,

a genius in his place, attractive and attracting. The Scotch Churches have achieved greater results in the three presidencies through educating and elevating the people by means of the moral power of this institution than any other body in the field.

These Scotch Missions have had remarkable success among high caste women in Madras. In 1843, schools for these women were commenced in Blacktown and Treiplicane. There was a boarding-school started in 1847, which was a necessity forced on the missionaries by the converting power of divine grace. Many of the girls in the senior classes in the day-school became awakened to their spiritual condition and determined to leave home and kindred, and cast themselves solely on the mercies of God. Shelter was given them, and this was the beginning of the school over which Mrs. Anderson presided with such marked favor of God. The community exploded again when five of the adult girls sought baptism. A writ of *habeas corpus* was served on Principal Anderson, issued in the case of one of the girls. The whole matter was referred to the Supreme Court, which judged that, as the girl was of age, and well qualified to determine for herself she must be protected in her purpose to be baptized. Girls have been of great service to the Free Church Missions. In 1851, there were eighteen hundred scholars, male and female, in this Institution and in the schools of the Church, four hundred and thirty-nine of which were caste girls. In 1871, the entire number of scholars was twenty-two hundred and thirty-three; of these, eight hundred and eighteen were women.

The money paid by parents for the education of

these girls is steadily increasing, showing the growing influence of Christian education over the minds of the natives. Two native churches are connected with the mission, and a medical missionary. The four great Scotch Institutions in Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Nagpore and their satellites had in 1882 eleven thousand students, most of whom were securing a superior English education, in which is included a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures. The result in soul saving has been at least twenty-six hundred and thirty-six converts, nearly all being well educated.

The Established Scotch Church is working side by side with the Free Church, and doing as prosperous and noble a work. In 1850 it had four hundred and fifty young men in its institutions, while its female schools were attended by two hundred and nine girls. In 1881 they had eleven schools, twelve hundred and thirty-six pupils, of these five hundred and fifty-four were women, and a native Christian community of two hundred and forty-nine. Many of these facts and figures are culled largely from the work of the Rev. M. A. Shearing, and while they are not within eight years of date, progress has been very much on the same ratios. This source of information has been used because of its undoubted integrity.

Another departure was made out into the sea. Wrapped in mists, tossed by ungovernable waves, the ship bobbed about like a cork, while the incessant roar of the monsoons was terrible. The rain did not come down in drops, but in sheets, as if the bottom had fallen out of heaven's floating cisterns. Through the darkness and billows, Pondicherry was reached. While anchored, the waves were humping their backs

as if a thousand pounds of dynamite had been exploded under each swell, and the ship was plunging, prow up and stern up alternately, and almost every thing taken for the sustenance of human life was "up" too. As the prow would go up there would be one long interjection, "Ah!" and as it went down and the stern came up there was a long heave and an outerjection. The decks were drenched, and for sanitary purposes there was plenty of water.

But in the midst of discomforts it was impossible not to be interested in the natives. They, in their tubs, made principally of bamboo poles, swarmed about the ship as if bent on devouring it. Their boats, manned by from four to ten men, were the craziest crafts ever sent out to do business on great waters. They brought fruits and products of every kind for shipment and took back whatever had been brought from Europe and India for them. They shouted until the ocean felt itself beaten, and grew modestly silent. Their boats crashed against each other, and then they would shout and scream and gesticulate as if there would be a massacre; but there was never a blow struck, because it was all "blow."

One of the strangest sights of all was the fact that there was not a rag on one of them five inches wide and a foot long. They all had umbrellas like those known among us as of Chinese manufacture. The captains of the crafts stood on the sterns giving command in the trousers in which they were born, and so fleshless that their ribs could have been counted. Bare-footed and bare-headed and bare-backed, but sheltered under their umbrellas, they stood, tossed by the storm of waves, and of waters coming down too fast to arrange themselves in drops. They came rather in a celestial splash.

Native passengers embarked, which was an ordeal that would chill the heart of the bravest, for the ship was tossing and groaning as if sea-sick, and the little convoys were tossed about as bubbles; so that the passengers were thrown down as they raised themselves to be drawn by the tackle into the ship. The trials of a native girl were exceedingly severe. She evidently belonged to high caste; her father and mother were with her; but she had to endure an exposure so humiliating to a woman in India. Her face was, by the violence of the storm and the handling she received in saving her from drowning, exposed, and the wrapping of cloth rolled around her body of thin material, not thicker than cheese cloth, was drenched, and her body was exposed. When drawn up, she was nearly denuded. When she reached her mother, who had been lifted up first, she put her head in her lap and wept; and though no word could be understood, her tears told the story of her fears and girlish shame. These winter monsoons are cold, and she shivered like an aspen leaf without any thing to keep her warm. The natives protect themselves from the effects of cold, not by clothing, but by anointing with mustard oil, filling the pores of the skin with this irritating, stimulating oil, so that it generates heat by counter-irritancy. The oil has not the fierce pungency of American or English mustard. It is penetrating; and would be of service in anointing after baths to prevent colds, and to keep the joints supple.

The permission of the captain of the ship was sought to go ashore to see this old town of Dupleix, famous in the early struggles between the English and French for the mastery in India; but he shook his head. On further importunity and the promise that his ship,

the Tiber, should be mentioned favorably he consented, but on the one condition that his best sailor should go along, a fearless brawny fellow, who neither cared for man nor winds. We were lowered into one of the rickety boats by a half dozen natives eager to receive a rupee. The tossing and heaving began, and but for our reputation we would have gladly turned back.

The protests of the one left behind sounded ominously enough until the pier was reached, and there it seemed as if boat and all would crash in common ruin; but at last through the luggings of a multitude the landing was made. The thought that it had all to be gone over again, did not stimulate hope into assurance. This chief of the French settlements in India is situated in the district of South Arcot, in the Madras Presidency. The French have in India about one hundred and eighty-eight square miles.

Pondicherry is situated on the Coromandel coast. It has a territory of one hundred and seven square miles and has ninety-two villages. The total French population in India in 1872 amounted to 266,308. The population of Pondicherry is fifty thousand. It has had a vicissitudinous history, being captured and recaptured between the French, Dutch and English, demolished and rebuilt. In 1815 it was for the last time restored by the English to the French. Our visit was made by water, and in water. The streets were rivers flowing madly to the sea. The first attempt to navigate was in a baby carriage; for here people are carried about in carriages with handles behind, like invalid chairs, pushed by a man. In the front is a wheel and a long handle or lever, by which the rider is expected to steer it according to his

purpose and direction, but there was no go to this mode of conveyance when the water on the streets was waist high.

The only carriage in the town, drawn by a horse, was secured for the pilgrim in the deluge and his sailor companion. It was a State carriage, in which only nobility rode; but the price offered easily raised the pilgrim into the place of official eminence. Seated within amidst the cascades from the clouds, with a naked driver with an umbrella over his head, and an outrider on the seat behind, the tour of inspection began. The horse was a chestnut sorrel, and the swimming current swept past his belly. He breasted the floods from above and from below; sometimes the waters reached his flanks, and then he would snort like a hippopotamus; sometimes he would stop altogether, and coachee would cry in a language not understandable for the passengers to get out; he would make motions at the door, but the answer was, "Cannot understand." The French sailor, who could talk English, would tell him to go on, that he had on board an American Comanche, and if he got mad he would shoot somebody; then another effort would be made, and another square reached. The horse would stop at times and try to kick up behind; but the floods were too much for him, and then he would rear and snort.

The whole city was out witnessing the strange sight. One old fellow, with a long white beard, stood out in the rain naked with an umbrella over his head. Side-by-side, beginning at the oldest and going down to the youngest, stood in a row seven wives, with nothing on their persons describable, but all, under umbrellas, watching the strange proceeding of the American Comanche on a royal "tear" with the only horse and gharry in the city.

The drive was continued through a part of the suburbs and through the most magnificent grove of Cocoa Palms ever seen. The wind and rain were swaying them backward and forward, their bodies crossing each other in bewildering confusion. In this park-like suburb was seen, at a distance, a tiger with head down, not concerning himself much about the American visitor; but the visitor said he had seen enough of the Pondicherry suburb, and was quite willing to curtail the drive in that direction.

The city was in the midst of tropical abundance; even in the winter all was in bloom. Every kind of fruit appeared here, where nature is so prodigal of her gifts. It is a Roman Catholic city. Mission work has been carried on for centuries, and their labors everywhere appear in schools, churches, convents and monastries. The government buildings average fairly with any part of India. The people are Christians after the Roman Catholic kind, but their teachings show at every point their superiority to Mohammedanism and Brahminism or Buddhism. The circle through the flooded streets being completed, and the royal outfit being paid for, and numerous hangers-on being satisfied, the pier was reached, and Pondicherry was left in its glory.

And now the time for farewell to India had come. This, we knew, would be our last gaze on the lovely country, whose images of beauty will always be present in happy reminiscences. The dream of a life had been more than realized. India had been to us vastly more than could be known from books. No more had been outlined by imagination than was actually realized when seen. From our entrance to our departure India had been a growing surprise. Her people grew

upon us as we became used to their almost naked forms; the sense of impropriety departed through familiarity and the human form grew into higher estimate on its own account. As a race, they are not only handsome but beautiful. Such heads, such eyes and teeth, such erectness of carriage are not approached except in the American Indian. But how is the manhood of India fettered! how is it shorn of its possibilities by the enslavements of caste! how is she denuded of her power until as a nation she cannot throw herself into any beneficent effort for her own national uplifting! Farewell, beautiful India, in which we received nothing but kindness from the natives, hospitalities from the Scotch and English, and cordial and fraternal greetings from our own countrymen.

THE

MOGHUL, MONGOL, MIKADO

AND

MISSIONARY.

Essays, Discussions, Art Criticisms, Political Institutions, History, Religions, Railway Systems, Fortifications and Defences of India, Afghanistan, China and Japan.

BY

SAMUEL A. MUTCHMORE, D.D.

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CHAPTER I.

CEYLON.

MONSOONS and ocean swells were all passed in the night, and as bright a morning as ever dawned welcomed the weary pilgrims to the Island of Ceylon, a solitaire in the bosom of an ocean. It is the traditional paradise of the East, and there is more ground for the prevalent belief in its elements of beauty, healthfulness and varied provision for the sustenance of life than of any other spot on the earth. It has a climate ranging in many places from seventy to eighty degrees and rarely going below sixty-five. The changes in climatic extremes are not more than ten degrees. If Adam had such a piece of real estate in fee and fooled it away for so little he was not fit for any thing better than a brier patch.

If the people were all holy, it would be a miniature heaven worthy of the glowing descriptions of the Apocalypse. Indeed, it contains nearly all the precious stones mentioned there, and is as near a realization of the statement that "there shall be no night there" as can be found on the globe. There is more wealth to the acre to be gathered out of the ocean, and on its strands, and in its sea beds than can be found in all the Indies. The wealth of Ceylon has never been developed. A few of its treasures have been exposed, but only the few that require least toil, money, machinery, and science to develop them. Ceylon is the Taprobane of the Greeks and Romans, and the Serendib of the Arabian Nights. It now belongs to the British government, and is a pendant to the south-east of the peninsula of Hindustan, from which it is separated by Manaar and Palks Strait. Its dimension is 24,454 square miles. Its population is nearly two millions; there are about fourteen thousand foreigners. Its geology will give some idea of its wealth. The mountains are mainly composed of metamorphic rocks, gneiss, with intruded granites. There are traces of dolamitic limestone.

The soil is formed largely of disintegrated gneiss. Coral reefs run from the northern end of the island, leading the land into the sea. The hidden wealth is incalculable, and can only be estimated at all by what appears upon the surface. Iron in carbonate form is apparent in great quantities, and so pure that it looks like silver. Tin is found in the alluvium at the bases of the mountains, as is also tellurium, nickel and cobalt in small quantities, there are also rich veins of plumbago. The wealth in gems has been marvellous in all ages of the world's history; and they are sur-

prisingly cheap. They are displayed in the streets of Columbo as formed by nature, and others cut, polished and set by the highest art. Gems are abundant in the alluvial plains at the foot of the hills of Saffragam. These consist of rubies, sapphires, oriental topaz, garnets, amethysts, cinnamon stones, cats eye, diamonds, corals and others of less value. The most abundant and valuable are sapphires, one of which, found in 1853, was worth $20,000. The value of stones picked up is £250,000 each year. The pearl beds are the finest in the world. These are in the gulf of Manaar, and the yearly revenue to the government from them is over $100,000 a year.

The exports of Ceylon to England in 1873 were £4,331,006. It has been the greatest coffee grower, though this source of wealth is now nearly gone; but tea is fast filling its place. In 1873, coffee exported to Great Britain amounted to more than £3,000,000; cocoanut oil and cotton as much more, and this is only a fragment of its resources. The island is built on jewels, and is covered with nature's living wealth. The botanical treasures are indescribable; it is a garden where the senses revel in delights. Most of the flora is identical with that of Southern India, but here it is more gorgeous in color, greater in proportions and richer in odors. Parts of Ceylon abound in beautiful ixoras, crythrinas, buteas, and jonesias; these and other varieties bloom in the forests. At an elevation of 6,500 feet, the aconthacea cover great tracts of ground, and the tree fern grows twenty feet high, and on the highest ground the rhododendrons are like trees in the forest. The coral tree, the murutu, and the jonesiaasoca are magnificent flowering trees. Fig trees are planted about the

temples. In the forests, climbing plants reach prodigious proportions, covering the trees with masses of parasitical foliage. The palmaceæ are abundant and imposing. The cocoa palm tosses its feathery branches to the zephyrs; most of these are as straight as arrows, but many are lying lazily across each other, interlocked in each other's branches; there are 20,000,000 of these trees. The flora and fauna vie with each other for the most striking effects. There are sixteen species of the bat tribe, and they are not the dull and colorless creatures which we despise, but arrayed in the most brilliant colors, exquisitely blended. The flying fox is from four to five feet from tip to tip of its outstretched wings. Of the stronger and more ferocious animals are bears and leopards. There are plenty of deer, buffaloes and humped oxen; the little musk-deer is found, less than two feet long. The elephant, the monarch of his kind, dwells in this sea bound isle. The wild boar is lord of all he surveys in Ceylon.

The seas are as full, and as interesting in their variety, as the land. Great whales and minnows flout their tails about around its coasts. Bird life is equally wonderful. There have been classified two hundred and twenty species, peerless in plumage, a fair proportion of them songful. Robins give forth their songs to air all balmed to receive them. There are the long-tailed thrushes and the flute-like notes of the oriole. These all wait on God for their food, and make the sweetest music, day and night, from all the mountain zones far down into the plains. Among the birds of flight, whose plumage and motion sweep in great shadows across the earth, are majestic eagles, beautiful peregrine falcons, owls as white as snow, and thousands of smaller kinds, with and without gay plumage: enough to

fill every perch, contributing in an essential way to the wondrous general effect. With all these must be combined the physical features of a country built without a model, original, and like no other ever formed.

The island comes up daily, shaking its locks in showers and torrents, hastening back to the sea again as if the night had immersed it in the ocean. The picture of it in the Arabian Nights is not an exaggeration, but fails rather of an adequate expression of what is true. It seems to the pilgrim like an enchanted island dropped into a beautiful sea. Its hills, the wrinkles below its mountain-brows, are draped in forests of everlasting green, while from these lower altitudes the eye travels over these wrinkles on the body of nature up and up until they are lost in clouds and mist.

Skirting these plains, hills and mountains are the watery garments in which the island is folded, while beyond is a sea of sapphire dashing in broken colors against a rock-bound coast. The beach is bleached, and the jewelled sand sparkles in the sunshine when the tides run low. Over these glistening sands are cast the shadows of the nodding palms which come down to the strand. The people of Ceylon describe it as one of their elongated pearls. Four parts of the island consist in undulating plains; and the fifth part is composed of a stony skeleton and buttresses to hold it up. The mountain zone of the central south has an elevation of about 8,000 feet above sea level. Piduru Tallagalla, the dome over all the highest in the range, is 8,280 feet.

The population has for its substratum the Singhalese; the descendants of colonists from the Valley of

the Ganges, 543 B. C. They have never changed in custom and appearance since the time of Ptolemy. They are an effeminate race, with fine features, black flowing locks and short dresses about their waists like petticoats. The women wear garments much in the same shape, but cover the upper parts of the body with muslin jackets and adorn themselves with about every thing that they can hang to their persons. The race, in its un-Christianized condition, is insincere and cowardly. Its most marked virtues are love of relatives and reverence for old age. Among them men do not have all the immunities growing out of being "too much married." One woman may have six husbands. This custom was once universal, but now only appears in places of luxury.

The mountaineers, as usual, are the hardier races. There are highlanders in Ceylon. These are the Candians, who maintained their independence for more than three centuries after the conquest of the lowlands by Europeans.

The Tamils are strongly represented, descended from the Malabar invaders, who swept at several periods across from Southern Hindustan, and fought with the Singhalese kings for the mastery of the country. These have been represented in the population of Jaffna for two thousand years.

The Moormen are the enterprising traders, and are found everywhere, a people who have no historic origin, and are not akin to any of the other races; they are thought to be of Arabic descent. Tennent, the best authority, believes them to be a remnant of the Persians of the fourth and fifth centuries.

We find apparent exceptions to the statements that no races have been found without ideas of God. The

Veddahs, in a district on the eastern side of the island, who are believed to be the remnants of the Aborigines, are hardly above animals. They have shown no progress worth speaking of for two thousand years. There are two classes of these Aborigines—the Rock Veddahs, who live in the solitary places of the jungles, subsisting on wild beasts and vegetables, and sleeping in trees and caves. They cook their food; the delicacies most appreciated are roast lizards and broiled monkeys. The Village Veddahs are loungers about European centres, watching for any thing that may be picked up. The government and missionaries are doing something to lift them out of their degradation.

Ceylon is the only place where Buddhism may be said to have a home for itself. It was driven out of India, but is in Ceylon the prevailing religion. It is degraded and weakened by the absorption of all kinds of corruption and superstitions, and lacks the purity still existing in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. Some of its demoralizing adulterations were introduced by the Malabar kings, who mixed Brahminism with it. Caste was acknowledged by the Singhalese prior to the introduction of Buddhism, which is antagonistic to it; but caste was so deeply rooted that, like poison ivy, it smothered that to which it clings. Buddha is said to have preached his doctrine on the summit of Adam's Peak. It would of its own force never have gained a foothold, but, like all prevailing religions of the Orient, it was forced into recognition by royal power; priests were increased in number, wealth and influence.

Devil worship exists among many of the tribes of Ceylon. It without doubt was the original superstition extending over Asia, and still survives from Siberia to Southern Ceylon. The Singhalese are more under

its influence than they ever were under control of Buddha. It belongs especially to the Aborigines. The Aryan invaders encountered this superstition in those whom they conquered, and their night yells in their attacks on the foes, who were taking their lands, led the Aryans to believe and call them devils. The natives and invaders soon fell into each other's arms, and then the fears of devils became general.

This tormenting fear is so great that in many places the doors of the houses are not permitted to be opened southward, lest the entrance of some dreaded demon should be facilitated. The most of these demons are supposed to have been human beings; especially those who came to death through violence. A British officer, mortally wounded, was afterward worshipped as a demon. The wife of a missionary who died of cholera during a journey in a desolate place, was likewise worshipped as a demon, and this became so great a mania that her remains had to be removed to Madura.

If a woman dies before the fifteen days allowed for purification after child birth, she becomes a demon, and is on the watch for all others about to become mothers. A robber was hung for murder, and he became so popular as a demon that multitudes of children were called after him. These imaginary tormentors must be appeased: one demon prefers the sacrifice of a billy; another a hog; and a third a cock. Most of the demons are supposed to dwell in trees; they need protection from the weather, and seek it in boughs and branches.

Dancing has as its beneficent mission in Ceylon the pleasing of the devils. There has always been a similar private opinion as to its utility in many

places in America. In Ceylon there is an idol form, which is a representation used by devil dancers to frighten ignorant people into the performances of appointed ceremonies.

Nightmare is thought to be produced by the devil sitting, squat like a toad, on the breast, winking into the eyes of the sleeper and trying to look him out of countenance and to suffocate him. The devil dancer is an indispensable institution, and is paid for his services; in our country he is not so considerate of his devotees, whom he obliges work for nothing until they become breathless. Devil dancers begin swinging around in some places, making a circle with their petticoats; when they are naked they work themselves up into ungovernable fury, the excitement rising with the quickening motion. Sometimes they lash themselves with a whip or cut themselves, and the sight of blood makes them wild. They open their mouths and take in the spurting blood from a slain goat. At last the dancer becomes a "snorter," not of the theological kind, but through the self-inflicted pangs of a fiend. After he is broken down he becomes a doctor, so that doctors are, according to this religion, broken down fiends that can be consulted about all manner of diseases, and especially about the offerings to be made to placate them. These demons thirst for the lives of their votaries, especially for those of their children, and they must be bought off by great attention, dances, music and sacrifices. These dances are performed in times when pestilence is feared and last the whole night through, and by morning they are in the embrace of cholera, so that the very religion of these votaries has the spores of pestilence in it, and is more to be feared than the pestilences themselves.

CHAPTER II.

CEYLON—ITS BEAUTIES, UTILITIES AND VARIETIES

THE mountains are not to be compared to the Alps in height or extent, but are more beautiful and imposing. They are snowless, more abrupt, with greater evidences of the ravages of the forces which formed them, and are decorated with all the ingenuity and wealth of nature. Our own sense of beauty may cause weariness to the reader, but it would be a slight to nature not speak of a few of her embellishments on these peerless heights.

Vegetation comes down to the water margins. Dense groves of mangroves cling to the shore, under whose roots wash the ripples of the sea. Back of them are groups of pandanus, with stems like dwarfed palms, around which the serrated leaves ascend in spiral convolutions until they terminate in a pendulous crown. From it drop the amber clusters of fruit resembling the pineapple. Inland, on the plains, are thorny jungles. Conspicuous among its valuable woods are the mustard tree of Scripture, continuing all the way from Palestine, the margosa, satin wood, Ceylon oak, tamarind and ebony. On the southwestern coast are still taller growths with darker tinged foliage. Here is cinnamon; its seeds have been carried by birds from the gardens near the coasts; it looks like young sassafras on the Alleghenies. There are pepper-worts festooning the forests, of which the Dutch during their occupation had a monopoly.

Creepers flourish here in the greatest variety, beauty and abundance. Their mission is to cover ugliness and hide decay and death. They take possession of the tallest trees and conceal their bark, and thus present effects of confusing beauty. The pitcher plant, not unlike our trumpet creeper, is here seen in its glory, and with a curious mechanism which distills a quantity of limpid fluid into vegetable vases placed at the extremity of its leaves. Here, too, is the home of the orchids, which suspend their pendulous flowers from the angles of branches; their roots are covered by fungi of the most varied and gorgeous colors of bright red, yellow and purple.

On the east side of the island, in the highlands, a change is visible in the greater size of the leaves. Here the more than blood-red shoots of the ironwood tree give a pleasing variety to a foliage of nearly uniform color. The wild plantain, with its broad leaves, rises from the clefts of the rocks where the soil has collected. The bamboo is at home, tossing shadows from its feathery head. The tea plant takes to the hills, and only needs skilled care to develop into a great industry. The timber, at a height of sixty-five hundred feet, while of magnificent proportions, is succulent and perishable; yet no dead trees encumber the ground as in colder climates. They are eaten by white ants and by beetles, which are nearly as destructive. Some of the trees in the highest ranges are remarkable for their instincts to protect themselves in storms. To attain their aspirations they must push through the dense foliage at their feet which has kept them from lengthening their roots and gaining the strength of body to withstand the leverage of their trunks. They throw out guys, or rather buttresses to

widen their base, or perhaps radiated bases would better express the process. These radiating buttresses are from six to twelve inches thick and start from fifteen to twenty feet up the trunk.

In the higher mountains the forests are flower gardens. The rhododendrons are covered with flowers, as if liquid vermilion had been sprinkled as dew-drops upon them. The asoca has been the inspiration of the poets of the East. Its orange and crimson flowers grow in graceful abundance. The banyans are aggressive and destructive, no one of which ever comes to perfection without the destruction of some other tree on which it must fix itself for support. It is the tree that grows at both ends; string-like rootlets, dropping down from the branches, grow into the ground; in this way a single tree will cover acres.

The India rubber tree is a foreigner very much at home. It has a pink, leathery covering which envelopes the leaves before expansion. The nerves appear in delicate tracery, which run in parallel rows at right angles from the mid rib. Its roots look like a pile of snakes intercoiled and festooned, and on this account is called by the natives the snake tree. These are seen near Columbo.

The Kumbuk revels in its strength on the margins of rivers or canals, and overshadows the banks of the Mahawelli-ganga, which starts near Kandia and reaches to the sea. One of this kind, a monster, an ancient of years, rears its proud head, three miles out of Columbo, so far above its fellows that it is recognized not only as a monarch, but as a landmark for the native boatmen, discernable for twenty miles. The circumference of its trunk is over fifty feet at the ground and

twelve feet above the ground measures twelve feet. It is the kind of timber used in making gods, is adapted to carving, and is very durable. Its bark is highly prized as a medicine and also for dyeing purposes.

Nature is ingenious to a marvellous degree in its adaptations in this island. There is a tree that grows over one hundred feet without a branch, and has thorn-like spikes protecting its fruit, which is as large as a cocoanut. Another tree is noted on account of its intolerable odor, which is so bad that a hyena would have to hold his nose. It is one of the lords of the forest, but has catarrh. From the end of its branches hang large bunches of dark purple flowers of extreme richness. The air is heavy with the odor of spices and with the oozing balsams and the humbler beauties that lie close to the earth, all fulfilling their allotted mission in the atmosphere of this paradise of delights.

We dare not trespass longer on the tired senses of our readers, and will now turn to the animal life for rest in the marked contrasts which are to follow. Our so-called ancestors, the monkeys, are here, as lively as when in the original paradise. They must have kept Adam busy to prevent them from pulling the feathers from the paradisiacal parrots, or robbing the peacocks of their glories, or twisting the dogs' ears, or chasing the goats among the trees of the garden. At Jaffna they treat the inhabitants as if in the onward march of time man had deteriorated, and his kindred, which have held on to their prehensile glory, look down on him. These aborigines have no respect for the moderns, and will hardly get out of their way. A flock of them will take possession of their food and

not relinquish it until it is under a hairy, moveable covering. They hide so effectively in a palm tree, huddled together, as to elude observation; but they are withal a little weak, for if a dog passes under the tree their curiosity is so great that they crawl out and expose themselves to the wrath treasured against them. Sometimes they take possession of a roof or, if they choose, go through the house. In one instance they found a little child of a missionary asleep, which they tortured and bit until it died.

There are four monkey species in Ceylon. The best known to Europeans is the Wanderoo, of the lower country. He is better behaved than the others, and is the gravest of creatures in his manner; his fun is all in his gravity. He looks even as if he had been disappointed in love and wanted to write poetry about it. His beard is snowy white, and he has the look of a chronic widower. He is the cleanliest monkey born of earth, and can be seen in those of his descendants who are always at work on their personal appearance, whose happiness is greatest in seeing themselves in the glass. This hairy little fop is on all occasions trimming his fur, and cleaning his hair of every particle of dust. His home is in the deep forest; he lives on berries, and does not often come to the ground.

Monkeys move from limb to limb and tree to tree, making prodigious leaps, and land on a strong, long limb, which by its springing saves them from jarring themselves, then the limb immediately returning throws them upon the next tree; in this way, with their young ones holding by tufts of hair at the back of the neck, they soon are beyond danger, when they enjoy their triumph in general conversation and subdued laughter.

There are bears on the island; but only one kind is dreaded by the natives. They are lovers of honey and find it in trees and rocks; they feed also on ants. Near Jaffna a bear was heard growling from the top of a tree at early dawn. He was trying to eat an ants' nest with one paw, while he was scratching the stinging creatures away from his eyes and lips, and was a literal example of the slang phrase in the far West, "He had bit off more than he could chew." He is more dreaded by the Singhalese than any other animal; while he is not inclined to bring on an engagement, yet if crowded, he is ready to take a paw in it. He always strikes for the face and eyes, knowing that it is all over with his victim when he has lost his sight. Honey cannot be hidden away in a house where bears will not be drawn by it; and if hungry they will attack the house and family. The government postmen, who always travel at night along the coast of Pallam to Aripo, carry torches to give bears due notice to go out of the way, if they feel inclined to be thus obliging.

Leopards are likewise to be dreaded; though they seldom attack, they are found about pasture lands in search of deer, and if these are not to be had they will attack cattle and other defenceless animals. They are caught in snares, which is the safest mode of disposing of them. Like the tiger, if they have ever tasted human blood, they are always dangerous. Another strange fact is that they are attracted by the odor of smallpox. The natives will not be vaccinated, and this makes the disease a terrible scourge; and to segregate the families hospital huts are built for the sick in the jungles, but the leopards are attracted, and often patients are in more danger from these foes than from the disease.

The mongoose is the pluckiest creature for his size extant. He is nimble in his movements, but out of action is sleepy, heavy-eyed, gentle to his master, if he has one, usually crawling through the opening in his shirt under his arm. He is the great historic snake killer. There is a story that he finds some plant as an antidote to poison, but it has never been verified; he may use something to cleanse his mouth, for he behaves in the fight as if he did not like the taste of his victim. The probabilities are that his success is won by his brains and quick movement.

We do not believe that the ichneumon is provided with a prophylactic. It is in his genius that his success must be found; he is the most audacious and adroit creature that dares a conflict. We saw a fight between one and a large cobra in India. It was a battle in which the wisdom of the serpent was overmatched. The serpent at the sight of his foe understood that it was a life and death conflict. He raised himself nearly half his length, put out his hoods back of his eyes fiery red. The mongoose was calm, but with eyes set he let his antagonist strike, and dodged as quick as thought, sprung back and planted his teeth back of the head of the cobra, and as quickly left to frisk about the feet of his master, looking for approbation, but was ready again when the cobra was in position. The explanation may be found in the fact that the poison of serpents may not affect his organization.

The cobra is a terror in Ceylon; as in India he is of a friendly nature, and gets into houses for warmth, and no one is surprised to find him anywhere. Dr. Linsley, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Columbo, gave a ludicrous incident: Suddenly opening the door

into his bath-room he started back at the sight of what he supposed to be the head of a cobra on the floor. He sent his servant in to kill it, but the natives are always cowardly and indifferent, and would rather let them alone until they take it into their heads to go out. To be sure of his dispatching him he fastened him in. After he had been in long enough to end the conflict he opened the door. The servant was sitting down greatly amused, holding in his hand his master's cravat, which was the kind known as a "fly" fastened on the button of the collars, the peculiar shape of which resembled the hood of the cobra.

Rats in Ceylon live in forests, and this kind are known as tree rats; they make their nests on the branches and from these swinging households make predatory visits to the houses of the natives, making themselves at home in their lofts, chasing each other backward and forward and having a nightly circus. But there is no unalloyed pleasure even to rats any more, since Adam fooled away his estate in Ceylon, for there are rat snakes laying in wait for them, determined to spoil their fun. And stranger still, the natives like the snakes the best, and make them welcome. A gentleman came upon a rat snake with its mouth too full for utterance, and dropped over it a glass shade and waited for future operations. The serpent was confused by the sudden change affairs had taken, and let the rat out of its jaws, which cowered at the other side of the glass cover in pitiable terror; the two were left alone to their fears. The glass was removed and the rat made for a fence, but quick as lightning the snake glided like a flying shadow after him and caught him again, and made for a place where he could quietly dispose of him.

CHAPTER III.

ANIMAL LIFE IN CEYLON.

CEYLON is the home of elephants; their paradise and where they show the greatest perfection. They are to a great extent tuskless, which is an unaccountable departure from the Indian and African species, and this fact has largely kept the race in Ceylon from destruction for their ivory. There are tusked elephants in Ceylon, but they are exceptional; hardly one in a hundred is found with these valuable appendages, so common to both male and female in India.

Some of the Ceylonese elephants which have tusks put them to the severest uses. It is clearly a mistake to think that tusks are given for defence, though they are sometimes clumsily used for this purpose. The difficulty of raising the head above the level of the shoulders contradicts the idea that their tusks are intended for conflict, as they are on the stag, deer or buffalo. Elephants love solitude, and are by nature shy of men, and their constant slaughter by men have made them more so, as they possess memory in a high degree. But once driven into defence they are fearful foes; as is evident from the number of people killed in Ceylon by them. This is, however, small compared with the population and the continuous attacks made on them. The elephant has his restraints in his hatred to dogs; is frightened at rabbits; and his aversion to hogs is historic. He is no rival to other animals, and can be seen browsing in their midst without encroaching on their rights.

In his wild state he hates man, and the two animals he sees with man—the dog and the horse—and these he hates on man's account. He has been known to kill the rider of the horse without injuring the horse.

This patience of good nature elephants do not manifest toward each other; contentions arise and deadly onsets are made, when the head and trunk are used. When down, the assailant can and does pierce and gore with his tusks, which cannot in any other position be used effectively. The trunk is the more powerful weapon of the two, as it is known that one tusk in particular, weighing thirty pounds and measuring two feet in length, was pulled out by the trunk of the foe in a battle.

The chief weapon is the ponderous foot with all the strength of the beast concentrated in it; he prostrates by his head and trunk and crushes by the weight of his foot. The tusks are probably the result of the demands of particular localities for the preparing of their food. The jagged palms and young palmyras are opened with the tusks, and the farinaceous core loses nothing of its moisture, while the tuskless elephants of Ceylon have to crush them with their feet, fouling the feet and losing the delicious food. The tusks often hinder them in feeding, and have to be sawn off from the government elephants, because they impede the free action of the trunk in conveying food to the mouth.

In captivity the elephant learns a new use for his tusks, in carrying heavy timbers balanced upon them, sometimes thirty to forty feet long. Major Davy records the following:—"Riding in the vicinity of Kandy his horse startled in the narrow road through the jungle at the repeated noises sounding like '*urmph*' in a hoarse and dissatisfied tone. It was

occasioned by an elephant carrying a long and heavy timber, who evidently appreciated the dilemma. He had no attendant and was trying by himself to do the right and polite thing to get into position to let the gentleman pass by. He had swung his timber lengthwise with the road, and had backed himself into the jungle, but the horse was afraid and the elephant was telling him in his way that there was no danger and to go on, for he was in a hurry. As the horse hesitated, he backed himself still further into the jungle and *urmphed* more, and at last quite impatiently. The horse went by, and he gave his urmph of satisfaction, took up his burden and worked it end at a time by the trees in his onward progress."

There are high-bred and high-toned elephants. The law of caste seems to be almost universal. The natives know the qualities and points of distinction, and value them for all service accordingly. A high-bred elephant is more intelligent, and usually better behaved. Some of the marks are the softness and beauty of the skin, the red human color of the mouth and tongue, the expanded forehead which is hollow on a line with the eyes. The high caste elephant has twenty nails, and those of lower caste have less. The trunk is broad at the root, and blotched with pink at the front; the eyes are bright and kindly; chest square and forelegs short; hind-quarters plump, and five nails on each foot polished and round. There is wonderful wisdom in their habits in the wild state. They are not necessarily tropical creatures. In Ceylon they live seventy-five hundred feet above the sea; and will graze or browse in the crisp frost. No climate seems to be too cold for them when they have plenty of water.

They do not like sunshine, and get away from it as quickly as possible. They spends their days in the shadows of the jungle, and nights in excursions for food or mischief. Their sight is short, and defective in preceptive power; they cannot see above their eyes, and this makes them timid; but ears and scent are wonderful in range and accuracy, and by these, when the herd is scattered in the forest, they are able to get together again. They have also a language all their own; tones and modulations by which they can understand each other. These sounds can be classified into three kinds. In some countries blowing through the trunk means pleasure; the second sound, produced by the mouth, indicates want, and the third, proceeding from the throat, is a roar of anger and revenge, and denotes that somebody is about to be hurt. In Ceylon the shrill noise made by blowing through the trunk is the cry of rage as they rush on an assailant, which is known as trumpeting. When in pain, or under compulsion, their condition is known by a grunt or groan from the throat, with the proboscis turned up and the lips widely parted. Alarm is spread by the sentinel by a motion of the lips making a twittering sound. When they are frightened in the night, they make a noise like the drumming of a pheasant.

The Ceylon elephants are not up to the traditional and poetic height recorded in books of fiction or adventure. They are not often more than nine feet high. One was found near Jaffna measuring twelve feet one inch high. Another of the strange things about these creatures is the noiselessness of their motion; they go as if their feet were shod with wool, and pass through the thickest undergrowth without shaking

the top of a bush. There has been through the ages a myth that they have no joints in their legs, and cannot lie down, but sleep leaning against trees and rocks. This is a mistake; the peculiarity of elephants in lying down is that they extend the hind legs backwards, manlike, instead of bringing them under as the horse does. We see in this the provision of wisdom considering their weight. If they had the trouble the horse has in raising himself from the ground it would be impossible to lift five tons in this manner without breaking down their limbs. Hence, their motion is a shuffle, suited to their ponderosity, which can be increased to equal the movements of a man, but cannot hold out so long. Their limbs are peculiarly adapted to mountain climbing. There is not a range in Ceylon which they do not climb. They are great engineers, laying out roads which possess all the advantages of position, and availing themselves of all that nature affords in gradients and passes. So well is the work done that the government surveyors were greatly assisted in locating their roads in the Kandian ranges by following the elephantine highways, usually over the backbone of a chain of hills. These animals also reach the streams at the best grades and the best fording places.

A herd of elephants is a family; they are all akin by blood, and have family likenesses. The eyes of thirty-five in one corral were of the same color. Different families may browse together, but in danger will separate and defend themselves. There are but few males, whether this is the result of birth, or because they are the mark of huntsmen, is not certainly known. There is not entire segregation however; in the meeting of different herds some females

go beyond family propriety, and the result is an occasional illegitimate; but this improves the stock, and keeps the family from the physical deterioration.

Roving elephants or outcasts are a subject of discussion and there is much doubt as to the causes of their roving habits. The general impression is that they are turned out of the herd for misconduct, and never permitted to return to it under any circumstances. There is no forgiveness in the elephant code. No other herd will accept them; they may frequent the same place to drink and bathe, but no recognition is permitted; this isolation is continued if they happen to be driven with any herd into a corral where they are all frightened out of their senses; they never lose their caste distinctions. The outcast is repulsed in every attempt to find shelter among them. This exclusion makes him desperate, hating man and beast; so desperate does he become, that he is the terror of any part of the country where he appears.

Others think this roving characteristic is due to disappointment in love, or to being driven out of the herds by rivals. Others that some of the rogues may have been tame elephants escaped from bondage, and so changed in habits, appearance and language that they can find no herds that will accept them, their own herds not recognizing them, or having gone beyond their reach. There is another strange freak in the line of recognition, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1793, to wit, that "if a wild elephant be separated from its young for only two days, though giving suck, she will never recognize or acknowledge it again, though the young recognize its mother and cry pitiously for her, or make loving advances to her."

Leadership is another interesting phase of elephant life. The government is despotic; a single head is invested with whatever power may be necessary for the protection and government of the herd. A tusker, if there is one in the herd, is generally at the head. Sometimes, not often, the ruler is a female, a Victoria Regina, if she is fearless and possesses executive ability. This superiority is, no doubt, unconsciously assumed by those born to it and fitted for it, just like other reasoning bodies who follow and obey "bosses," they do not know why. The herd are like their British masters, possessed by the instinct of loyalty to trousers or petticoats alike, only so it be a king or queen. If the king be a tusker, he is sought by hunters for his ivory appendages, and is therefore the target for the hunters' bullets. In such an emergency his subjects do all in their power to protect their royal head. They place him in the centre, and crowd around him until the sportsmen have to shoot all between them and royalty. Major Rodgers wounded one, and his loyal subjects braced him up, putting their trunks under his body, thereby actually covered his retreat, until he was lost to his pursuers in the interior of a jungle.

Observations have been made of orders being given by the rulers, which are as implicitly obeyed as the orders of a commander-in-chief in battle. The following is reported on the authority of Major Skinner, which shows the existence of reasoning powers seemingly quite human. It occurred in a drought—the only pond of water was watched by the Major, concealed in a tree. It was on a clear night, when the elephants could be seen several hundred yards. He had to wait two hours in breathless stillness before

there was a movement among any of the herds which, not five hundred yards away, were hid in the jungle. At first an unusually large elephant, which was about three hundred yards off, advanced cautiously across the open space to within about one hundred yards of the water, where he stood perfectly motionless. The ponderous sentinel made three successive stealthy advances of several yards, halting some minutes between each, with his ears bent forward to catch the slightest sound, and then cautiously moved up to the water's edge, and, though half famished. he would not drink. With his fore feet in the tank, he only listened.

After this he cautiously returned to his original position; here in a little while he was joined by five others; with these he went over the ground to the tank again, listening and smelling and seeing, and then posting the five comrades in strategic position, to give warning or battle, he returned to the herd in the jungle, and here called the whole herd about him, and carried on a conversation, and then an agreement was entered into as to their movements. There were about eighty in the herd; these he led across the opening with great composure and precision until they reached the first of the five advance guards; then he left the herd, and made another reconnoissance by himself, set his ears up and his trunk forward until he again planted his feet in the tank, after which he returned, and by a peculiar sound gave orders for a general advance of the whole herd, who came bounding in wild confusion for the water, drinking and squirting it all over themselves in the highest glee. After they were enjoying themselves, the tusker and his sentineis followed cautiously and in constant watchfulness for danger. After they had enjoyed

their drink and bath the Major broke merely a twig, and they darted wildly for the jungle, carrying on their shoulders and back each of the calves.

In swimming great rivers, though his great body bears him up, the elephant prefers to sink himself like an ironclad ram in getting ready for action, leaving no part above the water except his trunk, through which he breathes, and occasionally lifting his head to keep his direction. When during drought the water is dried from the beds of the rivers, he digs holes in the sand five or six feet deep, and lets the water rise, or sucks it up through the sands; and to prevent his weight from caving his well in, he scoops a ditch to it so that he can reach it without closing the well. It is believed by many that he has a water apartment in his stomach, like the camel, because he can retain and discharge water through his trunk when he has had no water to drink for days.

It is a strange instinct in this knowing creature that he dreads fences, however fragile. Near the old Tank Tiss-weva the natives cultivate rice which they enclose with sticks not thicker than a man's thumb, and leave passage ways between the fields for the elephants to pass and repass on their way to water, and these are sufficient to protect their grain. When wounded, and maddened with pain, they will not break through a fence after their pursuer, but follow it round for an open place through which they will rush in thier retaliatory efforts. No sufficient reason can be given for this, except the general dread of man's machinations resulting from unfavorable experiences. They are creatures of reasonable caution, as will be seen in this, and many well-authenticated incidents which we have gathered from various sources.

They will, during the night, pull up the wooden stakes set by the engineer corps of the British Army for indicating lines and grades, so that this work has frequently to be done over again. This arises from a curiosity to investigate unfamiliar objects. Another fact well corroborated, is that during terrific thunder storms in the mountains elephants will come out of the forests and from under the trees into the open ground, where they remain until the lightning ceases, when they go back into the forests again. They also give warnings of coming rain. It is a proverb among the Tamils, "listen to the elephants; rain is coming." These creatures, next to man in his natural rational powers, are slain without mercy, and for mere sport, Major Rodgers killed 1,400. There was a reward offered by the government, and 3,500 were destroyed in less than three years. There is no skill in shooting them, for the ear, the forehead above the eyes, and just over the trunk are all vulnerable points. They are slow to die, and often several balls must be put in vital points to finish their existence quickly. Corralling furnishes the best opportunity to learn the surprising peculiarities of their character.

Formerly, when Indian princes were in their glory, there was quite a trade in elephants to supply the demands of royalty and its armies, and also for the sacred processions of Buddhist temples. Since European control they have been devoted to the duties of clearing forests, making roads, laying great stones, building bridges, &c. The corrals are government institutions. Many elephants have been captured by decoys, which the male tuskers will follow almost anywhere. They have followed the female trained deceivers into the

enclosures of king's palaces, showing that in this feature at least that they are human. The men who follow the profession of capturers are usually from Moorish villages in the north and north-east of the Island, who have come into both cunning and courage by heredity. So delicate is the sense of smell in the elephant that he must be hunted against the wind, or he could neither be found nor driven. One Moorish hunter alone has been known to capture elephants, and often not more than two will manage the largest tuskers, their only weapon being a flexible rope made of elk or buffalo hide which they first manage to get round the hind legs. This is done by stepping up to the hind legs, throwing the noose while he moves forward or tickling his foot until he lifts it up, or hiding the noose on the ground covered with roots and leaves, into which he is driven or coaxed. If there is no tree strong enough near, one of the Moors badgers him and lets him pursue him until one can be reached. Another strange freak is that the elephant cannot abide the sound of the word "dah;" this, with the gesticulations of his tormenter, will bring on a contest almost immediately. After the hind feet are secured, the forefeet are next captured. Then a brush house is built to keep off the sun. The captors build a wigwam and proceed leisurely to the end. The taming fires are built in front of the prisoner, which he fears, and his eyes are smoked, which makes him weep over his pitiable condition; he is liberally supplied with water and plantains, which mollify his rage. Man's supremacy over all beasts is evinced in the conquest of a single monster; but when it reaches out to herds it shows the image at least of a divine sovereignty. Herd cap-

turing was introduced during the Dutch occupation, when two elephant hunts a year were appointed. They supplied their own needs, and exported about two hundred a year.

There are corrals in Ceylon in operation, built by planting logs eight or ten feet high in the ground and bracing them with cross timbers, and from these extending stays at right angles back into the ground. A corral may enclose five or ten acres within which there is a smaller one bringing them into close quarters. The beating of the forest is a feature of great interest to the natives, who are fond of the excitement and of the very small rewards for their services. A large territory is taken in order to be certain of several herds. These are driven toward the corral slowly, and at first listlessly, as if nothing were intended, but the hundreds of "beaters," as they are called, using drums, guns, torches and every conceivable noise and alarm, close in gradually. This sometimes requires six weeks and is a most wearying service; men have to sleep and eat anywhere the necessity of the drive requires, and a part of them must always be awake; often all have to be on the watch, yelling, running, retreating, swinging torches. Sometimes the elephants will not scare, and break over all restraints, and thus the toil and privation of weeks are lost.

One of the most successful of these corrals is described by a British officer of distinction as occurring on the Alligator river, in the District of Kornegalle, one of the ancient capitals of the Island, and the residence of its kings. "The ground all about is strewn with columns, and capitals, carved stones and wrecks of royal outfittings. A grander spot was never seen than the home of these defunct

kings. The palaces were located under the shade of an enormous gneiss rock nearly seven hundred feet high, barren and worn by time into the shape of an elephant, and is called the rock of the Tusker, but this is only one of three worn into animal shapes overshadowing these ancient palaces, the other two called Tortoise and Eel rocks. They are stupendous masses grand and awe-inspiring."

Kornegalle is the home of the Buddhists, the Jerusalem to which they come to visit the ancient temple on the summit of the great rock, nearly seven hundred feet high, which is reached by steps cut in the stone. There the chief object of worship is a copy of the sacred footstep, hollowed in the granite like that which makes sacred the apex of Adam's Peak, previously described. The great forests are entered, and the dead silence so attractive to elephants disturbed. The corral is five hundred feet in length and about half this extent in breadth. The beaters are set to work in a circle of many miles. The elephants at first are timid, and will retreat before men into deeper solitudes; but they are crowded in the direction of the corral by the closing lines of their pursuers. When their fears are awakened and their desperation begins, bolder measures must be adopted. Fires must be kept burning at ten or twelve feet apart night and day all along the beat. The corps of three thousand beaters are closing up, and to this end paths must be cut through the jungle, and when the animals are brought near the corral all efforts must be strengthened and intensified. It takes two months to get them that far.

Now the tame elephants come to the beaters, who understand their business both through natural sagacity and education. They usually belong to the Budd-

hist temples; they are picketed in the shade, lazily fanning themselves and dreamily plotting mischief to their fellows. These tame fellows are told to be as sly and silent as mice, so that the rustle even of a leaf may not be heard. The signal for the final drive is given; and amid deafening shouts, beating of drums, tom-toms, and firing of guns the elephants are scared forward at breakneck speed, and rush toward the opening into the corral. As suddenly they turn about and plant themselves for consultation and delay. Then everybody must wait for them; they cannot be moved. The cause of this is the running across their way to the corral of a wild hog, which the elephant abhors.

Night is the best time to manage the stubborn and affrighted beasts; every thing in the night has a more terrible aspect; the lights are more distinct, noises louder, and movements more hideous. A tusker again approaches the entrance to the corral, pauses, stares wildly and rushes in, when all torches are brought up to the pickets, and all noises are increased until pandimonium itself might have sneaked away with the headache. The poor creatures dash from side to side, never running quite against the fence, of which they seem always to be afraid.

The next movement is the bringing in of the tame elephants to help in the capture of the wild ones. Nine large and two little ones were in the corral, and one of the large ones is an outcast, a rogue, and he was boycotted. Even in the midst of their fears, they would not let him come into their society. The tame elephants and their riders enter with coils of rope, ready to make the wild ones fast. Following the tame elephant is a little wiry attendant, seventy-six years old, ready to fasten the feet of the wild ones

when the tame elephants shall get one on each side of them to hold them fast. One of the tame ones, in the hunt which we are describing, was a monster; she was one hundred years old, and had been in the service of both the Dutch and English governments. This one enjoyed deceiving the wild ones, and when she saw them bound was possessed with a half fiendish delight. She would go indifferently toward the wild herd, eating as she went. The wild ones advanced to meet her; the leader of the herd passed his trunk gently over her head, then returned with the rest of the wild herd to consult as to what to do. The tame monster followed them, as if she had no business in particular, and drew up close behind the tusker of the wild herd, giving the nooser the chance to go under her and pass the noose around the wild tusker's foot. This he resented, and would have soon despatched the nooser, but the government decoy understood it, and raising her trunk beat him into the centre of the wild herd.

The wild herd rallied and put their heads together, leaving their hinder parts exposed. The largest one, a tusker, was singled out by the two tame elephants, who pushed one on each side of him, and held him fast while the noosers, crawling under the tame ones, soon had him fixed. A rope from his feet was tied to the great government elephant, which she pulled until he was drawn from the herd; then another great monster, belonging to a temple, got before him, and forced him back, while the wild one bellowed and plunged. They, however, knew how to manage him until he was bound to two trees. The great she elephant hauled him back, and the temple elephant pushed and beat him back with his trunk,

until she had wound the rope which she was pulling around a tree, while the noosers bound his forefeet to another. Thus these artful creatures managed until they tied up the whole herd.

While the tame elephants stood by their captive, he was quiet; but when they left, he was wild with terror and rage. Human-like, misery loves company. The captive pulled himself down upon his knees; then the other way on his haunches; he felt the ropes with his trunk and tried to untie the many knots. He screamed in anguish, with his proboscis raised high in the air; then falling on his side to the ground he laid his head on it, first one cheek and then the other; then he put his brow to the ground and doubled his trunk under his head as if he would bury it in the earth. This scene of unutterable anguish lasts for hours, with intervening pauses of stupor, until at last the struggles end and he remains motionless, the tears running down his face in torrents incessantly.

Sometimes the animals simply beat the ground in desperation with their trunks, as a man in despair beats his breast with his hand. They will, in their sorrow, take up dust in the coils of their trunks and throw it all over their bodies, and then, inserting their trunks in their mouths, draw from the departments of their stomachs water, with which they turn the dust on themselves into soft mud, repeating the operation until all parts of the body are plastered. The distress of the wild captives is not less wonderful than the wisdom, ingenuity and reasoning powers of the tame ones. They display the most perfect conception of each movement, both as to means and end, and enjoy it as it goes on. They never lose their tempers, are no more cruel than the end

to be attained requires, and are even sometimes pitiful. Their caution is only equalled by their sagacity. There is no excitement; they never run foul of the ropes, and make no mistakes.

There were two little fellows about ten months old in the corral described, little bullet heads covered with wool, who were the most belligerent of the herd; with their little trunks, not a foot long, distended, they were rushing at every opponent. The mother of one of these creatures was dragged to a tree, but her calf kept by her side and would not permit the men to put a second noose upon its mother; it ran between her and them and tried to seize the rope; it butted them and struck them with its tiny trunk until they had to drive it back to the herd. It retreated slowly, shaking its head defiantly, and screamed as if it had been a child, instead of an animal, bereft of its mother. When driven back, it attached itself to the largest female in the remaining group, which stroked it tenderly as if it were a motherless babe. Here it kept moaning and lamenting until the noosers ceased binding its mother, when it instantly returned to her side.

The outcast or rogue, whom the flock would not recognize, was the last captured. He dashed furiously about, and roared, and tore against his ropes. In retaliation for the unfriendliness of the herd that had rejected him from their society, as he was being dragged by the ropes past one of these lying bound, he flew at him, and tried to fasten his teeth in his head. When tied up he was noisy and violent at first, but soon lay quietly down; a well-known sign that his death was at hand, which was true; he died in a few hours with a broken heart. His death was assured

by myriads of black flies settling on him in his death agonies.

The captives were found in every degree of despair. While in this condition a Kandian flute was played, at the sound of which several revived, turned up their heads in the direction from which the music came, and expanded their broad ears, showing that they were being soothed in their bitter bondage.

The tame elephants help in the taming processes; if one is unreasonably refractory, they beat him into subjection with their trunks; but if he is inclined to be docile, they show him great kindness. The government uses them in stone-laying; the tuskers will take up a great stone when the mortar is spread and put it in place, and if it varies from a straight line will step back and sight it, and put their heads against it until it is exactly straight—no mason can do it better. They will pile up great timbers with regularity and precision. Their skill is wonderful, but their power of generalization is equally as great.

The following well authenticated sketch will illustrate this:—"Some gentlemen were travelling by a river when it was observed that the ground was insecure; they dismounted from the houdah and walked, and instructed the mahout to take the elephant around by a safer road. He thought he knew better, and kept on, when the elephant began trumpeting—a well-known sign of distress. He was going down in a quicksand and his driver was getting out of his way, for to be on his back or within reach is certain death, for he will put a man under his feet to hold himself up. How to relieve the poor beast we did not know, for he was sinking deeper and deeper. There happened to be near by some large, heavy planks which were pitched

to him; he reached out his trunk for them and drew them close to his forelegs, and piling them lengthwise, and then crossing them, to bind them so the pressure would be upon all, he made a desperate effort, and raised his fore parts out of the sand, and then pressing down his front part, he pulled up his hind limbs, and then moved his planks again until he struck solid ground. He had yards to go before he reached the river, but he moved his planks before him until the whole distance had been traversed; he had no experience in this kind of work; it was all the result of reasoning out his best way of escape out of danger."

Another incident was related about a picnic given to some native Sunday-school children in India. A Rajah had loaned his elephants to carry the children to a grove some miles away. Some of the children were favorites of the elephants, as are all children who are kind to them. While playing at the edge of a jungle, a tiger made his appearance, when one of the elephants gathered up the children he had brought, lifted them carefully on his back, and then planted himself on the defensive, ready for any thing that might come. The tiger had no further disposition for the conflict.

CHAPTER IV.

CEYLON, PAST AND PRESENT.

THIS jewel in the English crown was known in the days of Solomon. It is pretty well established that Ceylon was a part of Ophir and Tarshish. Arab traders introduced the coffee plant into the island. It was the locality of many of Sinbad, the sailor's, adventures. Mohammedans, the world over, believe it to

be the second paradise of Adam and Eve, given to comfort them upon the loss of their first real estate. No spot on earth has so attracted the attention of writers in so many different countries. It is rich in history, not only in songs and legends, but in records verified by coins, inscriptions and monuments. Some of the structures in and about the ancient capitals of the Singhalese are more than two thousand years old. Some of the ruins in the magnitude of the fallen stones, prostrate columns, capitals and broken arches, in vastness of extent and in architectural proportions and detail of finish are almost equal to the finest specimens exhumed in Egypt. About 453 B. C., Uijaya, a prince from Northern India, invaded Ceylon, and overthrew its government. Other adventurers ruled until 1815, when the last of them, a cruel monster, the King of Kandia, was slain. The Singhalese chronicles record about one hundred and ninety kings and queens of various nationalities with varying degrees of usefulness and disaster to the country.

Under some of these the island attained a certain degree of civilization and material progress heard of nowhere else in the far east at that remote age. A Chinese army early in the fifteenth century penetrated to the heart of the hill country, defeated the Singhalese forces, captured the king, took him away to China and made the island a tributary. But its chronic foes were Malabar princes and followers from the South of India, who were, when not in power, almost continually at war with the Singhalese. The northern half of the island became permanently occupied by the Tamils. The country was worn out by bad rule when the Portuguese appeared in 1505. They were cruel, rapa-

cious and bloodthirsty; but were in some respects better than the inhabitants were used to when the island had no less than seven rulers. It was nothing more for a long time than a military post for the Portuguese. Their creed was greed, and their religion was Popish. They fastened their priests on the people either by force or trickery. The people became, at last, at heart Buddhists, and officially Romanists. There was, in 1544, a terrible persecution of the converts who embraced Christianity under Francis Xavier. The Portuguese undertook to avenge the wrong in bloody frays, in which they were often worsted, which terminated in 1617 in the conquest of the peninsula on which Jaffna is situated.

The Dutch drove out the Portuguese in 1658. The Portuguese were diligent propagandists. They put force into their mission efforts, and it must be admitted if they were kept up for a century they would revolutionize permanently the faith even of heathen. The sword gave Mohammedanism its victories, and this was a vast improvement on what it conquered. The ruins of churches built during Portuguese occupation show that they were busy builders, and converters of the Tamils into the Catholic faith. Many of these buildings have done good service all along the ages, having sheltered the worshippers espousing the faiths of Holland and England, in which the service of Roman Catholics, Reformed Episcopalians and English Wesleyans have been held.

The change from the Portuguese to Dutch rule in 1656 was a great advance in every feature, moral, intellectual and commercial. It was a bitter dose to the deposed rulers. It was harder to bear than their present grievance against Great Britain, due to their own

neglect and oppressiveness in Africa. Their ambition then was to own the earth without improving it. The Lisbon authorities said they would rather lose all India than imperil their hold on Ceylon. The Dutch administration, on the other hand, while it was grasping, was enlightening and advancing their material interests. They built great reservoirs and tanks for irrigation, improved the means of transportation, especially by canals, according to Dutch associations; for to a Dutchman a country without canals would be as great a calamity as a country without mountains to a Swiss. The education of the people was duly considered, a commendable advancement being made in this direction. They also labored for their Christianization, but in a Dutch way. They had a staff of Dutch chaplains and made the profession of the Protestant faith a *sine qua non* to any employment by the government.

This policy no doubt promoted hypocrisy in all who were inclined to dissimulation. But it built up, strange as it may seem, a better class of people out of the natives in character and numbers than have appeared since. Whatever in heathen countries breaks up prevailing habits and turns men in the beginning toward the right, even though the motives may be partially selfish, will through generations lift the people up. Their children will be above their fathers, and theirs will be above them. Any thing starting a revolution, even indirectly towards the right, will be a blessing in time through habit and heredity. There are no better men than the remnants of a vigorous Christian church founded by the Dutch, modified by the policy that a man's interests in time and eternity run in the same channel. Though we would be slow

to recommend it as a policy, yet we are as slow to condemn it as wholly vicious.

Agriculture was promoted by enforced labor which covers the country now with prosperity and smiles as abundant as sun-glints. This improvement is seen in the magnificent forests of cocoanut palms. When the English conquered and succeeded the Dutch the whole south-western coast presented unbroken groves of palms. In 1815 the Island became an appendix to the British crown, and so great was its value in the eyes of the English as the key to India, as well as on account of its supposed fabulous wealth in precious stones, pearls, perfumes, spices, coffee, and tea, that Britain preferred in the general peace to give up Java to the Dutch, and retain Ceylon, though inferior in area and population.

The Dutch departed; but they left volumes of written and unwritten history behind them. The same style of houses abide. Some of the towns are as Dutch as when they occupied them. Jaffna is a Dutch town to this day in architecture and manners. It does not matter where the inhabitants come from, they still fall into the surviving Dutch ways.

The houses have only a single story, but are large and commodious, with wide porches and high ceilings. They are situated in gardens of tropical beauty and fruitfulness. The streets of the town are broad and regular, and are planted in lines of sunga trees selected on account of their grateful shade and yellow flowers. There is still an abiding monument of the Dutch in the form of a little fort of hexagonal shape, built of blocks of white coral, and surrounded by a moat. It has a house for the commander of its forces and an old church in the form of a Greek cross. This, by agree-

ment in the capitulation in 1795, was reserved for the Presbyterian consistory; but by a courtesy, whose reciprocity is always all on one side, it is occupied by the Church of England.

The native town is the home of Tamils and Moors. The industries consist of the weaving a thick cotton cloth, which is dyed and ornamented by designs of calico painters—a class that came by invitation of the Dutch government two hundred years ago. Here is the home and industry of goldsmiths, who make bangles, chains and rings which are exceedingly tasteful in design and finish. The people are more than usually industrious, but exceedingly degraded. Their homes are pandemoniums. Their habits are indescribably disgusting. Though there are many persons lifted up by Christianity it is as yet leaven on the edges rather than in the heart of the masses. And this brings us abreast with the mission work of our own countrymen under the American Board of Foreign Missions.

The Protestant faith in Ceylon declined upon the departure of the Dutch. The English government removed the religious restraints which the Dutch required in order to any governmental advantages in business, and when the natives found that they could believe and do as they pleased, multitudes of the Dutch converts went back to Buddhism, Brahminism and Papacy. For a time it looked as if the Protestant cause would fail altogether. The Baptists, missionaries of the Established Church of England, and the Wesleyans all tried to maintain it, but the attempt was a failure.

In this hopeless crisis the American Board of Foreign Missions, in 1815, sent thither five missionaries—Rev. Messrs. Poor, Meigs, Warren, Richards and Bard-

well, noble men, to whom sacrifice for Christ and a dying world was a happiness. They repaired the ruins of Dutch churches, built up fallen walls, restored the deserted houses left by the Dutch, and turned them again into Christian homes, for Christianity has a right to live by occupancy, as the Nestorians were there until exterminated by the Portuguese. They understood that nothing could, during this terrible reaction, be done with the adult heathen population. The children were the only hope for the future, and schools were at once opened for both boys and girls. It was a prodigious undertaking to get the girls into school. They could at first only reach the low castes, who had every thing to gain and nothing to lose.

A school of the highest grade was started at Batticotta. This was the work and care of Dr. Poor. His first efforts had been put forth at Tillipatty, where the eminent Secretary of the Board of Education, Dr. Daniel W. Poor, was born. The great missionary, Dr. Poor, wrought after the methods that made Dr. Alexander Duff afterwards so famous at Calcutta, India. While struggling on with every thing in its formative state, Judge William Ottley gave him a large sum to aid in sustaining his school.

Mrs. Winslow started a corresponding school of girls, which became, after toil and much discouragement, a great success. Both these schools furnished teachers and catechists. Preaching was carried on by the missionaries in village bungalows and churches attached to each mission. It was slow work. About all they could do was to hold on to the promises of God, but a change came gradually, as dawn comes out of darkness. They had every thing to endure. Sometimes the Board had not the support to give them which

they needed. There was no system of exchange by which they could get their remittances regularly. They were isolated from their kind and were sufferers by disease.

The Board reinforced them, and sent printing presses in order to reach the multitudes by the printed page; but these presses were seized by the British Governor, Sir Edward Barnes, who gave them to the Episcopalians, and sent the pressman and superintendent back to America. But the dark clouds rolled back and light broke as morning comes from the darkest hour of night—the work went on, and the laborers fell by its side.

There is a little graveyard which holds their honored dust. Nature has clothed it in her own beauties and the sun smiles upon it. The natives treasure their precious memories and speak of them to their children. Dr. Poor lies here. It is worth a pilgrimage to see even where the form of one so scholarly, so eloquent, so devout, so loving to his Master, and so devoted to those for whom Jesus shed his blood, descended into the bosom of the mother whose dust, tempered with tears, gives us our birth. But now the fruitage appears. They sowed in tears; their successors are gathering the harvest. "These all having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us that they without us should not be made perfect."

Turning aside from the religious aspect of the Island, it will no doubt interest our readers to know something of the pearl-oyster fisheries. These are on the coast between Kalaar and Arrive rivers. The shore is raised many feet by enormous mounds of shells from millions of oysters robbed of their pearls, being the ac-

cumulations of ages. These pearls are the efforts of wounded nature to repair its own injuries. In the pearl-diving season these banks, ordinarily dreary, become alive with human beings from all parts of India. Like California in its early days, towns spring up in a day in which are food, clothing and shelter for the divers and adventurers. The native divers are generally Tamils and Moors. The machinery is very simple. A stone weighing thirty pounds is attached to the diver to pull him down to the bed of the sea. He has a net basket which he carries to the bottom and fills with the oysters. In the ninth century the pearl divers in the Persian gulf filled their ears with cotton, steeped in oil, and compressed their nostrils with a piece of tortoise shell. This practice still continues in the Persian gulf; but the Ceylon diver does not trouble himself with even this much machinery. He fastens his foot to the sinking stone, putting it through a loop in a cord bound to it, takes a full breath, presses his nostril with his left hand, sinks, and lying on his face works his best in grabbing oysters, which he places in his net basket and then gives the signal for being hauled up. The longest time any one can stay under the water is not more than two minutes, but usually one is all he can stand, and he can go no deeper than thirteen fathoms.

The sharks are believed, by the Tamils and Moors, to be kept away by professional charmers who are always on hand; but the fact is that they are scared away by the commotions of the oars and the shoutings above and the spectres of the divers, whom they have not yet learned are good to the shark's taste.

The crocodiles of Batticaloa will bring to the minds of the classic reader the descriptions in the Cyropœ-

dia. They are here prodigious; their teeth are so large that the natives mount them with silver lids and use them as we do tobacco pouches. The crocodiles are from fifteen to nineteen feet long. The clashing of their jaws is frightful; as they have no lips, it is a crash of bones—like two pieces of ivory or hard wood. It is almost impossible to kill them; a rifle-ball may be fired through them, and unless it reaches the brain or heart it will not affect them. Like oppossums they will feign death, but woe to him who believes it.

Another wonder in Ceylon is the musical fish. It is heard at night, and most distinctly when the moon is full. It is thought that this music is produced by a shell which the Tamils call the crying shell. An English investigator says:—"We rowed about two hundred yards north-east of the jetty, by the gate of an old Dutch fort, and on coming to this point I distinctly heard the sounds described. They came up from the water like the gentle thrills of a musical chord, or the faint vibrations of a wine glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It is not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass. On applying the ear to the woodwork of the boat the vibrations were increased in volume and distinctness. These sounds are not distributed generally, but come from several points and are most probably produced by mollusca." Such sounds are heard under water at Bombay. In some places the tones are described as like the harp.

The singing mollusca, however, do not furnish all the marvels of the deep. The coasts have their products, not musical but invigorating and healthful. There are

oysters that would confound a New Jersey coastman until his eyes would dilate like the flame of a headlight on a locomotive. There are oysters, the shells of which measure eleven inches in length by five broad. This is enough to bewilder the epicure as to the philosophy of the descent into the gullet. This changes into fact, what was thought in Alexander's campaign in India to be a monstrous lie, that oysters were found a foot long.

The process of digging for gems is thus described: "Ratnapura is the centre of a district twenty or thirty miles square, in almost all of which a stratum of gravel six to twenty feet under the surface exists. Throughout this area gem pits are to be seen near the villages, some being now worked, others being abandoned.

"The natives work there in companies of six or eight, and pay a rupee per man per month for the privilege of working a certain allotment, where they begin by marking off a square of about ten feet. After removing about three feet of soil the sounding-rod, a piece of iron about half an inch in diameter and six feet long, is used to sound for the gravel. If successful, the digging is begun in earnest until about four feet deep. On the second day gravel is taken out by baskets handed from one man to another until all within the square is excavated.

"Should the miners find the soil fairly firm at the bottom of the pit they tunnel all around for about two feet, drawing out the gravel and sending it up also to be heaped with the rest, which usually completes the work of the second day, a watchman remaining near it all night. On the third day it is all washed in wicker baskets by a circular jerking motion,

which throws out all the surplus light stone and rubbish, until a good quantity of heavy gravel is left in the bottom, which is carefully examined. There is hardly a basketful that does not contain some gems of inferior value, which are usually sold by the pound for about nine rupees. Should no valuable stones be found another pit is sunk, and so on until one or two, perhaps three, really valuable gems are unearthed, when the work is stopped, and the whole party goes off to Ratnapura with the prizes. If these are worth, say a few thousand rupees, they are kept secret and only shown to one or two men of money, who make the owners an advance and look after the custody of the precious stones.

"Then they gamble and drink for some time until another advance becomes necessary, and so on until half the value is obtained. Then the party, with the mortgagee, proceeds to Columbo, or Italutara, where rich Moorish traders are summoned to purchase, and the gems soon find their way to London. The general public know nothing about these transactions, and valuable gems are never heard of in Ceylon, and scarcely see the light of day till they reach Bond Street. The natives have a great fear of exposing their finds until they are sold, and they have most extraordinary superstitious ideas about showing them."

CHAPTER V.

COLUMBO.

COLUMBO, the capital of Ceylon, is a place of incomparable beauty, with a climate so exhilarating that the pilgrim forgets to be weary. It is a city of 120,000 inhabitants, with a magnificent harbor built.

in concrete, the work of Sir Hercules Robinson. It is regularly laid out with broad and shaded streets; the soil, of red shale, looks very much like that about New Brunswick, N. J. The drives are unequalled in the world by reason of the smoothness of the road and the surrounding natural beauties. They extend for miles in every direction from the city along the sea. On one of them is a beautiful lake embosomed in abounding foliage and the Kelani river with its bridge of boats. There is also a public museum. The historic Dutch church contains tombs and monuments of Dutch governors and other notables; a kind of Westminster Abbey, with more dead than living celebrities. The entire floor is made of marble tablets with heraldic designs. On all highways are the bungalows of Europeans, some almost palatial in appearance and proportion, though very cheap in their finish and structure.

The streets teem with people of every variety of Oriental races and costumes. The effeminate light colored Singhalese wear their hair tied up in knots at the back of their necks, the men using combs and the women hair-pins. Then appear the darker and more manly Tamils, Hindus of every class and dress, Moormen or Arabs, Afghan traders, Malay policemen, Parsees, Chinese, Kaffir descendants, Eurasians, half-bloods, Dutch, Portuguese and English.

The first to greet the stranger is the native peddler, who has his wares at his feet wherever he may stop even for a minute: pearls, precious stones, cat's-eyes, rubies, sapphires, jewelry in gold and glitter, native products and pinchbeck from France, Italy, and England.

There is a seaside railway twenty miles in length to Kalutara, bordered on each side by cocoanut trees. The cool shade, the freshness of the grass, the gorgeous beauty of the flowering shrubs, the dense woods of the mountains, the purple zone of the hills, above which the sacred mountain Adam's Peak is often seen, form a beautiful vision. If the climate is oppressive in the lowlands, it can, in three hours, be exchanged for the coolness of the mountains by a railway, rising by incline plane, sixteen hundred feet, to the last capital of the kings of the Island Kandia. This is a city of 22,000 inhabitants, situated in a valley surrounded by hills, with an artificial lake, and Buddhist and Hindu temples, including the Maligawa, the most sacred in the world, in which is Buddha's tooth, held in great reverence in India, Thibet, China and Japan.

Columbo is also noted as the home of the exiled Arabi Pasha, to whom a visit was made, and whose ambition once reached to the restoration of the Mohammedan power over the Soudan, Egypt and Asia Minor. In the same ship with us, coming from Calcutta to Ceylon, was a young Greek, quite agreeable and bright but greatly affected with a marked peculiarity of the Greeks, somewhat prevalent in other nationalities, inordinate vanity. He proposed the visit to Arabi, whom he said he knew well, and would give us the benefit of his personal intimacy. The familiarity was represented as being so complete that the conclusion was that they had played marbles together, or had slid on the same cellar door.

We submitted to such gracious proffers and a landau was hired, the expenses to be divided, but in consideration of his valuable services we concluded to pay

it all and to esteem it a privilege. Cards were provided, and whatever respectability belonged to the visitors' places of residence was inscribed thereon. He put on his card in Arabic, so he said, Athens, Greece; on ours was Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Almost dazed by our prospects, the carryall was set in motion, amidst torrents of rain, or rather amidst a celestial splash, for it was the time of monsoons. All the way out, two miles from the city, our Greek was formulating his speech to deliver to his only auditor, asking how it would do, and then gesticulating and repeating it in an unknown tongue. He outlined Arabi as the Washington of Egypt, as the Kossuth of Hungary, as the Kosciuszko of Poland, crushed by cruel fate. But, said he, "truth crushed to earth will rise again," &c. He was in a high strain, in sublime fervor, when our carryall brought up at the door. A man of more than medium height, heavy and dignified, came to the carriage, received the cards in his hands, invited the distinguished guests to seats in the reception room, retired a moment, and then our noble Greek grew restless, struck an attitude and commenced something in a strange language.

He was waiting to see the hero, his friend and companion. Soon the servant, as he supposed him to be, appeared with pipes and cigars, and retired. The moments grew oppressive, ears were up, and eyes strained to see his majesty from afar. But soon the same man, dressed in white linen, with a ravelled collar and one not very clean, appeared with coffee. He sat down this time, and began a conversation with the American in good English. But the Greek was nervous; he went to the door twice, looking up the hall to catch the first

glance of the defeated hero of Tel El Keber, but the big man, with high forehead, against all Oriental propriety, kept on talking with the American about the army officers of his country, and particularly about General Stone, for whom he had great admiration. He said our American Generals, so far as he had known them and known about them, were very clever. This servant, doing the menial duties of the house according to the ideas of the Greek, seemed well-versed in American affairs.

Finally it began to dawn on the Greek that there was something out of order; and while he was laboring to give birth to his speech said to the man, "Do you speak in Arabic?" The big man said, "No." "Do you speak Greek?" "No," said he, "I only speak a little English," and never addressed a word further to him during his stay. This was Arabi himself, and the explanation of the whole affair is beyond our knowledge. He had in democratic fashion received an American at the door, and had performed all the honors and duties of hospitalities himself, while he had more than fifty servants. Nobody in Columbo could explain it, unless, as one suggested, that he feared the Greek; or by intuition recognized this man as a fraud, who had evidently prevaricated about knowing him, or being intimate with him.

When a move was made to retire he asked that the interview might be prolonged, and said he liked Americans, and that they were sincere. He complained of being lonesome and his opportunities of seeing men limited. He made no other reference to his bondage, but it is galling and heart-breaking, as could be seen in his appearance. He is a man from whom the ambitions of life are fast departing. There was a

sadness in his grave and subdued tones unmistakable in its significance. He is handsome and manly-looking, having a military bearing and the impress of a leader of tact and courage.

When the time came for parting he proffered his hand only to the American, thanking him for his visit, conducting him to the carriage and waving adieus by his hand. His clothes were in European style, and his head, well sprinkled with gray, was uncovered. Our Greek was, or professed to be, outraged. He said he lied when he said he did not speak in either Arabic or Greek, for, he said, I have heard him speak both fluently. This is true beyond doubt. He did not choose to speak either, and this was his mode of escape, probably, from the ordeal of the interviewer. He looked quizzically on the young Greek, as if there were mischief in his eye. Perhaps he saw the ill-concealed extremities of that speech prepared by him, and determined to leave it still-born where it had been conceived. He may have thought him a spy and determined not to give himself away to the British government.

But for the Greek, my countrymen, what a fall was that! It reminded us of the dishonor of a proud peacock that we once saw exhibiting himself in a garden, with every inch of his feathered glories given to public observation. There was a fire in that garden, being the burning of the last year's rubbish. The plumed knight of the premises seemed to be enraged by the crackling flame. He walked up to it and then turned indignantly away from it, swinging his magnificent train into its blazes, when all his glories went heavenward in smoke and only a few crisped quills remained. *Sic transit*

gloria mundi. He betook himself to a board pile, and crawling under it refused to appear on the public theatre until starvation compelled him to come forth, sadder and wiser for his experience with unknown forces.

We parted with our Greek companion, thanking him for the service he had rendered, hoping that we would meet again. He gave a sickly smile, amid suppressed emotions of shame and anger, and begged one favor, and that was that we would not tell the wife.

The religious condition of Ceylon has been partially outlined, and a brief account of it as it appears at the capital will suffice. This can be done by relating the incidents of a Sabbath day's work. The Rev. J. Burnet, chaplain in the service of the English army, extended us hospitalities, being just such a welcome as a Scotch Presbyterian can give to one whose ancestors were of his own national blood. He has the care of one of the two Presbyterian churches in Columbo.

The writer was invited to preach to a battalion of a Highland regiment at 7 o'clock, A. M.; early, but the best hour in the day for comfort. The air was cool, coming from the sea which lay near, and breaking its spray on the glistening sands. The troops were grand looking fellows, nearly all six footers, dressed in linen, snowy white, with white pith hats, in shape not unlike those worn by firemen, coming down over the neck and front of the forehead to protect them from the sun. They were in their native kilts, the pride of the Highland soldier. They were seated in the church reverently waiting, only as the Scotch can wait, to hear all the words God shall speak by his servant. They stood in prayer,

and rose and sat down as if they were one mass of life, directed by one motion. They sang that grand old Psalm, "All people that on earth do dwell," and sounded it out so that all heaven and earth might hear.

There are no grander effects possible than men can produce in harmony and in earnest song. When the Scriptures were read every man had his Bible, and when the leaf was turned by the minister the turning by the soldiers seemed like the rustle of December winds through the sere leaves of the forest. They heard the preaching as men who hungered and thirsted after righteousness. From scenes like this, old Scotia's grandeur springs, making her loved at home and revered abroad.

At 10 o'clock, service began at the English Wesleyan Mission church, over which Dr. Scott presides. He is one of the most learned and influential missionaries on the island. He is an editor, preacher, teacher, translator, executive, and whatever else the necessities of his position require. The writer preached here to the European and Eurasian congregation, many of them being descendants of the Dutch; and sturdy disciples they are. There had been a service in Tamil at nine, and one followed as soon as the second was over. The hospitalities of this home were extended to us, in which were present beside Mrs. Scott, Miss Prideaux, a grand-daughter of the great African Missionary Moffat, whose aunt married Livingston, and of whom he said: "On Supranga's brae, poor Mary lies and beaks fornent the sun."

Dr. Lindsley is pastor of the old historic Dutch church already referred to. This church, and its work throughout the island, is now under the care

of the Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Dr. Lindsley is a genuine Irishman, of piety and culture, a graduate from Belfast in both his literary and theological courses. He is a strong man as a preacher and pastor, and an administrator of church affairs, this being an essential quality here. He is greatly beloved by his people and respected by the community. He needs assistance, as there ought to be a new church organized and a house built in the city, the old church being in the suburbs and too far away from the people for holding more than one service on the Sabbath. There ought to be a chapel of ease in the city and also an assistant. It was like water in the desert, far from home, to meet this most genial, hospitable and companionable man, and to enjoy a few hours of delightful intercourse with him and his accomplished sister.

The sermon of the third service on this blessed Sabbath was assigned to us. It was a source of real joy to preach in that famous house, amidst shadows of centuries falling from its illustrious dead, and in the presence of a large congregation of their descendants, the gospel that saves alike the world around. It was also pleasant to be greeted so warmly by the hands of Christians dwelling more than ten thousand miles away, and to part from them with all time in the hope of the life to come without time. Nor was it less delightful to be told that Mr. De Silva, an honored elder, had been a reader of the *Presbyterian* for years. In the last rays of this beautiful Sabbath's sunsetting we bade farewell to these new-made but long-to-be-remembered friends on the other side of the world, and set our face across an unknown sea for China.

CHAPTER VI.

TWENTY-FOUR DAYS IN DEEP AND SHALLOW SEAS.

THE first event of this new sea experience was tragic and touching. One of the passengers of the Messageries steamer Sindh, bound from Ceylon to China, was a German, apparently in good circumstances, with a wife and two children, one a babe. They travelled "first-class," had a Chinese nurse, and seemed happy. The man exposed himself to the hot sun of Aden, in the extreme south of Arabia, against the remonstrance of the commander of the ship. He also doubtless drank too much. As the ship neared Ceylon, he acted strangely and seemed possessed with Franco-mania, a disease becoming chronic with the German nation. He thought that the officers of the ship, being French, were plotting against him, and blaming him for some trifling disaster. His suffering from these unfounded fears must have been terrible. He appealed to the British passengers to protect him, and they tried in vain to pursuade him of the misapprehension under which he was laboring.

It was thought by some of them that he ought to have been deprived of his liberty on account of indications of insanity. But this would have been a dangerous experiment, for if he had not been insane, he could have had recourse against the company; but while all action was in a state of suspense, he himself solved the problem of his insanity. He had superintended the preparation of a bath for his wife, and while she was taking it, disappeared never to be seen again. He was a partner in a business in the Manilla Islands, and was on his way from Hamburg to take

charge of the affairs of the firm. He had the money necessary for the expenses of the journey in a belt around his waist and other valuable papers, all of which he took with him into the depths of the sea. It was thought that he let himself down through a port-hole. The result was pitiful in the extreme; his poor wife could not believe that he had drowned himself, and was looking everywhere and beseeching in her German tongue, which could only be imperfectly understood by two persons on the ship, the passengers to search for him among the freight and every other place. Only the ingeniousness of love and despair could suggest a doubt of his fate.

There was not a woman aboard the ship who could speak a word of cheer or consolation to her; she would grasp her head with her hands and cry in the most passionate strains of grief, but while all knew it meant the anguish of a solitary soul in distress, no one could interpret or answer it. In this event, we learned the impressive lesson that while all sorrows are awful and struggle for vent in the human breast, they are simply terrific when they cannot be uttered in the ears of pitying natures. It was a lesson in the solitariness of sorrow, which life gives but few opportunities to learn. The wife finally lost strength, and for the time reason as well. None to explain, none to comfort, none to hear the story of her grief, she was truly treading the wine press of a comfortless sorrow alone. The Chinese nurse wandered for days about the ship as she listed with the two hapless children, for the mother considered them not. How slender is the thread that binds us to each other! Any of the passengers would have been glad to give some poor mitigation to her sorrow, but for that lingual gulf that lay between.

She had only a little money, not enough to take her home, and no friends who could advise with her. Her case was indescribable. A third-class passenger, the only one who understood German to any extent, said she was raving about "all thy waves and thy billows have gone over me." This he did not understand, but the Christian caught the pathos and power of it from the knowledge of the Psalms, and was assured that she, at least, knew the source of all helpful sympathy, which the Psalmist named when he said, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then will the Lord take me up."

As the days went by, she became calmer and took her children to her arms, and then her pent up grief was subdued by a torrent of tears, as she exclaimed, "My poor children, what will become of us without money and without friends." She had left two older ones in Germany, and with the younger she must return over the forlorn track of her blighted hopes. She was taken in charge by the German Consul at Singapore, to be returned over the same dark seas which had covered her husband from her sight, and out of which had come up the anguish of her soul. It was reported after we had parted from the ship that the Consul would have to send her and her babies back alone, third-class, in company with the rude kind that might be her companions. This also was the result of no one being able to understand the language, as the passengers would gladly have made up the difference. This is one of the solemn inexplicable breaks in the currents of life which God only can explain.

Most of this long journey through these seas must be practically along the coasts of unknown countries. The ship sighted land first at the Straits of Malacca,

very narrow; a conical mountain at one side, and a long range of undulating hills on the other, which were covered with green grass and foliage peculiar to the equator. On the one side is Acheen, where the Dutch have had so hard a time in conquering its plucky inhabitants, who keep themselves quiet long enough to inspire the confidence that the Island is pacified, and then rise and murder their oppressors. Bold and hardy, they will brook restraint no more than the goats on their mountains, or the eagles that flit across their sunny skies. Malacca lies on the north side of the Strait, and Sumatra on the south; this may give some general idea of our whereabouts.

Here, situated near the equator and bathed by the tepid water of the great tropical oceans, is a region which enjoys a climate more uniformly hot and moist than any other part of the globe, and produces growths nowhere else known. Giant insects, such as the great green winged ornithoptera, princess among the butterflies, the man-like orang-outang among the beasts, and the gay beauties of the bird of paradise, abound. The home of the Malay is found nowhere but in this island and its immediate vicinity. It is less known than many parts of Africa. It will surprise the reader that some of the separate islands of this cluster are larger than France or the Austrian Empire.

The tourist may sail for weeks along the shores of one of these islands, and the inhabitants of the several islands are often as little known to each other as the Chinese and American Indians. It is a region lonely and self-contained, with races, customs and languages peculiar to itself. These islands have been nearer to each other in the past and have formed a com-

pact geographical whole, but are now divisible into two portions nearly equal in extent, which widely differ in natural products and really form two parts of the primary divisions of the earth.

The geology of the island is interesting. Judging from the distribution of animal life, the Malay Archipelago may include the Malay Peninsula as far as Tenasserim and the Nicobar islands on the west, and Philippine and Solomon Islands beyond New Guinea on the east. It is enclosed in a network of watery threads, and with few exceptions all have a uniform climate and are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. The Malay Archipelago extends for more than four thousand miles in length, is about one thousand three hundred in breadth, and includes three islands larger than Great Britain, while Borneo is vastly larger. Sumatra is as large as Great Britain. Java, Luzon and Celebes are each as large as Ireland. One of the chief volcanic belts of the globe passes through the Archipelago. A curving line marked out by scores of active, and hundreds of extinct, volcanoes may be traced through the whole length of Sumatra, and Java, &c. In this belt have occurred some of the most disastrous earthquakes of time. In 1772 forty villages were destroyed by the eruption of Papadayang.

The present distribution of life is mainly the result of the last series of changes that the earth has undergone. We know from geological research that the surface of the land and the distribution of land and water are everywhere slowly changing. It also indicates that the forms of life, which inhabit the disturbed surfaces, have been, during every period of which we have certain knowledge, slowly changing as

well. Every stratum of sedimentary rock proves that changes of level have taken place, and different species of animal life and plants remaining in these deposits show that corresponding changes did occur in the organic world. Many naturalists now admit that these facts can only be explained by the greater or less lapse of time since the upheaval of all islands from the bed of the ocean, or their separation from the nearest island, and the relative period can be determined generally by the depth of the intervening sea.

The depth of the sea may be taken as a measure of time, as well as the change of organic forms. The soundings of the wide expanse of sea separating Malacca from Siam, which we are crossing, are usually so shallow that ships can anchor in any part of it, rarely exceeding forty fathoms, and therefore the separation of these islands must be, according to geological computation, comparatively recent. A similar change is perhaps going on now in the Atlantic. In the cycles of the future it may be divided up in the same way, ships threading their way for thousands of miles between islands.

While we were indulging in speculations as a matter of diversion, the beautiful opening into the Bay of Singapore appeared through a narrow channel between steep hills It is hilly and well timbered; the only country that looked like home. Its ploughed hillsides, its hard woods, all reminded us of the land best loved, but very far away. It is a centre of commerce, and, of course, belongs to Great Britain. It was not captured, but honestly bought. It has the activity of Chicago, with all the varieties of race, language, custom, costume and products of the

whole East. It is an estuary into which they are all drawn. The government and army people and chief merchants are, of course, English; but the mass of the population is Chinese. "John" is here with his "trigger eye" set to the main chance. He is merchant, banker, shopkeeper, mechanic, housekeeper, road-maker, and is the horse of the town. He hitches himself into a two-wheeled coach and delivers passengers all over the city in a trot; and if paid enough, will gallop away with his load as if it were but a pile of feathers. It is always the result of British rule either to make men or jackasses of the inhabitants. They are bound to be something.

The native Malays are usually fishermen, both lazy and hopeful, for it is only such can catch fish. They are also boatmen, and have every kind of craft, either for coasting or for use in port. The Klings of Western India are a numerous body of Mohammedans, who adhere to their faith with the usual pertinacity. There is but little doing to reach this teeming mass of idolatrous humanity. The Roman Catholics have some missions among the Chinese and Malays, and there are a few Protestant missions in Singapore. The Scotch have a mission; the American Methodists are doing something, chiefly, however, with the English-speaking people, who often get more religiously astray than the heathen when they are beyond home restraints in a city like Singapore.

We had fraternal interviews with Rev. Messrs. McPhee and McKenzie. Mr. McPhee is the pastor of the Presbyterian church, a man of mind and culture, but is isolated and needs helpers. His church could support an assistant, and there are Europeans enough to employ the time of two vigorous men, be-

sides laying foundations and directing missionary work among the natives. There could be no better field.

We did not see Rev. Mr. Cook, who has been devoted to mission work here for some time, but heard a good report of his labors and devotion. But "what is one among so many?"

The Rev. Mr. McKenzie belongs to China, where he has wrought for years, and will soon return to his former place of labor. It is sad to see a population and centre for all nations, in a very paradise of natural beauty, so neglected. Here is every kind of incentive to the gathering of the nations. It is a great distributing centre. The harbor is crowded with men-of-war and trading vessels of every nation except our own, though once the Americans floated the finest merchant navy in the East, but its supremacy was destroyed by the rebel cruiser, the Alabama.

CHAPTER VII.

SINGAPORE.

SINGAPORE is a combination of grandeur and squalor, having magnificent houses and Chinese and native bungalows built of bamboo and thatched with the same, which would burn up as quickly as a palace of newspapers. There are fine public buildings; a Cathedral of the English Established Church, a very pretty Presbyterian church; the Methodists have also a church, and likewise the English Baptists. There are mosques, Hindu temples and Chinese Joss houses. The French Jesuits are here, having established missions among these island Chinese, which, through long patience, have

been successful to a considerable extent. The Jesuits do their work thoroughly, as of old. In Cochin, Tonquin, and China itself, they never go backward. On our ship are recruits on their way to take the places of those murdered by the Chinese in their resistance to the French occupation of Tonquin and Hainan.

The island of Singapore is a series of hills, some rising to an elevation of three or four hundred feet, the tops covered with virgin forests. The trees are cut and sawed by whip-saws in the hands of Chinese. In the hills are dug tiger pits fifteen feet deep and wider at the bottom than at the top. The tigers come into the suburbs of Singapore and chew up on an average a "Celestial" a day, and yet they are not happy. There is a botanical garden here, which is filled with all that grows under this productive sun; for Singapore is only sixty miles from the equator. Here was a new form of palm, which we called "radiating," because its long branches start from the stock about forty feet from the ground, and from what resembles a capital radiated like the spokes of a wheel, producing a novel effect. It is called "Traveller's Palm." In this garden were orchids, the Vanda Lowii, which attaches itself to trees and throws out pendant spikes from six to eight feet long, sometimes reaching nearly to the ground. These plants are covered with flowers of orange tint, deepening into red and spotted with dark purple.

Ceram is a great "Sago district," from which the surrounding islands obtain a supply of their staple food. The Sago Palm somewhat resembles the Cocoanut Palm, having large spiny leaves. When ten or fifteen years old it sends up an immense spike of blossoms, and then dies. It thrives in swampy low-

lands; its leaves are used by the natives for building, flooring and thatching houses, and in many other useful ways. A full-grown tree is selected just before the period of flowering; it is cut down and trimmed, and a broad strip of bark taken from its upper side, the whole length of the trunk. This lays bare the pith, which consists of starchy matter interwoven with vegetable fibre. This is yellowish in color near the bottom and pure white higher up. An implement of wood, with a piece of quartz in the end, is used in dislodging the coveted contents, which are gathered in baskets, made of the leaves of the tree, and washed in open troughs of the same. The starch is thus separated from the fibrous matter, which is rejected. The Sago is made into rolls and wrapped in leaves, and is thus sent to market. It is boiled, baked into bread or cakes, and eaten with butter, a little sugar and grated cocoanut, and prepared in other ways. One tree will yield about six hundred pounds, and this will supply a man with food for a whole year, and in ten days he can perform the whole labor of obtaining the supply, which when dried keeps perfectly; the total cost being about twelve shillings for the year.

The ease with which this is obtained is a great incentive to idleness; the people therefore wander about, fishing a little and doing some petty trading with others as aimless and careless as themselves. There is a story told of the Rajah of one of the islands of this group which shows the adroitness of the native mind. His revenues were derived from a small tax on rice, a trifling measure to each individual. Having reason to believe himself defrauded, it was not in his power to right matters, as he did not know the

number of his subjects, and to take a census would put the thieves on the alert to defeat his purpose. So he devised the following way of accomplishing it. He fell into a state of profound melancholy, which continued about a week. His wives were unable to cheer him; he ate nothing and lost all interest in his accustomed amusements, and his courtiers began to fear that he had fallen under "the evil eye." One day he sent for all his chiefs, and announced that the spirit of the fire mountain had appeared, and summoned him to an interview at the top, to receive an oracle of great importance to himself and all the people. He then commanded them to clear a road for him through the forest and up the steep ascents. So all the people turned out and made the way; and when it was all ready, he was escorted by a great procession amidst much rejoicing.

The Rajah and his courtiers were mounted upon black horses with gay saddle-cloths, and thousands followed, some on foot and some on horses. Several days were passed in making the journey, and when near the top the Rajah announced that he must go alone into the presence of the great spirit. He went a little way, and fell asleep under the shadow of a rock—his nap lasting four hours—while his waiting followers thought the god must have much to say from the length of the interview. When he awoke he appeared with a very grave face and refused to say a word to any one, and the procession returned in solemn silence. After three days he summoned his chiefs, and told them what had happened. A shining spirit had appeared, whose brightness dazzled him so that he had fallen prostrate before it. It prophesied that disaster, sickness and death would come upon people,

horses and cattle. He commanded that twelve sacred krisses (or cutlasses) should be made at once, and that every man, woman and child in every village throughout the realm should send a needle. When any disease or plague should appear one of the sacred krisses should be sent thither, and if every person in that village did his duty in sending a needle, the calamity would be averted, but if one failed the kriss would have no influence. So all the chiefs announced the wonderful vision to the people and all made haste to comply with its conditions. The Rajah received the needles in bundles, each with the name of the head man of the village marked upon it, and when every village and district had sent in its bundle they were carefully divided into twelve parts and the best craftsman was summoned to make them into krisses under the Rajah's own supervision, and when finished they were carefully folded away in silk wrappings. At the time of the rice harvest, when the royal revenues fell short, the Rajah mildly referred to the number of needles representing the derelict district or village. Soon his coffers overflowed with the tribute which poured in, and he became the richest and the most powerful of Rajahs.

The Malays are an interesting people in all respects except personal courage. They never commit suicide. No Malay has the courage to do that. When he is disappointed in love he will suffocate himself, however, by a pan of lighted charcoal. Despondency is almost an epidemic, and when a neighbor discovers it in a neighbor he tells the police, and the victim is locked up until he is over it. The Malay is like his country, the climate of which is, in evenness of temperature, so sweetly moderated by heat and moisture that there is

not a month in the year that does not ripen fruits. His wants are few, and mother earth supplies him with prodigality. If no friend offers rice when he is needy there are plenty of fish in the streams, and a never-failing supply of wild fruit in the jungles. His hospitality is only limited by his resources; he will divide the last morsel of rice with an acquaintance, and is so well-behaved that the English in many towns had to instruct him as to the necessity and use of prisons, when he replied:—"England a very bad country—you must learn Malay."

Notwithstanding the general good disposition of the Malays, it was the greatest nest for pirates in the whole East, and had to be cleared of them by English steamers. Sir James Raffles, the first Governor, was the first efficient teacher of civilization to the piratical Dyaks. He went to them most pacifically in a fleet of gunboats. He only wanted peace; but they were not disposed to give up their evil habits. They would not hear to it, and nearly captured his fleet; but he rudely opened their eyes and ideas, and bodies, too, by his cannon, which led to the peace he so much desired for both.

The Dyaks were the agriculturists of the islands. The Malays plundered them in their foraging expeditions, and the Dyaks in turn rushed to their homes by the sea, cutting off Malay heads with which to decorate their temples. A young Dyak was not accounted eligible for marriage to one of their dusky maidens until he could show one or more heads adorning his walls. Sir James made a treaty with them binding them to stop cutting off Malay heads. The chief begged for the privilege of a few for their grand festival and their dance in the temple. "Not a head," said Sir James, "until you have taken mine."

Singapore is a place where the faces of almost every nationality of the world can be seen. Here there is, with most of the inhabitants, neither God nor ruler bigger than a dollar. The images of dollars may be seen in the pupils of their eyes. Even the coolies are intent upon the main chance. They understood that the government would pay a bounty for dead tigers. They found a boa constrictor and thought he would bring a bonanza. They watched him until he had filled himself with a hog, and had laid down for a three days' *siesta*, when they got a rope round his neck and tail, and dragged him through the streets to the government office; but the government had no bounty for boa constrictors. He was forty feet long and two feet in diameter. He made a great sensation; so the coolie, with the instinct of a Barnum, started a show—white gentlemen, one dollar, but from the natives he took whatever he could get. At first it was a success; but the boa constrictor got his revenge by his odor, which was so intolerable that the whole city had to hold its nose until his mortal remains were thrown into the sea. At which a Chinaman said sadly:—"What a pity that there should be so much waste of meat."

The tigers in this island are immense in number, cunning and size. But what is most remarkable is their passionate fondness for Chinese flesh. It is said that tigers kill a man on an average of every day in the year. If they can only get a Chinaman they die happy. Convicts are employed in killing them under the direction of European police.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MUNITION OF ROCKS.

SUCH a stronghold as this is exceedingly restful after being tossed on the sea more than twenty days. It is the result of a commotion at some time in the centre of the earth, out of which came the mountains under whose shelter Hong Kong, China, has seated herself. The whole Eastern Continent must have quivered under the rendings of the upheaval. There can be no mistake as to its birthplace; it was born of fire and water, and looks even now as if still dripping from its ocean bed. The formation of this island mountain is not wholly granitic. The skeleton structure is of granite, basalt, silicious and schistose rock. There are also traps and trachytic porphyries, iron and galena, lead and iron pyrites. These cannot resist the deposits of salts from the sea, and also yield to the erosions of the monsoons. Carbonic acid is a powerful solvent to these rocks, and especially on those having a calcareous base. There is also an abundance of feldspar, and this invites the destructive acids to its surface. The presence of feldspar is dangerous to health, and many of the fatal epidemics of fever have been traced to its influence. Frequent thunderstorms during spring and summer develop, too, large quantities of nitric acid, which the rains absorb, and this brings another solvent to work on the rocks, the results of which are thought to be hurtful to health, especially in the desperate heat of most of the year.

Parts of the island abound in bowlders, which are

produced by the decomposing tendencies of the granite, to which they will themselves soon yield. The formation of these is not unlike the action of gangrene in the body, in which large portions of apparently slightly diseased matter are sloughed off. The result of all these forces is a constant change of the configuration of the island, which is very observable in the course of even a quarter of a century. The mountain ranges are flattening and losing their altitudes. The time will come when men will wonder where the mountains have hidden themselves. The headlands of the southern coast are composed of granite, with large admixtures of quartz, their apparent stratification being due to the effects of crystallization arising from the cooling of the igneous rocks.

Next in interest to the geology of a place are its embellishments—the flora of the Hong Kong island. There is but little doubt that these silent mountains were once covered by a dense foliage. So they will soon be again; for thousands of trees are being planted every month, the object being not only to promote natural beauty, but to protect the soil on the mountains from crumbling and sliding away. The original growth was of *Pemus Sinensis;* but on the northern and western sides there is a wonderful abundance and variety in the flora. There have been catalogued ten hundred and fifty-six species, distributed into five hundred and ninety-one genera and one hundred and twenty-five orders; thirty-two of these species are probably only escapes from cultivation; nearly one hundred more must be classed as weeds of cultivation, yet many of the latter are scattered so widely over tropical Asia that they have a fair show to be classed among

the native flora. There are constant additions being made to the large number already given.

The food vegetables are sweet potatoes, radishes Irish potatoes, peas, water melons, ground nuts, rice, millet, sugar cane and maize. The fruits are pumeloes, oranges, lognuts, the lotus, and one well-known on many of our Western American rivers, pawpaws, guavas and rose apples, whampis, lychees, longans, mangoes and bananas; also one which grew in the time of the Lake-dwellers in Switzerland, and is now almost extinct in most countries; cotton jute, the betel pepper and small quantities of indigo are cultivated by the natives. Of the arborescent flora there are ten species of oaks—a new one discovered recently added to the number—three species of palms are indigenous. Ferns abound in great variety and beauty. There are also several species of orchids.

Ascending the mountains we strike the European level, where vegetation is very European-like. Here we meet old home friends, under which childhood delighted itself, the honeysuckles, clematis and rhododendron. But these would be incomplete without their insect and animal admirers. This island is celebrated for the number and beauty of its insect inhabitants. The *coleoptera*, or beetles; the *lucanidæ*, of which there are twenty-seven species, nearly all belonging to the tropics. Of the sand-beetles genus *cicindela* has twenty species, the *lamili corniacæ* two hundred and fifty; the water-beetles number fifty species. These are only a few to indicate the superabundance of insect life, their quality and beauty.

In the number America is represented, as might be expected, in the mosquito and the cockroach of monstrous proportions. The only reason we have ever

heard for the existence of the mosquito ("except pure cussedness") is that he is a first-rate febrifuge. The philosophy of this munificent Chinese discovery has not been given, and the only one imagination can supply is that it compels sleepers to keep themselves covered in damp, cool nights when the air is full of malaria. No one is, however, obliged to accept this little hypothesis who can furnish a better one. Butterflies are like birds in size and of exquisite beauty, and in such numbers that each citizen may have a dozen or more of his own. The moths are monsters, sometimes measuring eleven inches from end to end. The best known and longest to be remembered is the creature popularly called white ant, but is a genus distinct from the ant, though similar in some respects in its habits. It masticates great timbers, beams, floors, furniture, books, and produces such dangers where heavy weight is borne, as in bridges, warehouses, &c., that all government buildings are inspected yearly. Tobacco acts as a poison to it, and we hope that for the good of humanity the demand in this direction will exceed the product.

The mantidæ abound in large and superior species; by their name hangs a tale which comes from their habit of joining their long flattened forelegs together, as if in the attitude of prayer. It is reported on Roman Catholic authority that one day Francis Xavier, the first missionary to China, saw one in this devout and ceremonious attitude which he instantly commanded to chant a prayer; the result, as might have been expected from the high authority exercised, was that the creature did it in the regulation ecclesiastical whine. The Chinese heathen have no respect for his prayerful attitudes and have

struck him on the evil side of his nature and set him to fighting his fellows in genuine cock fashion, with lively bets on the issue. They also employ the field-cricket for fighting purposes; the males are quarrelsome, and if two are confined in the same cage will fight until there is not strength enough to clinch and then they will be pouting and kicking in the direction of each other, and look as if they might be scolding, when the Chinese stir them up with straws. They go at it again until one side or the other, into which the crowd has divided itself, has all the cash. The traditional pugnacity of red-heads is put beyond all controversy in these matches, for the red-headed crickets are the quickest to fight and the "gamiest," and bring in the market as high as six dollars.

No country in this latitude is considered well furnished without its quota of snakes. Hong Kong has the Indian Python, but it is much smaller than in its native country, and behaves like a foreigner. It probably came as a stowaway in the hold of a ship, nestled in cotton or other goods. The largest specimen caught on the island measured seven feet. The Cobra is here, contending for a place in the struggle for life; he is probably also a foreigner. There are song-birds of varied notes. The mocking-bird is larger than in America; his voice is louder and shriller. There are dainty little twitterers, whose notes are indescribably sweet. The impudent sparrow is all about, self-possessed, self-asserting and as quarrelsome as an Oriental. There are birds of the gayest plumage, of wonderful variety and combination of color, all challenging admiration either on account of beauty of plumage or sweetness of song.

Having given a faint conception of the furnishing of the island, its location and history must be considered. It lies off the coast of the Kwang-lung Province, at the mouth of the Canton river. Its greatest length is about eleven miles, its breadth from two to four miles, its circumference twenty-seven miles, and it has an area of twenty-nine square miles. A narrow strait separates it from a stretch of small mountains or hills at the end of a promontory and the Ly-ee-moon Pass, being only a half mile wide. The name means fragrant streams, called so, no doubt, from its abundant and healthful waters. Its cone-shaped hills are discernable on each side of the channels long before the main island is sighted, and these look like lone sentries standing in the deep, keeping guard over the central treasure. It was first rescued from the pirates. Only within a few years have the waters been cleared from piratical junks, and even now the coast and river steamers have in their saloons stacks of rifles, swords and navy revolvers in case of attack, while some carry cannon for these pillaging crafts which still hover around.

In 1816 Lord Amherst used this island as a place of storage and rendezvous. It was so well situated for a harbor for the merchant marine of the East that its purchase from the Chinese was under negotiation for a long time. The advantages of its possession became apparent to the British after their complication with China during their assault on the foreign opium merchants in 1839. The Chinese determined to rid themselves of foreigners any way easiest of execution, and matters were brought to a crisis by a general exodus of British subjects. In August, 1839, war was declared, and Hong Kong was given to the British

crown in 1841, and six days later the British flag was hoisted on the island. Its settlement was commenced in May following, and on June 7th it was declared a free port. It increased with wonderful rapidity until 1856, when some Chinese sailors, serving on the British Steamer Arrow, were forcibly taken away by native authorities, as was done by Great Britain to America, leading to the war of 1812. Great principles often turn on "whose ox it is that is being gored." This insult to the British flag led to the bombardment and capture of Canton, in 1857. In 1860 the peninsula Kowwong was ceded, as an indemnity, to Great Britain. Many reverses since then have overtaken the island. The suppression of the coolie trade brought great financial depression. Cyclones and fires have conspired against its existence.

In 1862 in Canton, Hong Kong and Macao fifty thousand lives were destroyed. Subsequently at different times there have been four of these typhoons almost as disastrous; still the city climbed them and climbed up higher on the side of its mountain bastion. The situation is simply magnificent; the world might be travelled over for an age and such a spot discovered nowhere else, or any thing even approaching it in grandeur. It is unique in proportions. There is a chain of mountains, dome topped, extending from one end of the island to the other. The remainder of the island is finished out with small hill-domes; every elevation is round-topped. This chain has in the centre a great dome, or central mountain, towering above all the rest, to the height of near two thousand feet, and is more perpendicular on its sides than has been seen anywhere else. It lifts its bald head to the heavens

and catches the first and last rays of the sun and hands them on over sea and land. The most entrancing sunset we ever witnessed was seen in this harbor as the ship set its prow towards Shanghai. The bituminous smoke of the hundreds of steamships and factories rose and lay in dark wreaths around the head of Victoria—the crown of all the mountain-glories. On the brightest days this smoke often obscures the crown altogether; so it was as this scene began. It seemed as if there were a hidden altar there and a high priest obscured in sacrificial smoke, when the sun broke in upon it and changed all into a halo of amber and gold, throwing beams in radiating points all down the side. It was a grander crown than it ever entered human thought to devise. The glory of the scene remained long after the sun had withdrawn from our vision. The harbor was aglow along its whole length, and the ships moved in a golden glimmer. The mountains across the harbor were tipped with the glory of the crown of Victoria. This central dome has borne the name of the illustrious queen for a long time, and she herself could not sustain her crown so gloriously. Sloping down on gradual lines are a series of hills of the same shape, scalloped between, until the last on either side is not more than two hundred feet high, being a few of the stalwarts that brace this throne and crown-head. Back of Victoria is High West, seventeen hundred and seventy-four feet high; to the west is Mount Davis, eight hundred and thirty-three feet high; to the east and south is Mount Gough, fifteen hundred and fifteen feet high, and Mount Killet, eleven hundred and thirty-one feet high. There is so little space between this range and the bay that the citizens have had to dig into the mountain

sides for space, but with all their efforts to spread out, they have the appearance of those who are pinched to pain by tight shoes and over-lacing.

The business part of Hong Kong is constantly encroaching on the bay. The project is under consideration to fill up two hundred and fifty acres of the upper part of the bay to give more room for the increasing business and population. There are many palatial residences, built of granite and sandstone, embowered in luxuriant foliage. The streets are on rising grades around the mountain in spiral fashion, so that the traveller has to go to the extreme end of the city in order to get to the street above him, or has to climb an ascent altogether too near the perpendicular for comfort, if he would shorten his way.

The conveyance is by man-power. The Chinese either carry sedan chairs, or pull the traveller in jinrickshaws, which are chairs on two wheels with shafts, in which the Chinaman bends himself in a semicircle to move his load. Sometimes in coming down steep grades he stumbles and falls, and the roads being of concrete are so smooth that the shafts will not catch in any thing, and the rider has the prospect of "crossing the Jordan."

A rich, stuffy Chinaman, weighing about two hundred pounds, dressed in a blue silk outer shirt, being conveyed down a steep grade, the man in the shafts stumbled and fell, letting loose his hold, and the jinrickshaw rolled and "scooted" over the pavement at a breakneck speed. The Chinaman shouted to the bystanders, mostly Europeans, who were laughing, "Makee stopee," and growing more pressing as the wheels rolled on, he said, "Won't you makee stopee?" The ends of the shafts, shooting over

the smooth road, took a Chinaman who was carrying a pole on his shoulder with two immense buckets of water, one at each end, by the heels. Over he went back on the jinrickshaw, emptying one bucket of water on the Chinaman on the seat. He then rolled over on the side of the road. The buckets went thumping down the hill; the wheels of the furious machine struck a fruit stand, which whirled it around; then it went faster backward, until it struck a goods box on a pavement and threw the grand Celestial sprawling in the dirt, which clung to his wet clothes until he was hardly recognizable as the man riding in serenity on the jinrickshaw. He gathered himself up, rubbing the place most exposed to such disasters, looked defiance at the crowd that laughed at him, and commenced calling for the coolie who had caused his discomfiture. In his descent his cue had parted, the artificial end with the ribbon tied to it was gone, and the rest flopped around his head like a hairless calf tail.

As usual, surprising beauty and moral deformity dwell together in Hong Kong. Every conceivable form of sin lives and thrives. Gambling is a national passion. Every thing is pitted that can be matched for a fight, except the Chinaman himself. John has no appetite for the manly art in his own person. Gambling was too strong an institution to be suppressed, so the government tried to regulate it, in which it was about as successful as regulating the cholera. It was licensed, and brought a revenue of fourteen thousand dollars monthly; but gambling was neither reduced nor regulated. Another unaccountable phenomenon appeared. The authorities had a conscience or superstition about appropriating these funds, and

some had the transcendental idea of emptying them quietly in the sea. Public opinion, however, put a stop to the license, thinking it better to let the Chinese go to the bad than to join them and go with them.

Prostitution is simply appalling. It has baffled the colonial government at every step. Of course, there were the vulture moralists here, who would propose to taint all society by licensing the evil. This class is easily described, if decency would allow, for in every community they are well marked. Their way of curing social vice is to smear it over the faces of every community, make it honorable, and render the whole community responsible for it and then debauch the public conscience by the use of its abominable gains. These reformers are sometimes found in the medical profession, men who ought to be muzzled like curs on dog-days when they approach homes where virtue dwells.

This picture would be dark, indeed, if there were no softening lights to mitigate it; but there are antagonistic forces in active operation. There are public schools, reformatories, and a new college is in process of erection. But the trouble with the Chinese population in Hong Kong is very much like that in California, and other parts of the United States where the residence is only transient. The Chinaman is intent on making money, and he never thinks of enjoying it where he makes it. He is not disposed to care much for his moral life, especially in any place which he is not to make his home, and he is, we are sorry to say, not alone in this idea. There are plenty of church members in the cities of the United States quite as heathenish. They will not take their certificate from the churches out of whose

bounds they are moving because they do not know just where, or when, they will locate. Nor will they come into church connection where they are, for they do not know how long they will stay. So they sail on, between wind and weather, until death comes, and when he twists them hard they will let out the secret of their lives, and tell that their church and marriage certificates are tied together with the locks of hair cut from the heads of their children, all safely kept in the odor of camphor. The Chinese in cool indifference and poetic fancy cannot come up to this semi-Christian heathenism.

Mission work has been carried on here for a long time. Francis Xavier was here in his missionary journeys. The Roman Catholic Church has a considerable following among the natives—has schools and itinerating missionaries. The Church of England has also missions and schools for girls and boys, and Bible readers, libraries, Sabbath-schools, sailors' homes, and its labor has not been in vain. It has hundreds of followers reclaimed from heathenism. But the Church Missionary Society has the strongest hold, has done the best work, and has most to show for it. Dr. Chalmers directs this work. He has been long in the service and was a long time in Canton. He preaches in what is known as the Union church, which is the worshipping place of all dissenters, and of many who are evangelical in the Established Church of England. The building is large and is one of the imposing objects in the city. This Society has several native churches and mission stations, day and Sabbath-schools, a large female seminary and an advanced school for boys. The Basle Mission is large and well-rooted; in all departments of work among the natives

is strong; and is well supplied with those whose lives are consecrated.

The English Wesleyans, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Turner, are patiently sowing and waiting for their harvest, which will come as surely in China as in America or Britain; for the same Lord is over all, and the promises as well as the power by which they will be fulfilled are the same. The American Board has a representative, Rev. Mr. Hagar, whose work is chiefly in the country, and who is self-denying even to the peril of his health. The mission cause in China is not an experiment. It has been shown too often for controversy, except with those wilfully ignorant and stupidly unjust, that for the number of laborers engaged and money expended in pushing the work there are as many brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, with all the disadvantages of heathenism operating against them, as either in Great Britain or America. Of course, we hear the clumsy lies about the worthlessness of missionary effort from the lips of a certain shallow class, which say that, first, one eminent missionary, and then another, has soberly declared that he never knew of a converted Chinaman; and when these petty gossips are pressed for the names of these missionaries in one city, they flee to another. One is constantly reminded of a former prevailing inquiry in the South, "Did you ever see a dead ass?" and we always had to confess ignorance of such an event. In our whole life, nearly half of which was spent in the South, we never saw one, and yet we cannot get over the impression that even asses are not exempt from the power of death.

Another of these falsehoods is the story of a missionary who had built a church and wrote home that

there were some materials left, and asked permission to build a house for himself, and when it was done it was a palace, while the church was not better than a cow stall. We have been in sharp search after that man—he was heard of in India—but neither that man nor the house could be found; he was pursued over into Ceylon, but no such man nor house could be found there, and then he was followed to Burmah and Siam, and now we are after him in China. We have had his name and city mentioned several times, but our quest has been all in vain. The man and his deeds are ubiquitous, and but for the silly fools who serve the devil in chasing his ghost no such imagination could ever exist.

The people who give the information to the travelling public are usually fast young men, captains of steamers, dragomen and guides, army and navy officers, vagabond English and American Consuls, &c. Strange to say, these stories carry more weight than the testimonies of the most reputable Consuls and Ministers of both countries and of men who have visited these stations and have examined them thoroughly. We have seen hundreds of converted Chinese people. We have seen their sacrifices in supporting their churches. Their contributions to benevolence, according to their ability, would shame multitudes of church members at home. We have seen men who were once in prison cages waiting execution for their faith, and were released through the influence of an United States Consul, and are now active workers and givers in the church. We have heard them in prayer; have seen a Chinese preacher carried about in his chair a hopeless paralytic, spending his very feebleness in his Master's service, and have seen, too, the graves of those who have

died for the faith. It will, therefore, require more than migratory rumors of peripatetic "lalagags" to convince us that there are no converted Chinamen.

One of our United States Ministers, Hon. Charles Denby, at Pekin, says:

"I have made it my business to visit every mission in the open ports of China. This inspection has satisfied me that the missionaries deserve all possible respect, encouragement and consideration. I find no fault with them except excessive zeal. Civilization owes them a vast debt. They have been the educators, physicians and almoners of the Chinese. All over China they have schools, colleges and hospitals. They were the early and only translators, interpreters and writers of Chinese. To them we owe our dictionaries, histories and translations of Chinese works. They have scattered the Bible broadcast, and have prepared many school books in Chinese. Commerce and civilization follow where these unselfish pioneers have blazed the way. Leaving all religious questions out of consideration, humanity must honor a class which, for no pay, or very inadequate pay, devotes itself to charity and philanthropy. Entertaining these views, it has afforded me pleasure to assist the missionaries in every way that was consistent with public duty."

The worst enemies that Christianity has in China are the European officials and business men, many of whom are living lives of unblushing shame with the Chinese women. They have families born out of wedlock, and some dishonor their homes and wrong the wives of their youth by relations that they do not even take the trouble to hide. One prominent European firm will not permit the young men in its employ to

marry, and the disastrous results are everywhere to be seen in these disgraceful relations. The pressure of this class is so great that it is a crucial trial for a young man to resist their machinations to bring him into the same condemnation.

We do not mean even to intimate that there are not honorable exceptions, but one with long experience said sadly, "They are in the minority." All of the former class are hostile to missions and mission work, because both are hostile to their lives and condemn them without the utterance of a word; they hate them as the disfigured face hates the mirror. There is another fact in this connection necessary to the formation of a proper estimate of the cause of this vile opposition. Chinese in cities, who have been brought into contact with Europeans in trade, are worse in character and harder to influence than are those in the country away from these corrupting surroundings. The latter have more manhood left to them, are more truthful, honest and chaste, and more accessible to the gospel. The country work is more prosperous in proportion to the time and labor expended. It is true that when men do come to the side of truth in the city they become stronger in Christian character, for they have more temptations, and there can be no great virtue without temptation. But it also shows that bad European example has made them worse men than they would have been of themselves. The aborigines in the interior who were the original inhabitants before the country was overrun by the people of northern regions, the last of whom was the present Tartar dynasty, are a larger race, of more symmetrical features, and of a darker color, have better elements of moral character, and

receive the missionaries with the greatest kindness and good will. Though there is yet no organized work among them, they are ready to accept teachers, and the field ought to be immediately occupied.

CHAPTER IX.

IN CHINA-LAND.

IT seems like the materialization of a dream, here in Canton, in the last days of December, amid the glories of a summer foliage, the weather delightfully cool, but warm enough to sustain a luxuriant vegetation. This city is reached by a night's travel from Hong Kong in a steamboat not unlike the floating palaces from New York to Albany, while the distance is about the same. The scenery along the Pearl river is peculiar, prepared for Chinese alone, or, may be, it has prepared the Chinese. They look like their country and their country looks like them. They have, no doubt, mutually conformed to each other. Along the river is a level plain extending back from half a mile to a mile. When the tide is up there are no perceptible banks, but back of these plains on each side are wavy-looking sand hills, the product of the sea, no doubt, in past ages. The hills look like the wide-brimmed, bell-crowned, peaked-topped Chinese hats in the spelling books of our childhood. They are usually covered with grass and other vegetation to the top, and some of them are quite high. The plains are well-tilled, and farming does not seem much different from European countries.

Coming out of Hong Kong the steamer traverses the bay of the Lonely Isle, through the Tiger Gate, up

the beautiful watery expanse of the Pearl river, and in sight of broad rice fields, banana plantations, often fringing the river banks, past the historic Whampoa, the key to Canton through quiet centuries, once the key to the sealed Empire, and then the towers of the city of Rams come into sight.

On the river all about, Chinese junks are constantly in sight, crazy-looking crafts turned up at each end, resting on what seems to be a flat bottom, and worked by long oars at the stern, which serve the purpose in ordinary cases of both helm and propulsion, worked by a process which might be called sculling. These contrivances can live at sea, because the Chinese are remarkable boatmen, and boatwomen too, for the women are as skilful and daring as the men. This will not be surprising when it is known that families are born on board of these boats of every kind and size, live on them, die on them, and are buried from them. In Canton alone three hundred thousand live in these queer vessels. They are not often away from them; are always bare-footed; and the women manage the boats. The old mother, seventy years old, is commander of the craft. Her son and daughter-in-law and their children all work, but she makes the bargains, receives the money, gives commands, and pulls on one of the oars until it bends with her force. Again and again have women of seventy managed a small ship, and with old hands and bare feet have been nimble in getting about, doing any thing needful to be done.

A man fifty years old, soliciting passengers, said to a lady about to embark in his boat, "Do you see that woman; that's my mother. She is eighty years old and manages this boat." Every member of the

family sleeps on the hard board benches on the sides and on the seats. There are no beds, not even for the old woman, and cooking and all else pertaining to life is done in a space not six feet square in a craft not larger than an ordinary life-boat. Over the middle is a bamboo covering. The mother has her babe set astride her back above the hips and a shawl or some other bandage round it, enclosing his body from the feet to the waist. With this protuberance, which she does not seem to notice, she steers and pulls at the oars, the little fellow swinging backward and forward with the movements of her body. She stoops over the edge of the boat to dip water or wades into the water to push the boat off, and the little fellow holds to her dress with his hands and looks around on the world in an investigating way, hardly ever crying, and doing his part in the battle of life manfully.

The baby is sometimes seen on the back of a daughter not of greater age than seven or eight, and she carries it about on the boat and rows, or does whatever is necessary with it on her back just as the mother would do.

There is a passenger boat which is peculiar to China. It is a stern-wheeler about as large as some of the smaller boats on the Ohio, of the class described as "built to run on the dew." These are propelled by about twenty men on a tread wheel, holding to a bar in front of them, with their feet employed in an exercise not much harder than walking. They force the boat along, with fifty or more passengers, or light freight, at a speed of from six to eight miles an hour.

There are also floating restaurants, propelled by man-

power, to which a Chinaman brings his friends to entertain them, his home accommodations often being no more ample than he and his family can occupy when they stretch out for sleep, and sometimes they have to take up a joint or two as a lady doubles the handle of her parasol. These are gaudily painted, according to native taste. There are boats for marriage ceremonies and festivities, filled with crystal chandeliers, gay trappings and tasteful furniture; are are engaged for the guests and furnished with provisions according to financial ability, taste and position.

As the tourist nears Canton the pagodas come into the range of vision. Not far from shore there are two of them which are about as high as lighthouses on the ocean coast, and ornamented by lines of balconies around them. Most of them are rapidly going into decay, as is the religious system of which they are an outcome; the object in having them is luck. They have the nine chambers of the delights of Buddha, a paradisiacal representation and contrivance on earth for the promotion of general prosperity. The greatest care is taken in their location, as a failure would bring everlasting disaster. A young man, who had graduated and taken his degree, bright, and up in modern science, &c., declared, with the greatest seriousness, that the cause of the general decay of his native city was owing to a mislocation of the city pagoda. Their theory of the earth's formation represents it as a dragon; the soil the accummulations on his back, and the place for the pagoda is over his eyes. Our informant said that on more careful investigation of the conformation of the ground for the purpose of relocating the pagoda in question at a place where prosperity would come,

the investigators found the eyes of the dragon and had cleaned them out; and though the pagoda had not yet been removed, such was the resulting favor that two men that year from his city had taken degrees in the University, an event that had not occurred before in his memory. This will show the value of merely secular education in freeing the mind from its superstitious servitude. This is civilization without God.

Another illustration of this superstition is in the case of a missionary, who had completed a chapel, when the wiseacres discovered that it was located on the back of the dragon, and, being at this point, it would tickle him where he could not scratch, and would result in his kicking at one end or the other, thus bringing disaster on the community. They urged him to remove it, which he was not disposed to do, saying he was not afraid of the dragon; but the Chinese tore it into fragments.

At first glance Canton looks like an aggregation of huts, for such they are that fringe the shores of the river, and, stranger than all, between these wooden shanties and the river are hay and straw stacks set upon stakes, or piles. The first impression is ugly; its name and fame have deceived the world; only here and there an attractive object lifts its head, among which is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which they have been building since before the downfall of Napoleon III., who was a large contributor. It has received yet little more than an external completion. After the boat is left the impression of ages reaches one through the nose and convinces him that this is China. The surly remark made by Johnson when he with Boswell was going for the first time through the narrow streets intersecting High street, Edin-

burgh, after a few moments silence was, "We are all right, Boswell; 'I smell you,'" meaning the Scotch in him. So China takes hold of the visitor first by the nose.

There is no hotel, even endurable, for Europeans in Canton; but upon the steamboat from Hong Kong travellers can sleep and be accommodated by changing from one boat to another every day, or from the boat going out to the one last in port, or they must be dependent on the hospitalities of friends. This was kindly tendered us by the Rev. B. C. Henry at the missionary compound, where we had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with his wife, the daughter of one of our Professors in college days, Professor Snyder. In the home of these delightful friends time slipped by quite unconsciously. But such hospitality is becoming a burden to the missionaries. They do not complain when only a few come, who are interested in their work. It was great pleasure to them, but to have to furnish hotel accommodations for all kinds of people possessed to go round the world will be an intolerable nuisance, and they either must have an increase of salary, or there must be a hotel in Canton. The latter is the easiest and most becoming solution to all concerned except to vagrant cranks, whose creed is that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and that they are without doubt the Lord's own. What is true in this respect of Canton is more or less true of all the missionary stations on the lines of travel.

The city of Rams has a birth-history which may be of interest. The most veracious account is that five genii came to this locality astride of so many horned rams, and located the city and predicted its prosperity

and then disappeared. The rams were turned into stone, and are preserved in a heathen temple, and can be seen by the aid of two senses, to wit, credulity and imagination. We can trace the strange origin no further than to suggest that the peculiar hostility of the Chinese to all foreigners may be the result of this original ramgenic founding of the city, for which there is a slang word in America called "Rambunctiousness." But Canton can only be seen as the brain of a great body, and a bird's eye glance at least must be taken of its surroundings.

Fifteen miles to the east is the great river-mart of Fatshan, the Birmingham of China, with a population of a half million, the home of almost every industry of the great Empire. Beyond, on the northern side, is the great Delta, formed by the union and division of the waters of three great rivers flowing into the sea to the south. This Delta, with the exception of Egypt, is one of the most fertile and remarkable on the earth, and is better tilled than that of Egypt. The Pearl river bounds, on the east and north, about one hundred miles of territory, which is skirted on the west by the West river, about eighty miles long, while the base side of the Delta is on the sea. The most of this is plain, some parts hilly, some marshy, some table land, but much is within reach of the tides, which enrich it every day. Here are great rice fields, which yield two harvests each year, and between them vegetable crops may be grown. The western portion is given up to the cultivation of mulberry trees, the leaves of which are for the sustenance of the silk worm and his golden threads. These shrubs yield a fresh supply of leaves every forty days, and are stripped six times a year, and produce in

value from fifty cents to three dollars for every one hundred and thirty-three and one-third pounds.

This Delta is like Holland in its water intersections, though here they are natural channels. By these the whole country can be easily and cheaply visited. It contains seven cities of over one hundred thousand population each, and as many more of fifty thousand, with towns and villages ranging from this down to a thousand or less. In the silk district is Kon Kong, which contains one million or more of population; Lung Shan and Lung Kong having several hundreds of thousands. In the south are Wong-lien, Lak-low and Korn-chuk, well-known by silk dealers, having fifty thousand inhabitants each. These are but dots of the moving life on this broad expanse, and must suffice to give some idea of the vital force and commercial advantages of Canton and explain how in its broad river boats are jamming against each other from morning unto morning day and night through.

Canton has a population of one million and a half; three hundred thousand persons live in boats. The city is a strange affair; life is rolling over itself day and night; it is life in the smallest packages from childhood and in the smallest possible spaces. The streets are not more than eight feet wide; the boulevards may be twelve. No wheels ever trundle over its streets; all life either trots on its own legs, or is carried on the legs of others between two poles resting on the shoulders of moving pillars of society. This is, perhaps, the most religious people, after its own fashion, in the world. Every place big enough for a Chinaman to turn his feet has a shrine, and offerings are burnt every day, and by many all through the day; the smoke of incense is literally ascending

forever and ever. More than two hundred millions are spent yearly in worship, and eighty millions alone in ancestral piety. The apostle could have, with greater force, exclaimed, as he did in Athens, "Chinaman, I perceive that in all things ye are religious over much." Little incense sticks are made of the dust of sandal wood, and it would be hard to find a spot where they are not burning, sputtering, or where the ashes of those burnt may not be found on the streets, in the houses, stores, shops, boats, windows; wherever one can be set down, it consumes itself into the smoke and ashes of worship to some unknown vagary of a superstitious imagination.

The city of Canton has a strange combination of oldness with newness, the latter trying to push the old into the grave; while the old, with its greater force, but with stiffened limbs and rickety joints, resists. America is here with its young life, doing its share in trying to bury old China. American clocks have come to stay—they are everywhere—and American oil and lamps are giving light to the world. More light comes from America than from the heavenly bodies, the sun and moon excepted. The Chinese are well up in the popular virtues and in their proclamation. They have no large dailies in which to advertise their liberality, but they accomplish the same end by placarding it on a street known as Benevolence Street, where there is a temple for general traffic in benevolence. A certain amount given to any benevolent object entitles a man to be posted in the subscription of his class. The lowest amount, we believe, is one dollar, which is rather higher than with us, for we have known people to get their names and praises into the great dailies and the religious

weeklies for less than a dollar, and often for no contribution of their own, making their reputations on the judicious use of other people's money.

We passed small gambling tables, at which Buddhist priests were taking a hand, suggestive of the fact that the ways of men repeat themselves the world over, for this frequently appears among Roman Catholic priests, who, if they are at a watering-place, and there is a raffle or a horse race, or any thing they can bet on, usually take a hand. Only lately is it that similar betting has been carried on in Catholic and at some Protestant fairs unrebuked, in another prominent Protestant church dancing is now sanctioned to increase the resources of a hospital. Getting money for religious purposes by trickery is also practised in China, and is as reverently conducted by the heathen as by his more modern imitator, *the Christian.*

It was a suggestion of a knowing one that the religions in the city should be "done up" first, and so the temple of Buddha with its five hundred gods was visited by us. These are modern specimens of the regulation patterns, who slipped on the last round of the ladder of Buddhistic perfection and could not enter the eternal felicity of their great head, and who had, therefore, the task of sitting in the temple without the poor privilege of changing their position, and they, like those sitting for pictures according to photographic art in times of yore, are not permitted to think lest they spoil their pictures. They are a weary-looking lot of defuncts.

There are a million of temples in China which have cost more than one thousand dollars each, or one thousand million dollars in temple property.

The best key to a city or country is found in its religious belief, for this will run as a chain in the fabric through the whole national character. Accordingly we will now indicate, at least, the direction of religious thought in China. Confucianism is in its primal condition. Confucius, who has had such universal sway, was born 551 B. C. From childhood he showed that seriousness which is the result of thoughtfulness. After the death of his mother, when he was twenty-four years old, he retired to a meditative life. Three years of this seclusion were devoted to study in ancient recorded thought; he became an enthusiast in this kind of lore. He took up the study of government or politics, and in pointing out a course to be pursued, truthful and just, he fortified his position by noble examples, which he urged upon the rulers of his day as models. He became a famous teacher. Pupils waited on his instruction from all parts of the empire. When fifty-two years old he had the opportunity to show that his theories of government could be made practical. He was made a magistrate of Chung-Tu, which he held for three years, directing its affairs, judicial and administrative, with so much ability that his district became a model for the Empire.

The men of his day did not to any extent appreciate him, and many assailed him in his most unselfish endeavors, but this is an inevitable result to any one thinking a thousand years beyond his time. His treatises and rulings were political, judicial, administrative, and contained a system of practical ethics concerning man's life and its relations, in time alone. He had no conception of another life, and gave no clear opinions concerning it. His golden rule is

reciprocity. His philosophy requires subordination to superiors, and kind and upright dealings with men. He had an ideal which he constantly held up before his followers, in the form of a princely scholar, a being pure, unselfish, dignified, just, manly, beneficent, the embodiment of all virtues. He was not original, or a projector of any thing new, but rather a collator of what was already in the world, which means he secured for them greater supremacy over the minds of men. He approached to the conception of what is now in all systems regarded, a fact, to wit, conscience. The power of his system in the world is largely due to this fact; which is evidenced in its echoes ever since, in tones louder or weaker, in the lives and conduct of the people. His practical ethics are contained in the five relations and five virtues existing between the prince and his minister, the father and son, husband and wife, elder and younger brothers and friends. These five virtues are arranged under the distinctions of humanity, righteousness, propriety, knowledge, fidelity. Humanity is a fundamental virtue. This includes the relations between man and man, without which there may be superior men, while none can be inferior with it. Righteousness is put in contrast with selfishness, while virtue is exalted righteousness. Propriety is the mode or modes in which righteousness becomes practical. "The virtues are completed by propriety." Knowledge is alone practical by his definition, is confined to men and things, and embraces three particulars, "knowledge of one's destiny, of the rules of propriety and eloquence of expression." Here a glint of moral light shines across that which has only been earthly: "mere knowledge is useless, and

perfect knowledge should be followed by the choice of that which is good." Faith is limited to social confidence. The other books of Confucius are largely elaborations, and some of them merely contain the commentaries and opinions of others, which are in our day of no practical advantage, and not worth the space they would occupy.

His system has worn out of every thing but one book, and the memories of the Chinese. It has no practical control in their lives, and is only an ancient ornament in the Empire. It fetters living thought, and bandages their minds, as tyrannical and senseless custom does their women's feet. It has made all social relations artificial, and has strangled "the reciprocity" which its framer gave as the golden rule. His great name lives, but his virtues are consigned to oblivion. His teachings are the coverings cast over hypocrisy, injustice, oppression and lust. China has faced about since his time, and now stands with her back to the great future. Ancestral worship is now the only vital conception in his system. There are in China one thousand, five hundred and sixty Confucian temples where his name is worshipped while his teachings are dishonored. The religious outcome of the system is Atheism, Materialism and Agnosticism. Men who laugh at idols have yet a conviction that custom compels them to get on all fours in a worship which they despise. What is the value of a religion that neither inspires nor braces courage?

Some explanation of Chinese Buddhism, those features of it, at least, that are peculiar to China, may here be noted. The history of Buddha has been given in connection with the temple service and doctrines of the people in India, and it does not

need to be repeated. The propelling power in Buddhism from the beginning has been its propagandism. It was a missionary religion; it took root by this means in Ceylon, Burmah and Siam.

Northern Buddhism extended first to Nepaul, then to Thibet, China, Mongolia, Japan and Corea, using the Sanscrit as the vehicle of its thoughts and life, The report of its introduction to China is decidedly mythical. The Emperor of the time, Hang-Ming-Ti, had a wonderful vision, the central object of which was a golden image whose head was within a halo, which entered his palace. The Emperor took counsel as to the interpretation of such a dream. His brother, Prince Tsu, who had given some attention to the religion which had spread with such rapidity in the West, said the vision concerned Buddha. An embassy was sent to verify the suggestion; it was absent for years, and when it returned brought a sandal-wood image of the golden one seen in the dream, one book and a Hindu priest. So this system began, but it was slow work; and for three hundred years the people had only one book. But about two centuries later eighteen missionaries came, whose images now are seen in more than one thousand temples. There were at one time three thousand Buddhist missionaries in China. The system was pushed but was not a success; its roots did not sink deep enough in Chinese thought to secure universal conquest.

Chinese Buddhism is a system of moral servitude; subtle, tenacious and degrading. It may be, in some features, a repetition of what has been already said, but in its Chinese relations this is necessary to a clear understanding of the subject. Its first postulate is that misery is the result of sentient existence;

second, the accumulation of misery is caused by desire; third, the extinction of desire is possible; fourth, there is a path which leads to that extinction. This involves the suppression of desire as being the author of misery, or the gradual annihilation of life, or its absorption in the great void of non-existence. Its highest development is found in the so-called Buddhist trinity known as the "Precious Ones." A temple dedicated to this trinity was visited; at the entrance stood two gigantic images of *terra cotta*, found almost universally in these temple portals. They are sentinels. They are as ugly in disproportionate features as one could conceive, whose object was to embody the traditional raw head and bloody bones spectre to scare children. The temple is of the Pagoda style; the ends of the corners being turned up scroll-fashion. The building externally is contemptible, but covers a great space; perhaps, with its cloisters for its priests and other buildings, its gardens of fruits and flowers extends over at least ten acres, in the heart of Canton. Within, at the altar, are the great *terra cotta* images, gilded and painted, of the "Three Precious Ones," the past, present and future Buddhas. Their forms are nearly thirty feet high and from eight to ten feet in diameter. Their names, in Sanscrit, are Buddha, Dharma and Lenga. The first Buddha is represented as he existed, as personified intelligence; the second, is the law of religion established by him; and the third, is the practical result of the two—that is, the priesthood, central to their idea of a church.

The ten commandments of Buddha run thus: 1. Against killing; 2. Stealing; 3. Adultery; 4. Lying; 5. Wine selling; 6. Speaking of others' faults; 7.

Praising one's self, and defaming others; 8. Parsimony, joined with scoffing; 9. Anger and refusing to be corrected; 10. Reviling the three Precious Ones. Buddhism is an eclectic religion and this gives it the power of incorporating what others hold with itself; it is a grand co-partnership between itself and any thing it can get into compact, and where it cannot overcome it is accommodating. As Cæsar could not conquer the Nervii, he called them "our friends or allies." Buddhism begins at Atheism and ends with Polytheism. Its evil influences must be counteracted before China can, in any true sense, be civilized.

The Buddhists were ready to engraft the worship of the dead growing out of perverted Confucianism, and in conjunction with the Taoists, superintend the ceremonies of the Yu-lan-ui, or association for finding the dead. They, by adopting this feast of all souls and emphasizing it by their doctrine of the transmigration of souls, gained great power. The monastery where the Three Precious Ones appear to the best advantage is called the Ocean Banner Monastery or Horiam Joss House. At the entrance are four idols of prodigious size and of disgusting mien; they are the Four Kings of Heaven who preside over the four cardinal points of the compass, having power to interfere with the affairs of the world, and to bestow great happiness on those who honor the three Precious ones. Their names are To-Man, the much-hearing one; Chi-Kuok, controller of nations; Tsang-Chung, increased grandeur; and Knong-Muk, large eyes. The images of the Three Precious Ones are set in lotus flowers, while on either side are representatives of the eighteen early missionaries. The evening ritual service was being performed by about thirty priests,

in yellow robes, chanting like Romish and Ritualistic priests, and one could not fail to mark the similarity in many points. It had processionals, it had intonings, prostrations, worshipping towards the altar, bowings, incense burnings, vestments, bell-ringings, &c. The copy is easily traceable to the heathen original. The priests are dirty and unprincipled, who, to increase their finances, fastened the doors upon us, but Messrs. Wisner and Henry, with the courage of our countrymen, indicated that if they were not opened they would break them open; they then unloosed the bolts and bars. There is within the enclosure a furnace for cremation and two ash-houses filled with the incinerated remains of these monks, There is one for the lower and higher styles of the inorganic deposits.

CHAPTER X.

OUR COUNTRYMEN—THEIR HOMES AND WORK.

CANTON is the capital of Kwong-wing Province. It is the residence of the Viceroy of the two Kwong provinces, and of the high military and civil officials. The city is built in two districts or counties. The wall around the city is a little less than six miles in circuit, and a cross wall running east and west divides it into two unequal portions, called the old and new city. The average height is twenty-five feet, and the width about the same; it is faced with stone and bricks and filled in with clay. The walls around the old city were built in the eleventh century and were completed as they now appear A. D., 1380; the new city was enclosed in 1568. There are six-

teen gates, two of which are in the west wall, six in the south, two in the east, and three in the north.

This city became a port for foreign commerce in the eighth and ninth centuries. In 1637 a fleet of English ships entered the Pearl river, and the East India Company was established in Canton in 1684. The city was taken by the Tartars in 1650, who signalized their advent by destroying thousands of the natives. It was menaced by the English in 1841, but was ransomed by the payment of $6,000,000. It was captured by the allied forces of England and France on December 29, 1851, and held by them for four years. The occasion for this interference was singularly like that protest in our own country, which culminated in throwing the tea overboard in the harbor of Boston. The Chinese, with better reason, destroyed two ship loads of opium.

The history of China has a golden thread running in it. Strange as it may seem, China has had a Christian revolution, which perished, according to the Master's words uttered when his disciples would have resorted to the sword in his defence: "Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." This command has received fulfilment in all the ages of the Church's history. Either they who have taken the sword in defence of the Christian religion have perished, or the defended Christianity has perished. The fall of what was a genuine Christian movement in the beginning, in China, was the result of a vain endeavor to defend itself against its foes.

In 1847 came an unexpected uprising of a great multitude, many of whom were inspired by the highest hopes that can animate the human soul. It

was a sporadic movement in the beginning, but became wildly contagious. It began in the dominating power of the divine life in the soul of a single man from a province about forty miles from Canton, who was impelled into this revolutionary zeal by a tract written by a Chinese Christian convert, which led him to the study of the New Testament until conviction of its truth took captive his whole life. He was no longer a Chinaman, but became a new creation through the truth. All who knew him only recognized the former man by his face; in all else he was as much a surprise to them as if they had seen him come out of another world.

This renewed man applied to the Baptist Mission to be baptized, which was not immediately granted. He then went to Lein Chow and other cities and villages, and gathered around him those like-minded with himself. About 3,000 became his followers by accepting the teachings of the New Testament, which they printed and distributed as widely as their means and opportunities would permit. He became a preacher of wonderful power over the Chinese; they believed in him and followed him in perfect trust. Christ was the centre of his preaching, and hostility to false gods and a false and sinful life was its outward expression. But such teaching would not only raise up followers but persecutors as well; so the gentry, who feared the effects of such a change on their position and immunities, opposed them, and soon compelled them to take up arms in self-defence. They had not learned that a living Christianity must be a suffering faith, and that its followers must endure persecution.

How sad it was that this uprising, which would by this time have revolutionized China, and set her

in the constellations of progressive nations, should be dashed out of existence by a single misconception of the character of Christianity. Having so far departed from its spirit and purpose as to take up the sword, they had to abide its fatal issue; from that moment the movement became merely political, and adventurers and men hostile to all organized government strangled the Christianity out of it. The form remained, but it was dedicated to politics, and became merely an agency working for a selfish end.

Important victories were gained at the first; these led the insurgents to advance on Nanking, which was intended to be the capital of the expected Christian commonwealth; but the cold weather, and the fanaticism of the leaders, and the corruption which always comes to the surface of an insurgent army not under strict moral control, brought them to a defeat by Colonel Gordon, in July 1855, forty-five hundred of the Tæpings were executed. If the English had encouraged this movement, China would have been Christian, for it was a movement from within and would have been resistless. Centuries may roll away before there is another such opportunity favorable for its national elevation.

In 1856 China seized the Arrow, an English ship, and hauled down the flag; for this England seized the forts, and later on opened fire on Canton; the French and Americans joined in the fracas on November 16. The American forces destroyed the forts between Canton and Whampoa, because the Chinese had fired on Captain, afterwards Admiral Foote's ship, the Portsmouth. The next act of aggression on the part of the Chinese was the burning of all the factories of the foreigners, and this was followed by

the English burning the western suburbs of Canton. After this the Chinese made an attempt to kill all the foreigners by mixing poison in the bread. In 1867 the Chinese attacked foreign steamers. But the war in India, and the necessity for troops there occasioned the transferring of the seat of war to the north, which ended in the capture of Peking on December 28th. Canton was bombarded by the allies and captured. The Viceroy was taken prisoner and held for a long time.

This war record is given because it stands related to the trials, labors and work of the American missionaries. The Canton Mission was founded in October, 1844, by Drs. Culbertson, Loomis and Happer, and Mr. Lloyd. In November the mission was organized. Dr. and Mrs. Cole came in December, 1846, Dr. Speer and wife, and Rev. I. B. French, all came to Macao, and in 1847 located in Canton. Dr. Happer and Mr. French opened a boarding school, were twice driven out, and had to take refuge in foreign factories. Mrs. Speer was soon taken from the dangers and anxieties of these troublous times. In 1849 Mr. French opened the first chapel in a poor location; in 1850, Dr. Happer, in addition to his day school work, within a year, began a hospital, which still exists, the best in all China, and which is under the management of Dr. Kerr, assisted by Dr. Swan and Dr. Mary Niles. It has been a continual blessing to the whole Chinese Empire, not only in its service to diseased humanity, but in stimulating others to this kind of work and furnishing a model of what a hospital ought to be. There have been wonderful surgical operations and cures; the work increases with the years and the knowledge of its beneficent existence.

Dr. Kerr is one of the best known physicians and surgeons in China. One of the prevailing forms of disease in this district is stone and urinary calculi. Some of these which have been successfully removed are of enormous size and hardness. This hospital as it now stands is the result of three combined, to wit, the one started by Dr. Peter Parker, an eminent missionary of the American Board, and the first United States Minister to China, Dr. Happer's hospital, and that of the London Mission. The Presbyterian Board pays the salaries of the physicians in charge, but the hospital is sustained by voluntary contributions from the Chinese officials and the foreign population. There was started in 1850 the first day school for boys; in 1852 the second was organized; and in 1853 a girls' boarding school was opened by Mrs. Happer, but she did not live to enjoy the results of its splendid career, which twenty years after was taken in charge by Miss Noyes.

The boarding department is a model of neatness. The beds would seem hard according to our ideas of comfort, instead of a mattress there is only a strip of matting. This, with a quilt and a block of wood, constitutes the Chinese idea of sleeping furniture. There are four classes in this school. The primary consists of little girls from six to eight years old. At the presence of visitors they all come, two at a time, and bow most deferentially. This went on in every class until it became not a little tiresome, and did not end until we asked how long this funereal leave-taking would continue.

One of the most interesting features of the school was the class of mothers. They enter with their little children, lodge and board in the building, take

care of their children, and study with the rest. Both aged and young submit to the requirements and discipline of the institution. Some of these mothers were nearly sixty years old and were diligent in their studies and making remarkable progress. No such enthusiasm and self-control could be found in either Europe or America, and it shows the wonderful possibilities of the Chinese people. They all attended worship in the chapel. It was a touching sight to hear the aged and young singing gospel hymns together. The worshippers followed the prayer, reciting the words as spoken in a low murmur, all, even to the youngest, closing their eyes while the prayer was being offered. This institution, in the absence of Miss Noyes to America, is conducted by Misses Butler, Lewis and Preston.

Miss Preston is the daughter of one of our most devoted missionaries who has gone to his reward and rest. He labored a quarter of a century without ever returning home and died, worn out by excessive work. Long after he was gone the fruit of his labors appeared in different localities in China, like the blooming of solitary flowers where a single seed had been carried by the birds, or upon the wings of the wind. The Methodist missionaries were searching in vain for a place in which to start a mission in a city which was a long distance from Canton, and they were about giving up the effort in despair when a Chinaman came and offered a large place, far better than they had expected to obtain. And when in surprise they asked the reason of the favor, he said, "O, I know all about the religion you preach; when I lived in Canton I often went to listen to a minister, with big eyes, whom I loved to hear. I understand all about it,

you can have my hall." This minister was the faithful Preston, who did his work out of a sense of love and duty and, perhaps, never knew that he was accomplishing any thing by the service which he was rendering.

Another of this faithful band was Rev. Mr. French, who had labored from the first starting of the mission. Exhausted by his long services he had started for rest to the United States, but died on the Indian Ocean There is a notable fact in connection with this mission work, and that is, that it was ten years before there was a single convert. How trying this must have been to the faith of those first workers, who verily endured "as seeing him who is invisible," and believed in his promise, though no sign of its fulfilment greeted them.

The first Presbyterian church was organized January 9, 1862, with seven native and five foreign members. In this year a great typhoon swept over Canton, destroying both life and property. Amidst the wreck of this storm were lost the home and life of the Southern Baptist Missionary, Rev. Mr. Gaylord. Dr. Kerr and Mr. Preston took his body out of the ruins.

Disconnected as these facts may seem, they have been culled from the minutes of the Presbytery, and have all entered into the life of this mission. On Christmas Day of the year 1862, while the war was distracting us at home, another chapel was opened by means of funds raised by Mr. Preston from among personal friends in China and the United States. Such a man would surely have responsive friends. After this an addition was made to the lot, and a book depository started. In 1866 the Rev. H. V. Noyes and his

wife arrived, lots were bought, and mission school houses were erected next to the hospital. In 1868 Miss Noyes took up the work dropped by the death of Mrs. Happer and has carried it on into its present prosperity. In 1872 Rev. E. McChesney was killed by an accidental shot from the gun of a pirate, while on a trip to the country with Rev. Mr. Noyes. Thus these minutes are only the records of lights and shadows of missionary life.

Our Mission in Canton is divided into two sections, east and west, and has under its care eight churches with a membership of five hundred and eighty-six. Three of these are in Canton and five in the interior. The Rev. B. C. Henry has two chapels, eight boys' and two girls' schools, twelve country stations, twenty native assistants and two Bible women. He had thirty-seven additions last year to his churches. Being still in his youth and full of promise he is not only efficient in his work but the author of two valuable books, one published in New York and London called "The Cross and the Dragon," and the other in London, which contains an interesting account of his exploration of the almost unknown Island of Hainan.

We are indebted to him and his books for many valuable facts, which it gives us pleasure here to acknowledge. His wife has charge of fourteen little waifs and could have an orphanage full of them, at the trifling expense of thirty dollars a year each, if she had the means. Infant hands, motherless and fatherless, are outstretched to some childless household in our own country imploring aid in this work which will surely have heaven's smile upon it.

The youngest church in the mission, under Mr.

Henry s care, has a self-sacrificing people, so poor that one wonders how they live, struggling against adversity on every side; and yet with not more than forty communicants it contributed to benevolent work last year one hundred dollars.

The First church is under the care of Rev. H. V. Noyes, assisted by the Rev. O. F. Wisner, who also have three native assistants in the church and chapel, one of whom is supported by the church, the membership of which is one hundred and fifty-six. The pastor of the Second church is the Rev. Kwnan Loy, a native preacher of ability and faithfulness. It is self-supporting and is in connection with the hospital work. The Sabbath-school is under the management of the ladies of the Female Seminary. This church has a membership of two hundred and forty-two. The First Presbyterian church, of Shek Lung, is under the care of the Rev. B. C. Henry. It is located fifty miles east of Canton and has encountered the bitter hostility of the natives, and the consequent dispersion of its members, but all these discouragements it has withstood. A new chapel has been provided, to the cost of which the people, according to their means, have been very liberal contributors. It has thirty-three members.

The First church, of Liu-Po, is also under the care of Pastor Henry; is ten miles east of Canton, has a membership of twenty-seven and is gaining the good will of the natives. His assistant is Ho Kwai-tok. The First Presbyterian church, of San Ui, under the ministry of Rev. W. J. White, one hundred and fifteen miles south-west of Canton, has prospered amidst many adversities. The chapel was destroyed and local hostilities are still strong, but

the members, twenty-nine in number, are steadfast, and native prejudices are softening.

There are six chapels in Canton, and the fact is surprising that preaching is conducted in most of the churches and chapels every day, the service lasting for three hours, so that the congregations, coming and going as may be convenient to the people, aggregate a large number; sometimes in the three hours services as many as a thousand hear the gospel. One of the preachers is a paralytic, and has been so most of his active life. Pain-worn and emaciated, his zeal and faithfulness put stronger ones to the blush. He is carried in his chair to preach to the people and is appreciated by them, which is not surprising when the marks of his mission of suffering are studied.

One of the most interesting institutions here is the Men's Training and Boys' Boarding Schools. It is a fact well known in China that Mr. Noyes is one of the best scholars in the empire, and has done as much literary work as any man of his age in it. The teaching in this school is under his supervision and he is assisted by Mr. and Miss Wisner, all of whom are thoroughly posted in every respect, especially in the Scriptures. We were asked to address the school, which we did through an interpreter. At the end of a fifteen minute speech a Chinese boy, not more than twelve years old—the son of a native Christian —arose and repeated it almost *verbatim*. One of the boys recited the whole of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and there was another who had committed to memory the entire New Testament. In another department the pupils were hearing a lecture and receiving instruction in letter-writing, while in another the chalk marks of problems in

conic sections were fresh on the black-board. Yet we hear that missionaries are lazy and live on the fat of the land, and never do any thing, and some say that they never heard of a converted Chinaman.

There is a church alongside of this School in which services are held every day of the year and sometimes two or three times a day. One is impressed by the surroundings. The Chinese being a pork-eating class of humanity the mission has been located to reach them more readily. Beside the church is a large hog-market, from which the reflection comes ever and anon of death and its solemn realities. While the preacher is praying there is an agonizing squeal, and when he is returning thanks for spared life there is another squeal of desolation, and "another porker" has gone through the gates of death; when he reads another lifts up his dying groans, and as they sing, their melody is mingled with the deep *miserere* of expiring hogs. It is a vicissitudinous service in which the audience ought to be humble and mindful of death and that change is written on the face of all things earthly, for before the service is over the first hogs that squealed are hanging in linked sausage before the church door.

This market-place is interesting in other respects beside its propinquity to the church of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The "put up" of the pigs for market was novel, each pig being imprisoned in a basket all his own, in which he can grunt, wriggle and squeal without distracting his neighbor. In the boats passing up and down the river are hundreds of these basketed treasures, some coming from as far away as the Island of Hainan, being brought to this choice place to die.

In the united effort of treatment to both soul and body in Canton, is the new hospital work of Dr. Mary Fulton, a graduate of that useful medical college, in Philadelphia, which was under the skillful management of the late Dean Bodley and her able staff. Many will remember the mob which drove away Rev. and Mrs. Fulton and Dr. Fulton from Quarping. It was an escape from the very jaws of death. Dr. Fulton began medical work in Canton temporarily until such time as they could all return, but there has been as yet no opening and her work has been a great success. She has now three dispensaries and one hundred patients a day. The myth that women will not make good surgeons has been dissipated here, for according to the testimony of Dr. Kerr, one of the most eminent in the profession, both Drs. Fulton and Niles are succeeding in this department in a most satisfactory degree. Rev. Mr. Fulton is engaged in mission work in and out of the city, preaches in the First church, and is meeting with encouraging results in his work. Miss Baird and Miss Happer are engaged in schools in the city and villages and are doing mission work in the homes of the women.

Mr. White has, in Macao, a chapel and an extensive country work comprising seven stations in the district, from which come most of the Chinese emigrants to America. Mrs. White has the care of two girls' schools. Dr. Thompson has a medical work at Macao, a dispensary, chapel and a new church. Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, Dr. McCandlass and Mr. Jeverniassen are in the interesting country just opened up to the public knowledge, Hainan, and are meeting with remarkable success. This will inform revilers, who may be interested in the subject, what this Can-

ton Mission, so far as we could ascertain, is doing; and that the missionaries and their work, judging them even from a most brief and fragmentary report, are worthy of support and confidence.

The London Missionary Society also has established here its soul-saving efforts. Those controlling it are the English Congregationalists or Independents. Rev. Messrs. Pierce and Eichler have two chapels and an organized church, in Canton, with a membership of seventy-nine. One connected with the chapel at Fatshan has eighty-two members. They have also two other stations in the interior with forty members each. At one of these the natives built their own house of worship. The Southern Baptists have one church which has lifted itself up out of the adversities common to all, and has the prospect of better progress in the future.

To understand and fairly estimate Foreign Mission Work it is necessary to know that the lists of communicants do not give a correct idea of its strength. For many reasons heathen people are slow in taking the final step which brings them into full fellowship with the Church. Sometimes it involves the loss of employment, banishment from home, a practical severing of marriage relations, and sometimes the severest persecutions and even death. Those so sorely tried often attend church, live as Christians, contribute to its support and conform to the requirements of Christian life in every other respect. Others are timid and fear the reproach they will bring on the cause which they reverence far beyond what they feel to be their ability to honor. Often it has been found at death that men and women have been quiet followers of Christ, who never declared

in any other way than by coming to the services and going away without being known even to the missionary. One of the surprises at the harvest time, when the fruit of all sowing shall be gathered, will be the many who have believed and been saved without coming into formal church connection. Of course, it is to be regretted that they did not confess Christ before men, but if they have confessed before God under the trying circumstances of their lives, who is there that will not rejoice that even this was done?

Besides multitudes of the young attend these services and receive lasting impressions, who, when they arrive at manhood and womanhood may be far away; but the truth follows them and they have often raised the standard of the cross in their distant homes. They tell their neighbors and friends of the things heard in childhood, and of Jesus Christ who came to seek and save the lost; and thus the seed sown as it seemed to the wind, has been often the beginning of a church or mission station in some remote corner of the Empire. Then again, the church which may not have more than one hundred communicants, modifies prejudices, makes friends, prepares the way for future progress, scatters seed-thoughts, teaches the husbands and wives of the natives better ideas of duties to each other, and teaches the husband that his wife is not his slave, but his equal. It impart ideas of cleanliness, of virtue in the relations of the sexes, of resignation in affliction, of how to utilize the dark phases of life, all these and more than these could be enumerated, just as a fire kindled has more blessings than merely keeping men from freezing.

Nor are the judicious missionaries anxious to have men and women connect themselves with the church

quickly without careful consideration. They know their lamentable want of knowledge of the simplest Christian requirements. They know how much is against them, both within and without, and prefer to impress them with the solemnity of the step and the consequences involved. The most promising are kept waiting a long time until they have had opportunity to see their unfolding characters, and until the applicant may know by contact with temptation more of his or her own weakness, spiritual needs and sustenance.

The general condition of the Chinaman is unfavorable to the ready reception of the gospel. He is exceedingly self-conceited, and this is the parent of that contempt which never gives up a fault or acquires a virtue. He dotes on his civilization and education, while both are the cast-off rags of antiquity. They may be of some service as a system of intellectual gymnastics, but have no moral hope in them and are of no present practical value. The greatest difficulty in the way of the advancement of this nation is the want of railroads. That was a bad time in Israel when they had no roads, and when every man did that which was right in his own eyes. So every man will ever do. Society becomes disintegrated without adequate and available means of travel. The Chinese cannot realize how far they are behind in the world and how deceptive is the dream of their civilization and progress. There are no more effective missionaries of the gospel for a specific work than railroads; they rend the veil of darkness and bring in the light; they pierce the clouds that the sun of heaven may shine in; they are, in a sense, the John Baptists of the wilderness crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, and make his paths

straight." Hence, it is not surprising that the Prophet, fortelling a coming brighter day for Israel, gave the railroad features of it in this description:—"The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, and they shall run like the lightnings."

When the news went forth of the formation of an American and Chinese syndicate to build railroads and found banking institutions, it was felt that the day of Christian progress was coming for China. The forces in the field ought to be multiplied so that Christianity shall march on with the material progress and greater knowledge, in an increased contact with the outside world. The fact is apparent that China must be shaken up by outside contact, even bloody contact if needs be, horrible as it is, until she learns her weakness—until her intolerable egotism and excessive but ignorant insolence is taken away. Then she will in her true strength arise; for she has tremendous capacities if only rightly directed. There is a disposition on the part of a class of literary cranks in Europe and America to go into admiring spasms over Confucianism and the fungi which have grown out of it. All this is calculated to keep the Chinese still in the background, just as the admiration of the same class for Buddhism *et id genus omne*, contributes to the filthy, disgusting self-conceit of the natives of India, who wallow in styes without even the ambition to turn over.

Neither of these peoples will be elevated by praising what has ceased to be of the slightest value in practical life, however beautiful it may have been. All this ado over Confucianism and Buddhism is only an effort to restore the breath of corpses by sprinkling

them with cologne. They are dead, and produce only death, and ought to go the way of carcasses. The hyena instinct that disentombs them can be productive of nothing better than continued death to the nations to whom they once belonged, and of general malaria everywhere else. This revived interest in heathen religion is but another illustration of that contradiction in human nature, whereby radicalism and progressive religious thought and reactionary tendencies assert themselves in the same mysterious personalities.

It is said with emphasis that all things are possible with God. It may also be said that under certain conditions, all things are possible with man; and this as much on his believing as on his unbelieving side. The Chinese have all the low vices of the worst heathenism with more force in them to effect their degradation. The Hindu with his evil passions can hardly be persuaded to rise from his seat even when he drops down. Inertia is a saving force in his nature; but the Chinaman loves activity even if it is in the direction of self-destruction. Hence, abominable sins for which decency has no nomenclature prevail to an immeasurable extent. Nor is his honesty of higher cast than in other heathen countries. He has a wiser regard for self, and makes his calculations of selfish advantage much farther ahead. His intellectual force is greater, but his deflections are, in this respect, quite as great. He will lie to obtain the smallest advantage.

On the ship that conveyed us to Shanghai there was an example not at all exceptional. A Chinese woman came to the captain saying she was a widow and had several little children, and so wrought on the

captain's feelings that he reduced the fare by one-half. Then she went straight to her husband for the money. This goes on all the time, so that years of experience by the most expert are unavailing for their detection. Another dodge is always to bring a few cents less than the required amount, and declare that this is all the money they have. Their love of gambling of every species is a mania. On the ships the Chinese passengers gamble every cent of their money away, and are often found far from home, penniless. One of the methods adopted by the officers of ships to get the money for the passage when they have gambled it away, is to tie up the delinquent by his cue, when he howls in the ears of the Chinese passengers until they compel the man who has gotten his money to pay it for him.

Sometimes a servant will be faithful for years until intrusted with every thing by his employer, and then without a ripple on the surface of confidence will decamp with every thing he can carry away. Of course it is not here meant to convey the idea that all Chinamen are of this class. The character of a people must not be measured by its best, but by the average manifestation in every station and condition of life.

CHAPTER XI.

A NATION AS HER RELIGION.

RELIGION is a factor which cannot be eliminatde from a nation's history. It is a controlling principle of her life and will be found to affect her politics, commerce, literature and philosophy. Atheism in China is a clustered product. There is, along side of Confucianism and Buddhism, Taoism or Rationalism, a bundle of absurdities with a taking name, whose devotees are truth seekers just as moles might be called light seekers. Its founder was a contemporary of Confucius, and it is, therefore, like Confucianism in its nature, while Buddhism is a "foreign devil."

Latsz was its founder; the most remarkable of his productions is the canon of truth and virtue. It is a popular treatise with the people because they cannot understand it. The unintelligible is relegated to the superstitious. Modern rationalism has its salient characteristics; it is mere transcendentalism or looking at unknowable truth through smoked glasses. Taoism has had to be transformed to be practical, and in these changes only the dross is left, and it is now the lowest and most demoralizing of all the popular superstitions. The system was made somewhat intelligible by its great champion, Changtsz. It was built on materialism, and proclaimed the eternity of matter and the spontaneous origin of the world. Its purpose was sublime, but not practicable. It wrestled with the undefinable. The following will give an idea of it in his definitions of Tao:

"the Tao that can be expressed is not the eternal

name. The nameless being is before heaven and earth; when named it is the mother of all things." In his labor to make virtue intelligible, he says, "The highest form of Teh (virtue) only proceeds from Tao, and Tao is a thing impalpable and indefinite." The following is perhaps his most intelligible utterance:—"The perfect man has no immutable sentiments of his own, for he makes the mind of mankind his own, he who is good I would meet with goodness, and he who is not good I still would meet with goodness." His idea of the origin of the earth and its life was that "the coarser parts of matter descend and form the earth and inanimate things, while the refined essences of one eternal matter tend upward and are possessed of life and individuality, wander through space, infect purer life, having their abodes in the stars, which have a controlling influence on man and things." This system has produced magicians, alchemists, astrology, monastics and elixirs that would give immortality.

The name of this philosopher Latsz means "the old boy;" he has been born and worked over many times, having existed as a living principle, pervading the great force of space prior to creation, and being well evoluted appeared at several times in personified form in three great deities. After creation he is said to have appeared in the guise of kings or statesmen. It will be seen at once what a continuous harvest of myths and superstitions such teachings must produce. The highest ideal of perfection of his disciples is to attain a state of sin-yan or genii, a class a little lower than the gods; and the means for attaining this state are such as are in active use in the Roman Catholic Church—fastings, liturgies, magic, &c.

This system has been a favorite with the rulers of China, and its forms are engrafted into the State worship. The other world is a recast of this; and in the various State temples throughout the Empire the chief wizard, through many mythical processes continuing during nine years, gained the power to ascend to heaven and to prostrate himself before the Three Pure Ones, and then settled in the Dragon and Tiger mountains, where his descendants still have the power of expelling demons and of protecting by charms, &c. This wizard chooses certain spirits to preside over human affairs for a term of years. Thus in years past the presiding spirit in Canton was that of the celebrated Commissioner Lin, who played a conspicuous part in the war between the allies and China in 1841. From this system has come the terrorism due to the fear of evil spirits. As usual, the priests, following their universal instincts, do all they can to keep the people under by means of their fears; so that all China is terrified, and at every door mysterious characters are posted against malignant interferences.

This priestly influence explains their sudden outbreaks against foreigners; it is used to excite their fear, and to keep it up. The most intense hatred exists all over China, growing deeper and more malignant, against all foreigners. It is a mistake that they have any liking for Americans; they make no distinction in their favor, and would cut their throats if they dared. The Chinese have never suffered in San Francisco what they have inflicted, and would again inflict, on Americans if they had the opportunity. The reproach which they heap upon them daily and hourly is more than has ever entered

"hoodlum imagination." "Foreign devil," "red-haired devil," are the epithets muttered and shouted as foreigners walk the streets. A vileness, in undertone, of unspeakable blackguardism is the birth-right and cherished form of heredity transmitted through all the years of Chinese life. It is a species of home culture; it is used among themselves, and is poured out alike upon foreign men and women going along the streets. We do not say that they all do it, any more than that all Americans are hoodlums; but the greater number do so, and no one lifts up his voice against it, and no policeman restrains it. We do not justify by this the oppression to which they are subjected in America. It is a burning shame to us, for we are a Christian people, claiming a higher civilization and a country open to the oppressed of all nations. Nevertheless, according to equity, the Chinaman suffers in America fewer outrages than he inflicts in China.

There are one hundred and twenty temples in Canton, some of which are popular favorites, such as the Temple of Kam-fa, the Goddess of Women and Children; and Kun-Yam, the Goddess of Mercy, whose business it is to bestow sons; accordingly the temple is full of those who desire such blessings, making their sacrifices and "booming their expectations." The Temple of Horrors is another. There is a fascination to human nature, even in its best estate, for horrible sights; hence the common mania for executions. This sentiment is gratified in China by means of the sanctities of worship. It is situated on one of the most frequented streets, and is entered by a wide passage without ornamentation, except the usual monstrous and grotesque images which are

supposed to guard the temple. One sees here the extremes of heathenism in dirty, persistent beggars, moving masses of vermin, with distorted faces and twisted limbs, a species of humanity looking like a cross between the devil and the brute.

Through another gateway we enter a larger court; on each side of which are sections of the Buddhist's hell, containing shocking representations of the torments inflicted in the next abode. All about it is the refuse of half burnt candles and paper; but in front are fortune tellers, herb doctors, jugglers and goggle-eyed adventurers, all engaged in the deception popularly called "the healing art." Beyond this through another lofty portal, to the right and left of the main hall, are the city defenders, the police gods, images of Chinese patrolmen, and as these peripatetic guardsmen in life are all opium eaters, the mouths, chins and stomachs of the idols are daubed with the same disgusting black stuff. This is done in deference to the defunct, who loved it while living, their spirits being supposed to retain the same appetite. Christianity has compelled the temples to adopt some substitute for preaching; hence a professional story-teller is provided, who entertains the crowds with marvellous stories, while on the other side a Chinese preacher is discoursing on the ancient doctrines of the sages.

In the main hall is the image of the patron deity of walled cities, black with smoke and dust; in front of which are two or three women prostrate, who, under a great sense of grief or burdens of anxiety, have come out of their privacy into a public exposure which overwhelmed them, but they brave all for the hope of relief. In a censer upon a tripod, incense sticks are sputtering and smoking, and wax candles

are blushing at the daylight. At each act of devotion a great drum is thumped to wake up the sleepy deity and to notify all concerned how matters are coming on. There are other shrines, with small images, one to the presiding genius of each year. Some are lifted up, having there bricks under them instead of one. In such a case this Buddah has given special prosperity to some devotee during the year, so that he has become a "choice brick." Further back, near which the curious dare not go, is a deity who has undergone matrimony to the extent of a son and daughter; the special benefit to men of this primeval arrangement is not clear to the uninitiated. Offerings of considerable value are made to this god and his family, and the floor is covered with the copper coin called cash. In the month of August his birthday occurs, at which time he is supposed to descend and spend the night in these apartments. It is a time of excitement. The gates of the city are left open, and a breathless jam ensues. Women come from all sides, especially from the country, and remain all night to get any family benefits through his descent. This place is rented by the city to a company, who pay five thousand dollars per year, and make ten out of the business.

Another form of idolatry is ancestral worship. This is based upon the idea that each person has three souls, which part at death. One enters the tablet, one remains with the body in the grave, while the third is arrested and imprisoned in the other world. Each of these souls has consciousness, and their happiness or misery depend on the favorable location of the grave and upon the offerings of the living. The dead are believed to have pressing needs, and to be able

to enjoy the same things as are desired and possessed in life; such as houses, lands, clothing and money. Not being able to get them they must be dependent for them on their living relatives, and being invisible all articles for their use must be also rendered invisible by burning, smoke being the only medium of communication, except food. This they smell; their olfactories are in a high state of cultivation; they absorb odors which lift them into the highest state of felicity; hence over the odor of the flesh of a pig they will swing, straining for higher flights in glory, as a balloon does over a gasometer. They have power to come to those neglecting them, and are able to show them their duties most effectively.

Neglected ancestors become beggar-spirits, and, as misery loves company, they "hob-nob" with hungry ghosts, who go up and down the world dependent on public charity. The result is that stinginess to, and neglect of, ancestors are supposed to be the cause of nearly all the ills that afflict men; so the motives to look after their dead are well loaded with selfish concern.

The worship is not different from the regulation kind. After a man dies the duties of the devout are specific, a cup of water at the door, so that as the spirit comes out it may take a drink, a suit of clothes of cloth or paper according to ability, all are burned so that the smoke may travel with him. Gilded paper is changed into coin in the spirit world, by which the dead can bribe the judge or celestial tailor. For they will not say coffin, but call them "longevity planks," a delicate circumlocution. How much more impressive, had they but known it, is the slang used in some parts of America by which it is designated as a man's

"wooden overcoat." The outfit is a very important affair, because in this he is to make his *debut* into celestial society It must be of the best possible material and pattern, and must be put on before he dies, while upon the location of the grave depends all his enjoyments in the other world. After his demise the female members of the family must howl and scream, and harrass the celestial judges into pity, or lure them until they "let up" or modify the conditions in favor of the departed. The priests, of course, will have a hand in the business; a host of spirits accompanying that of the departed come back at a certain period after death, when the priests elevate the tablet of the deceased into a place of eminence, and the walls about the door are hung with scrolls and inscriptions of various kinds. The priests in robes march about in processionals, bow, chant, ring bells and wave the magic wand or the spirit-quelling sword, lay a heavy tax on the living for their services, and ever after this, regular offerings are made at the time of the worship of the tombs, which occurs about Easter.

This account will give some idea of this strange, and to us meaningless, performance. Here a misconception might as well be corrected, as to the place of the "pig-tail" in Chinese life. It has been associated with this service to the dead, but this is a mistake; it has no religious significance whatever; it is only political. It came into China through the Tartar invasion, and was ordered to be worn as a mark of loyalty to the reigning house; those who would not conform were proscribed. But, to return to the ancestral ceremonies, it is the duty of the eldest son to preside over them, or in case of his death his heir must

preside. It is absolutely necessary to secure a male descendant to perform these ceremonies, and the oldest son inherits the greater part of his father's property to enable him to meet these obligations. If he is cut off, the brothers must appoint one of their sons, and if this one is absent—ten thousand miles away—he must return to perform this duty no matter at what cost. If there is no son, or if he dies, or if he turns Christian, one can easily see what a consternation it makes in Chinadom; hence the ancestral hall is the most sacred in the land. In it are the tablets of the deceased fathers of the clan in which their spirits reside. If both parents are dead the names of both are inscribed in equal honor. A lamp with fragrant oil is always kept burning, and many other ceremonies are observed. It is impossible to convey an understanding of the direful influence of this ancestral tyranny, in which all Chinese life, hope and progress are entombed.

We now turn from the prevailing religious systems to the temples. The founding of the city of Canton by the five genii riding on rams has been previously referred to. The temple to their honor was visited, and in the first pavilion the chief idol is Shangti. On the right side are three halls having several idols. Beyond the pavilion is a square tower with an arched passage twenty feet high; in an opening over this arch is a bell said to weigh ten thousand pounds. There is a sacred legend that any stroke by which this bell should ever be rung would be the harbinger of great calamity to the city. A workman was repairing some part of the frame on which it is suspended and accidently struck it, and, as the story goes, a great pestilence followed, from which unnumbered multitudes died.

There is a circular break in the rim which was made by a cannon ball from the allied besiegers, the French and English, in 1857, and this made it hum; and the influence of the existing superstition is thought to have caused the surrender of the city in three or four days after. In the rear of the bell tower is the shrine of the five genii, and before the images are five stones which represent the five rams. It is hard to see the rams in those shapeless stones, except in the same way in which Michael Angelo saw an angel in an uncut block of marble.

The habits of the Chinese are as remarkable as their temples. China is remembered from our childhood in a picture in the second reader of the schools of that day. There were two Chinamen with pigtails, and with wide brimmed hats, both belled and conical at the top. A Chinaman was at each end of a pole, and between the poles were puppies and rats dangling. This juvenile representation has been indignantly denied as a slander not long since in the *Presbyterian*. But its truth so far as Canton, at least, is concerned must be confessed; our eyes have seen dogs in market skinned, with a tuft of hair on their tails, and their claws left to prove the genuineness of the article; we saw them cooking and cooked, and men at work on these canine dainties. All this was seen in several markets. In the cat meat market is a pot simmering day and night over which is a placard, "Pure sweet black cat always on hand." This is a dainty, and is very scarce and expensive. It is eaten to renew flagging courage, and is valuable in fitting the Chinese for fighting. The government has not the wealth to purchase this aid to courage, and so the Chinese have often been worsted

because they have not much pluck of their own. There are also rats dressed, rat sausage, and dried or jerked rats. So that the glowing account given of Chinese progress is not manifest in Canton, and certainly not in any adaptation to civilized ideas as to food.

The fact is clear, that nothing but a national earthquake will shake this people out of their ancient ideas and habits. Those who have lived in America are never again happy at home. Even with their limited opportunities here, they see and learn too much to go backward, and will move forward ever after, be it ever so slowly. The greatest obstacle in the way of Chinese progress is the almost insuperable difficulty in reaching the masses. Even Chinese culture, such as it is, is only partial, and belongs to the few rather than to the many. All the influences from contact with other nations and with mission work of every kind have not produced a shimmer on the edges of the heaving masses. There are millions who have been no more affected by them than an iceberg is by moonlight.

The modes of transfer of humanity are peculiar. The trundle of wheels is not known in the native cities in China; all passengers from place to place are carried in a square box or palanquin suspended between poles, which rest on the shoulders of the bearers. When the load is heavy, four will take it on their backs and shoulders. In these narrow streets those carrying bundles have the right of way; and their peculiar call to clear the way is always in hearing. The front man, when a corner is to be turned, calls to the rear man to harmonize his end to the movement. The curiosity of the people amounts to impertinence; they come up and remove

the curtains from the sedan chairs to examine the European or American, and take hold of their garments, inspect them and remark on them. There is not another nation, unless it be the African savages, that will take such liberties; and their disgusting remarks about foreign ladies on the street are often so low that a man blushes as he hears them, and feels that it would be a pleasing exercise to knock them "into the middle of the next week." The insolence of the nation to foreigners is proverbial. They are cowards, and if an European calls them to a stern account they will cringe like dogs, and beg pardon, but will go away cursing in their hearts.

The educated classes, as they are called, are the instigators of this insolence, which will some day cost them another war. The Viceroy of this district has cherished this hatred to foreigners until it has become a mania. He is starting a college which is said to have been inspired to counteract the proposed American college, the funds for which have been secured by Dr. Happer in the United States. Whether this be his motive or not for the movement, he has enough of this hateful animus to hinder or destroy it if he could.

The buildings of the Viceroy's College are immense in extent, covering twenty acres of ground walled in, with a surrounding moat. They are one story high, of the blue brick of the country, laid in and pointed with white mortar. The brick work is not good, the walls wind, and the horizontal lines are not level. The architectural construction of the roof is heavy and clumsy; the trusses are made of round logs; and the ends are cut to fit sections of their circles. There is provision for stalls which are to be the abiding places

of the students, with floors of porous red tiles laid on the ground. The brick walls will have no ornamentation but white or colored wash. The buildings give the impression of being designed for military and naval education. The prospect of a new American College has taken hold on the minds of many progressive Chinese as well as the Christian population. There was a movement on foot by the Chinese gentry toward raising money for the buildings. There is no doubt that the money can be raised; the only question is as to the place in its control which they may demand.

This might render their gifts a curse rather than a blessing, but it is thought that all can be so managed as to have co-operation without domination. There is no doubt as to the securing of students; many have already signified their determination to enter as soon as it is organized, and others will leave the native institutions which do nothing toward preparing men for the life of the times. The Chinese teachers have no ideas of modern scientific progress; their pride is in their old classics, at best but literary patch-work. An education, according to Chinese ideas, is simply an entombing of the mind and its activities in a highly ornamented Chinese sepulchre. Christian civilization is what China needs, and many of her people are coming to know it, and are ready to walk out of the swaddling bands of walled China or of China in her ancient comatose state. The people are constitutionally above the average of Orientals. The Chinaman is conservative, slow in movement, but has a steadfastness of character which, set in the direction of good, will make him a power in the world.

Opportunity was afforded us in an unexpected manner to see something of higher social life at a wedding

in the chapel of the Second church, better known as the Hospital chapel. The bridegroom, Mr. Liang Yang, was a nephew of Yung Wing, who married lately in New England. He was a handsome young man, who had been in America and partially educated there. He desired to be married by Christian ceremonies. His wife was the niece of a Chinaman who studied medicine in Edinburgh, and had amassed a fortune, which the bride inherited. She was about ten year older than the groom, and had determined not to marry, and according to the custom had signified an intention of perpetual celibacy by putting up her hair, but the sight of this young man caused her to take it down again. There is a custom in China which permits a man to wear royal colors just one day in his life. Accordingly the groom appeared crowned with a red head-covering. The bride was about the usual height, and walked awkwardly on her compressed feet. They did not enter the church together. He came first, and waited a long time on her movements, not without indications of nervousness, for her mother was exceedingly hostile to the union, and left no possible means unused to break it up, so that he had reason to pace about disquietedly. The lady had, however, a will of her own and also the sinews of conquest.

It is a social requirement in China that the bride must go from her own or her parent's house, and as she could not have a parent's home she rented one for herself, and from this came to the church accompanied by her sister. The church being divided so that women were on one side and the men on the other, they came down the separated sides and met before the pulpit. She was thoughtful and timid; her face

was painted; her hair combed smoothly back from the forehead without puffs or other front ornament, but put in a peculiar Chinese twist, covered with an ornamented head-dress of flowers and pearls. Her dress was a mass of elaborate embroidery.

The clergymen officiating were Rev. Mr. Wisner, Dr. Phraner, of New York, and the writer. After the ceremony all received refreshments in the home of Dr. Kerr, Superintendent of the Hospital. Dr. Swan, in the same institution, was a friend of the groom, and had much to do in bringing the ceremonies to an issue so delightful to the couple married, and so interesting to those of us who had to take their first lesson in the ways of Chinese social life, modified and elevated by Christian affinities and sentiments.

The social life of the English-speaking people in China is delightful. Isolation always draws together genial spirits; a small but dependent circle has many affinities growing out of common necessity as well as congeniality.

The missionaries are in the lead in numbers, and are, as a class, cultivated and agreeable. There are many others who are engaged in professions and business and contribute a variety of taste and occupation to the circle. Hospitality is at the heart of all life, and it is found here in its highest expression. During our stay there was a daily round of social entertainments, not only with the people of our own country, but with the English as well. It was a pleasing surprise to meet here, just half-way round the world, our old friend, Dr. Phraner, who left New York for the westward about the same time that our course was set to the eastward. It is superfluous to say that he

is a genial companion, and full of the facts and events of travel—a very centre of intellectual and social life.

There is an island-strip of land belonging to Great Britain and France, on which the consular agencies live together, with many other Europeans so favored, which is called Shamien, and is a centre of foreign official, commercial and social life. Here is the residence of the American Consul, Mr. Seymour, a citizen of the State of Wisconsin. He is a great favorite with his countrymen of all parties, and has honored his office more than it has honored him; a man whose personal character dignifies his official standing, and is of grander proportions than any political office can confer. He has rescued his fellow-countrymen from the great perils of two insurrections by his firmness and quiet fearlessness. He not only saves from danger, but ever keeps a sharp eye upon their best interests, and is so firm and yet so moderate in temper and honest in his demands that the Chinese officials usually grant what he asks. Therefore he has the respect of the Chinese and the devotion of his countrymen. His hospitality was extended to us in genuine American fashion, and an evening passed quickly in the society of himself and accomplished wife and daughter, together with the coterie of friends he had invited. He gave us a very interesting estimate of the progress and future of foreign missions in China. His testimony is of especial value, as it is given by one who looks from an outside point of observation, and speaks in the light of a statesman. Furthermore, though a man of religious conviction and appreciations, he is not, as we understand, in connection with any branch of the church.

He spoke of the slowness of Chinese minds to

receive any ideas of which they have had no experience, and that the Christian religion had hardly an analogy in all that they knew of God or of any relation he may sustain to the race. It is all a new creation to them—an amazement if they think about it at all, and altogether too strange to be suggestive. But, said he, "it is making its way against all this silently and apparently inoperatively, but I have seen the steadfastness of those who have received it, and believe that when once it is received they will hold to it with greater tenacity than to their present forms and customs of belief." He did not give examples, but in the church ministered to by the Rev. B. C. Henry we saw two men whom the pastor said were very useful, and added that during the last riots they were arrested and put in prison cages, and did not know what moment their heads would be cut off. "They were as faithful in the prison cages as here in the church to-day." "How did they get out?" was the anxious question. "O, our Consul got them out."

In this strange way we found out some of the cases that tended to assure the Consul of the Christian stability of the Chinese. How many more he saw in trial we do not know, but he spoke as one having knowledge. He gave us another element in Chinese character which would tell in the extension of the Christian religion among them. This relates to the despotic power in the family of the wife and mother in arranging for the future of her children. A Chinaman loved a young woman and desired to marry her; but his mother had arranged a marriage for him. For a long time he resisted, and left his home to get away from it. But his mother came a long distance

to bring him to terms. He at last consented to make a visit home, still declaring that he would not obey; but after his return he was questioned as to the result, when he said, "Yes, I had to submit to my mother." Said the Consul, "With such power over their children how resistless will these Chinese women become if Christianized—when right instead of might shall control both their convictions and actions." He also spoke of the ability and faithfulness of the missionaries in general in their work, and looked forward to the time when this should result in harvest.

Such is an outline of his views as nearly as can now be recalled, though not stated so forcefully. Such testimonies are in manly, truthful contrast with those given by many in official position who represent our government, but who have no sympathy with those of their countrymen who have left their homes to endure the danger and discomforts of foreign residence in order to elevate those who have fallen behind in the march of life. Usually these self-sacrificing men are superior in learning, in talents, in social position at home and abroad, and receive meagre salaries for their services, yet are snubbed abroad and traduced at home by officials whose very bones and marrow have been made by public benefactions, who will not take the trouble to see what they are doing lest the truth might compel them to be honest. It is by such men, and others who are living dissipated lives abroad, and to whom the missionary is a reproach, that most of the adverse gossip is manufactured for the use of vagabond correspondents of secular papers. They never take a step in the direction of the hundreds of schools and thousands of heathen children whom devoted men and women are instructing. They never

cross the threshold of the hospitals, where earnest work is being done without other reward except the comfort that the relief of sufferings give. They never go into the orphanages to see the washed and fed and well taught waifs, picked up in alleys and commons. If such people do not like the churches, why then have they not the common honesty and decency to praise the humanity displayed by men and women who work amidst daily self-denials, come in contact with uncleanness, and breathe the continuous taint of diseases as horrible as leprosy?

CHAPTER XII.

SCENES AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE COAST OF CHINA

THE coast of the Chinese Sea is peculiar in respect to ruggedness, bareness and fertility. The rocks are volcanic, and lie on each other in the confusion incident to stupendous upheaval. Some of these rock-built mountain conformations reach an abrupt elevation of one thousand feet; between are deep depressions, dreary and lifeless. Then between these promontories and walls are stretches of plain fertile and attractive. Between Hong Kong and Shanghai are seen these diversities; in the midst of some of them are little cities spread on the plains or perched on the mountain sides. One of these is Swatow. The place is almost entirely inhabited by Chinese, except the missionaries.

The native houses are poor; the streets are narrow and filthy. They have about as much indication of order as is found in Washington Irving's description of the city of New Amsterdam, when civilization

followed the trails and browsings of the cows in their meanderings over the rocky hills on which New York now stands. There is nothing in Swatow which will be of any interest except the missionary work of our own countrymen under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and of the English Presbyterians. Both of these missions are prosperous. This is the field of labor of Miss Adele M. Fields, so well-known through her devotion to mission work at home and in China, and the author of the interesting little book entitled "Pagoda Shadows." The beginning of her missionary life may be familiar to some of our readers, but will be new to most and is full of pathetic interest. It may not be accurate in all particulars, but the story is that she was betrothed to a promising young missionary in Swatow, who had provided a home for his betrothed wife, furnished it with the enthusiasm of a young man for the love of his heart, and counted the hours of her coming. But on the very day she sailed he died, and when she arrived, flushed with hopes so near realization, the sad tale of her henceforth widowed heart was told her. She staggered under the blow, but did not fall, save into martyr-fortitude. She entered the home provided for her, where every object revealed both the love of his heart and the work of his hands. She wiped her tears away, for they were not hopeless, and then became his in a higher sense, by doing the work he had left her to do, and thus gaining the blessings of both, in a career of usefulness which reads like a romance.

On another rock-built coast nearer Shanghai is Amoy. Behind are gray-stone mountains, not relieved by any evidence of vegetation. The city lies

in a curve, presenting the same general characteristics of all native towns and cities. There is a European quarter, which is inviting. It is occupied by missionaries and others, whose business compels them to be exiles from their own land. The mission work here is divided between the English Presbyterians, the Reformed of our own country, known better as the Dutch, and the London Mission; all are unusually prosperous. Dr. Talmage, brother of the noted preacher of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and Rev. I. MacGowan, of the London Missionary Society, have become centres of power. The work of the English Presbyterian Church and the American Reformed (Dutch) Church is one of the most prosperous in all China.

The Reformed have five missionaries in Swatow. In Amoy and Swatow they have twenty-one. The English have five ordained native missionaries and a membership in all their stations of 3,553 communicants. In the Reformed Mission are Drs. Talmage, Kipp and Vandyke. Both the English and Reformed have prosperous schools. There is a bit of romance about these missions which will be of interest. Drs. Culbertson and Bridgeman, pioneer missionaries in China, were with their families on a ship which struck a rock, and in addition to other injuries, lost her anchor, and had to put into Amoy to get another; and this movement caused another result more remarkable. The Rev. Mr. Kipp was wifeless at this time, and the disabled ship and a kind Providence brought him through that disaster one of the most beautiful Christian woman in all China.

But no phase of the mission work in China is more wonderful than that of the London Mission Society,

as presented in a pamphlet by Rev. I. MacGowan in the form of a history of self-support. There is no subject connected with foreign Christian work looming up with such vital importance as this. The life of the church in heathen lands is involved in it. For a dependant church is at first a cripple, and afterward a dead church. Babyhood is a condition in order to manhood, but is not reached until the ability for self-support is developed. If these missions cannot assume the functions of life the church might as well finish its missions efforts by the purchase of coffins, and interring therein its helpless dead. A quarter of a century is long enough for infancy. It is long enough to feed any living organism out of a spoon; and if its limbs cannot be strengthened and the use of them obtained through self-care it will always be a paralytic lying at the beautiful gate of Christian charity. Self-support is therefore the unsolved problem in connection with evangelizing of the world, and will, like the doctrine of justification of faith, though in another sense, become the test of a standing or falling church. Any hopeful effort in this direction will be hailed with delight as the harbinger of final victory in accomplishing the world's salvation. There are two disastrous influences going out from the chronic helplessness of many of our older missions. One is the general impotency of the missions, which can never be transformed into churches, and so must be stinted in their growth and ugly in their proportions, and have the rickets or other like deformities. On the other hand, the nurturing mother churches will become cross because they cannot wean these life sucking dependencies. Another deleterious influence is the impression made upon heathen that the home churches are

simply subsidizing institutions, so that after sitting like tailors on their limbs until they are asleep they can never be persuaded to put them out for the purpose of motion, or to develop their strength.

The year 1866 was an eventful one in the work of the London Missionary Society in Amoy. It was the beginning of an experiment in the direction of an attempt to make the church indigenous to the soil, and to give it the robustness, the activity, the self-respect, caused by the consciousness of self-propelling power. The first effort was to cut off the appropriation by the parent society for incidental expenses amounting to two dollars a month, devoted to the purchase of oil for the lamps, tea, coffee, tobacco, &c., to entertain visitors in Oriental fashion, customs of hospitality which were at that time essential to public good will. This is the Chinese idea of the command, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." The reduction produced murmuring. But it was a good place to begin showing these Christians the absurdity of expecting other people to do their hospitality. The missionaries then told them about the story of Nathan to David, or of the man that spared his own flock and took the poor man's lamb. They soon saw the point; and stingy as they are by nature they began to ridicule such hospitality, and soon furnished these delicacies themselves and denounced them in other churches. The next move was to get the members to subscribe to their minister's salary. All the Scriptures bearing on the subject were well ventilated before they saw where the missionary was driving. After they had gotten them into the humor of nodding as each truth was advanced, they got them to talking in the same direction. They gave them all a chance to do a

little amateur preaching until they liked it and were well up on the subject. Then they sent them out into other congregations to preach on the subject. After they had enjoyed the matter in the form of opinions Dr. MacGowan brought it home in the form of practical application. Some had anticipated him, and had already adjusted themselves to the situation; others were startled as by a flash of lightning from a clear sky; others became cross and ill-tempered and began to prophesy evil. The stingy ones thought it was so uncharitable to think that the churches in England did not want to continue their help to the poor people of China. But the minister showed them that the money which had supported them so long ought to go to start churches where men had never heard the gospel.

At last the day of trial came. After preaching on the subject the minister announced his purpose and asked a deacon, whose opinions he well knew, to come forward and subscribe. Then followed a scene full of the elements of fine humor, mingled with smiles, frowns and perturbations. The first man that responded to his appeal got up, and stated that he thought it was only right that they should subscribe towards their self-support. He was not at all well off himself, he said, but he had been thinking over the matter very seriously, and he had decided to give one hundred cash a month. Soon a surly specimen was attacked, the richest man in the lot. He assumed the pious tone, and quoted Scripture on the other side. He flung his passages about wildly. He struck some of his brethren hard who had subscribed about paying their debts before being liberal. They took his tilts about hypocrisy and showing off as well as they

could, and kept right on plying him first with one argument and then another.

They spoke of the joy that came from giving a portion of their substance to the Lord, and showed that they as Chinamen should be above taking help from others when they could assist themselves. The heathen, they said, had reproached them, telling them that theirs was a foreign religion, and that they were supported by foreign money. It lay with themselves to combine and take away this reproach. From every side voices were heard urging him to allow his name to be put down. The deacon with pen in hand, moving impatiently over the paper, implored him to mention some sum that he could record. At last the man was touched; there was a weak spot in his heart after all, and there was a power that could unloose the hard grip with which he held his money. I am sorry to say it was not the highest motive that had made him yield. It was shame. He could not endure the quiet irony that had been gently and delicately mixed in the arguments of some of the brethren, and so in desperation he blurted out, "Well! I'll subscribe fifty cash a month!" There was a look of amazement on the faces of all around, and many protests were raised against such a paltry sum being received. It was indeed ridiculously out of proportion to the man's means, "but I decided," said the missionary, "that this would do for the present. We had gained a great victory. We had got him to give something, and I hoped that in the future, as his soul grew, his liberality would grow also." This picture of the first effort in China at church self-support among the men of strange visages and vestures is not different from thousands of scenes of like character

at home, where both money and experience are more abundant, and it was a magnificent success.

The next boom that self-support received was another surprise. A native church had been going down; some thought it was owing to a bad location, while others mentioned hindrances of other kinds. The deacons knew the true cause and were serious over it, they said they were not satisfied with the preacher that had been sent to them, and suggested a change to one who was a great favorite. The missionaries were slow to accept the suggestion, but at last thought they would put a stop to the fruitless talk. They said, "Yes, the mission will give him to you if you will support him, but you must not ask the mission for any help." They objected, but the missionaries would not relax, and the Chinese would not give up their purpose; so when they all met again it was to say that the salary was all raised. This was the beginning of a new era in the history of the church; for the knowledge of the independence of this church spread to others, who had secretly chafed under the custom of the missions appointing their ministers.

The Chinese remind us of the man who, speaking of the contrary characteristics of a wild pig, said, "I had to pull his ears out to get him to the trough, and then I had to pull his tail out to get him away." Small churches, so weak that they could not engage in worship without leaning against some object of support, now started up with the spirit of young giants refreshed with wine. We might multiply examples of the changes from subserviency to Christian manhood under this new birth into self-respect, but this will show the drift. It will reveal the vital relation between self-support and church extension.

No church ever yet gave itself up to church extension until it was able to take care of itself. One of these self-supporting churches made up its mind to occupy a city centre; the mother church was in the country. The mission discouraged them, but they persisted until they promised that the new church should never come on the mission for any part of its support. The people were as good as their word; and this one of their own forming is one of the largest and liveliest in the whole mission. And all this throws light on the future policy of the church in China.

The time will come when mission work will be confined to the education of a native ministry to the work of founding and general superintendence, leaving the individual churches to the management of their own church affairs, the mission only looking after the doctrines preached, and advising where it is needed. These Chinese pastors are, in the administration of their parishes and in their ecclesiastical bodies, strict constructionists. The Presbyterian missionaries in Ningpo pointed us to two native pastors, and said these men contend with us in Presbytery for the strict construction of the Form of Government, and they will not give up until they are satisfied that they are in the exact line of conformity. This, of course, is helped by the conservative character of the people. The following is the result of the effort at self-support made in the London Mission of Amoy. When they commenced in 1866 they had eight principal stations and two out stations, all of which were practically supported by the mission. To-day they have twenty-five of the former, and twenty-three of the latter. Nineteen of the principal stations are not only self-supporting, but maintain fourteen of the out stations.

The condition and administration of the government exhibit a side of the Chinese moral and political character which should not be overlooked. The government is despotic; whatever its theories may be, practically it is oppressive in the extreme. The country is governed by mandarins, who raise the revenues, squeeze the people, and keep the peace. An example which occurred near Ningpo will show the methods of Chinese administration. A man's inheritance was an island, and from time beyond memory it had been in his family. Butthe river had been depositing sediment and in creasing his acreage. The land sharks, the mandarins, discovered this, and levied higher taxes, but the incumbent refused to pay, saying, "The river may take away a part of my inheritance; will the government then lower my taxes correspondingly?" They replied, "That had nothing to do with it; that would be in the future, this was in the present." They sent the tax gatherer, and the farmer and his sons carried him to the other shore. Then the police came, and the farmer's neighbors helped him and gave them a drubbing. Then soldiers came, and, capturing the culprits, cut their heads off, also those of their sons over fifteen, and the heads off all the neighbors, who had engaged in the contest, expatriated their children, and thus satisfied the demands of the paternal government.

There is a quiet antagonism going on between the native Chinese and the Tartar dynasty. But the present administration makes short work with those upon whom the suspicion of disloyalty rests. They are arrested and decapitated without formality. During the war with the French many, who had not been

known to have had even disloyal thoughts, were carried beyond the gates and beheaded, so that the people do not know what may come next; they are forever dazed by uncertainty. The late Marquis Tseng a short time before his death had a number of men taken outside of the gate, and their heads cut off without trial for robbing the grave of his daughter of trinkets and offerings. This man, then over eighty years old, saw the conduct of all the foreign ministers about the throne, and had been himself a Minister Plenipotentiary to foreign nations, but nothing modified his cruel spirit.

The government is poor. The marriage of the young king was deferred on account of the poverty of the exchequer. The fortifications which they are building and furnishing at every weak point are consuming the wealth of the Empire. The people are poor, and what is worse, there are no resources to meet emergencies. Political reconstruction must come before prosperity. There is little doubt that it will start, as did the Tæping rebellion, from some mind enlightened in some of the Christian schools. No government schools will ever raise up a reformer, for their teachings are a thousand years behind the age, and there is no moral faith, nor even national cohesion, through which the Empire can be roused, even to the purpose of turning over in its coffin.

There is much to be learned respecting the prevailing opinions of the people through their customs and idolatries. They refer disputes for settlement to wooden judges. When there is neither testimony nor evidence, a suspected man may swear himself innocent before a wooden god, and if no judgment in the form of a disaster follow he is regarded as innocent. Some-

times the brazen-faced scoundrel is overtaken by some calamity after he has cleared himself; if so, the injustice of the judgment is declared, and the god becomes very unpopular, but the wrong is never righted. A story is told of a man in Swatow making a passage in a boat, who, having fifty dollars in his pocket, gave it to the captain for safe keeping. He put it in his cabin, which was entered by a trap-door, on which he stood while steering, and was never off it. Only one man had access, the boatswain, and when the money was called for, it could not be found. The boatswain was straightway charged with the theft. But he declared his innocence, and his purpose to go before the wooden judge and take the oath of imprecation on himself and all the members of his family, if he were not innocent. One of the imprecations was that he should have his leg broken. As he passed out from the temple he stumbled over the stone door-sill, and broke his leg, which was considered positive proof of guilt. The wooden god came at once into great favor with the multitude, and the man was execrated. But the captain returned to his cabin, overhauled every thing, and found the fifty dollars where he had placed them, when there was another reversal of public favor, and the god was execrated. The captain, however, acknowledged the wrong he had done the crippled man, paid the doctor and the expenses of his injuries, and left the ideas of the community on the advantages of wooden judges greatly muddled.

Along the coast can be seen fair specimens of Chinese houses. The Chinese live in villages both from social instinct and need of protection. There are no farm-houses. The people do not move about much, and the ancestral spot, called home, is a place

of many centuries' association. The house may grow older, filthier, and more tumble down in appearance; but it has a pedigree of hundreds of years. The house as a stable would be apologized for in England or America. Every creature, and creeping thing, fowls of the air and fowls of the barnyard, pigs, goats and hares all live and pursue their natural avocations in the same room. Beside all these tenants in common, cholera lives there in the summer, and smallpox hides in the dirty rags of winter, and vermin cling close to the vital parts. In bleak lands these houses are sometimes built of stone, usually of a frame filled in with mud and without windows because the evil spirits would come in to torment the family, or go out to torment their neighbors. The roof is made of tiles laid on poles, usually of bamboo. There is but one chance for air and light—the door; the floors are of clay pounded hard; the furniture consists of bedsteads of bamboo poles. The cooking range is made of clay or plaster, with no chimney, and the only opportunity for the dispersion of the smoke is when the door is opened. The fuel is dried leaves and grass, which requires one person to be putting it in all the time to keep the heat up for cooking purposes. There is usually a small yard, where clothes and meat are sun-dried. There are sometimes a couple of rooms for the older women of the household, but in this place are stored away all products—human, vegetable, animal and insect.

When the sons grow old enough to marry, and wives are brought home for them space is apportioned to each one under that ancestral roof, and their numerous children live with parents and grandparents and great-grandparents, while the old black sow with her

pigs pushes her way into society, and the yellow dog finds a locality for himself, and the buffalo stands with head and shoulders inside the door. According to European ideas that house is both well stocked and stored. Every nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand of the Chinese live in this way.

The houses of the wealthy cover more ground, have more carvings, more trees, but not more light nor cleanliness. There are some reasons for this kind of domicile. Thieves are discouraged where there are no windows. The women cannot get about to clean them because of their crippled feet. The houses are ever full of the children of three or four generations.

As the effects of the custom are before us, the subject of binding the feet may be noticed in this connection. This is the result of the tyranny of fashion, which is stronger in China than any other country in the world. A Christian father justified himself in having his daughter's feet bound by saying: "My daughter must, according to the customs of her country, be married; I am not able to support her, and she cannot do it herself as a single woman, with subjection to the awful temptation to female dishonor or to the social disgrace that attaches to single life. It breaks my heart to think of inflicting this pain on her, which I know now is useless and wicked. There are not as yet Christian young men to marry the daughters of Christian parents; and if there were, she would always be reproached by the Chinese, which would be a shame to her and her husband as well; and if she cannot marry a Christian, she never can a native unless he is of the lowest and most degraded class. What then can I do, inflict physical pain or doom every child to life long shame and dishonor?" We leave the ethics of the case

to those who choose to speculate and proceed to describe the mode of torture.

The well-to-do bind the feet of their daughters at six or eight years, for they can then spare them from the service which poor girls must perform; the poor bind their feet usually at thirteen. The change is made entirely by bandages, linen cloths being the best, cut in strips about two inches wide and eight or ten feet long. They begin by laying one end of the bandage over the instep, which is then carried over the four small toes, pressing them down against the sole of the foot; then it is passed under the foot, over the instep and around the heel, drawing the heel and toe closer together, making a bulge on the instep and a deep interstice on the sole underneath; then the bandage follows the course already laid out until it is entirely exhausted, when the end and edges are sewed fast to each other.

Once a month the feet are soaked in hot water, the bandages are taken off and all the dead cuticles and flesh scraped off, the foot brought into the ideal shape by pressure, and bandaged again with clean bandages, the flesh being covered with pulverized alum. This must be done quickly, for as soon as circulation begins, pain sets in and swelling follows. After the flesh sloughs off, frequently the toes drop off; sometimes the nails grow into the flesh on the under side of the foot, causing the intensest pain .This process usually lasts a year, and at the end of two years the feet are painless. While this process is going on the sufferer lies across the bed with her feet hanging over the side, swinging them backwards and forwards—moaning, crying and raving, filling up the hours of this terrible ordeal. When it is over a more disgusting object rarely confronts human

gaze. There is little else below the knee than skin and bones. The four small toes are so twisted that their ends may be seen on the lower side of the foot, and the bones belonging to the middle of the foot are pressed into the instep. The poor cripple walks ever after as if on wooden pegs, timidly and awkwardly shambling through life following the fashion. The bandages are always worn; the alum powder is always needed to disinfect the dying cuticle; the odors (except to love, we suppose,) must be unbearable, but a Chinaman's nose has no discriminating power. By this practice more than half the productive labor of Chinese women is lost, and this in a country where there are but two facts, the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest is an incalcuable national calamity. It is one of a pair of national curses. The other is child-betrothal with its paralyzing obligations. This will be manifest from the following facts. A wealthy mandarin who lived in Wuchang, had a house walled up on every side. To the women within this was the size of their world. He had three beautiful daughters, cultured after Chinese fashion. Their embroideries were exquisite. They had in their caged lives little to divert them, and less to improve their minds. They knew how to play cards, but even this will not satisfy a heathen mind. The only alternative left was to listen to the gossip of old women permitted to roam the streets, fortune tellers and moral scavengers, and match makers, for marriages in China are arranged by middle women, go-betweens.

These anxious young ladies knew that they would be separated some day, and their desire to know by whom, how and when, consumed them like fire. They

wished, when together, that it might never be, but this was impossible, for they had all been betrothed years before when they were little children. Soon they would be sent for, and the cruel day of parting would come. The day came at last when the nest was to be broken, and the fledglings were to be perched under other roofs. Their father had died since their betrothals, and what looked fair to him was all frost-bitten now, a decayed and worthless thing. The little boy, six years old, who was to be the husband of the eldest daughter, had, after the betrothal, fallen on a stone and broken his skull, and had never even a gleam of intelligence afterwards; he was a hopeless idiot, and his friends said it was caused by his betrothal to this girl. Evil influences on her account had destroyed him, so she had an idiot for a husband and the wrath of a mother-in-law, with whom she must always live, arrayed against her as the destroyer of her only son. The news next came to the second sister and her heart was crushed, but through another form of calamity. When her father betrothed her, the family of her husband was rich and held honorable place under government. But the father was cashiered and disgraced; all that he had was taken from them and her husband could scarcely keep himself alive, so that she would have to accept a life of social degradation and starvation at last.

The youngest sister had not come to the age when she could know her destiny. In the night these almost children in years, and babes in knowledge wept in each other's arms—no one could or would soothe their griefs. They devised and proposed plans of relief, one thought and then another would present itself, until the day dawned after a comfortless night.

Their nearest of kin was angry that they should be disturbing themselves over a future which he said might never come. Said he: "You ought to have more sense than to think of breaking the betrothal of your dead father." Night came down with its black wings on another dreary day. A suggestion sprang, as by instinct, into the minds of the older sisters, who, without saying a word to each other, understood its significance. They dressed themselves in their beautiful bridal garments, and leisurely surveyed themselves in woman's vanity of dress. After they had thus satisfied themselves they turned the drama into tragedy with equal self-possession. Opium was prepared and the youngest now understood their strange proceeding. She begged them not to leave her alone in the world. They had to soothe her, telling her that her future would be better, but she cried only the more piteously, clasping them each with a slender arm. Said she at last, "Let me go with you. I can't stay here when you are gone." "Let her go with us," said the second sister, "Let us take no risks." Then the oldest sister gave to each of her sisters a pill from the palm of her hand and took one herself. Then she said, "How I would like to know something of the dark beyond into which we soon shall go, but there is none who can tell;" and kissing each other, they laid down in their wedding dresses, the baby, as they called her, lay between. The sun looked into the window, as he had all their lives before; his beams lighted up their beautiful faces, but no smile responded to his greeting; no hand was lifted to rub away sleep from heavy eyes. The chamber was flooded with still brighter rays, but, alas, his beams fell on faces never to smile again! They had slept themselves to death.

CHAPTER XIII.

A CITY IN THE DELTA.

CHINA is a country of great rivers and great tributaries. If any one doubts its commercial possibilities, let him trace on his map its rivers and reflect on what advantages a navigable river involves, such as mountains, the reservoirs of their supplies; snows the replenishers of nature's drainage, the security of life; irrigation and distributed fruitfulness; diversities of soil and temperature; fertilization by tides and floods; alluvial soil always recreating itself; transference of life the counteractive of human stagnation; diffusion of knowledge by commerce; unity of life by intercourse; distribution of vital forces; and multitudes of other benefits which can be more easily conceived than written.

The great rivers of China are one of its constant surprises. It will never need half the railroads of other countries less favored by nature, for railroads can never compete with deep rivers, many of which have tides that swell for hundreds of miles. Our impression is that a system of canals would be more consonant with the configuration of the country in most parts of it than railways. The Chinese mind takes to this mode of commerce and travel more naturally, and can work it more advantageously than railroading. The Chinamen take to water from childhood. They are a race of boatmen and boatwomen; for the women are as skillful in propelling and managing crafts as the men. These canals, from river to river, would be short, as the distances between the great rivers are not long. The rivers are full and suffer little by diminution in

summer. These canals could be easily made wide enough for coasting vessels propelled by steam, beside furnishing water power for manufacturing purposes, and irrigation where it is needed, bringing into cultivation great stretches of country now barren. Strange as it may seem China has vast tracts in almost every part of the empire which have never been brought under tillage. Wild animals roam over its mountains, hills and vales, and venture to the environments of its largest cities. Tigers, leopards, bears, and wolves are to be found within a hundred miles of them.

Shanghai is situated in the Delta, formed by the Yansee, and is about twenty miles from the ocean. The Delta has formed with wonderful rapidity, and is still pushing out into the sea. Sixteen miles of it have been formed in modern times; for there is history going back to when the city was upon the coast. The Delta extends back about ninety miles. The river drains an immense expanse of country, having almost every kind of product that earth can hold or grow. There is the best anthracite coal ever yet discovered, unless it be in Pennsylvania. Iron, silver and copper in working quantities are well distributed; the soil is so rich that three crops can be gathered a year; and the climate varies from that of Northern New York to the tropics. At the mouth of the river are extensive fortifications on which have been expended millions, but the country is so level that they could be easily flanked by land forces. The river looks like a forest in winter from the masts of the junks, idle and crowded together. The scene in the harbor at Shanghai is a gay one from the movement of multitudes of ships from every land flying their colors, with stacks wreathed in graceful clouds of smoke moving upward in spirals.

There are three reservations occupied by Europeans and Americans. The largest and best is the American, where most of our fellow citizens doing business or in official station reside. Our consulate is here, represented by a first-rate Christian man, General Kennedy, of South Carolina, one of President Cleveland's appointees, and one worthy of the trust, as are all of the appointments of his administration so far as we have met them—a vast improvement on many of his predecessors. One is gladdened at the familiar name and the comfort of the "Astor house," kept by an American from the Hudson. The French reservation comes next, but is not so well improved as the American. But the British is, of course, the best of all. There are more Englishmen here in office, business or for pleasure than from any other country. The native city is not much to speak of, and interesting only as the home of that strange race so long hidden from the gaze of the world. But the Chinaman does not understand why other nationalities insist upon meddling in his affairs, and especially our own, which has not yet decided to receive him into the brotherhood of nations.

The people of Shanghai are superior to those further South, and better than the Cantonese; they are slower, but more rational, larger, whiter and more manly, better dressed and better mannered. But they are slow, stolid, and so conservative that any change in any thing grips them like paroxysms of cholera. The city of Shanghai is an improvement on the Chinese regulation pattern; for it has several fine streets with smooth cement pavements, over which the horse enters in competition with the biped working in his jinrickshaw and wheelbarrow for a share of the carrying trade.

The government has here an arsenal, and manufactures arms of both large and small calibre. The workmen turn out some fine work in large guns. They were coiling the bars of steel into spirals to be welded, which is an interesting process, and were furnishing six or eight long range pivot guns which looked as if they would do mischief if well handled, but it is about their effective handling that the warlike nations are most sceptical. Whatever their bravery or skill they may develop in moving themselves, so far as we have seen them in motion or at rest, they are the clumsiest and awkwardest men in arms. Negroes taken from the cotton fields in an hour could make a respectable show in marching, but these clumsy fellows cannot be taught. They lift their feet like string-halt horses with a jerk, and, when a back movement is required, they stumble heels over stomach. Their weapons are handled as a bog-trotter would a fiddle-bow; they frequently cripple each other through the awkward use of their weapons. This will be overcome as they progress in general intelligence; it is not a characteristic of mere brute force.

A contrast between beggary and nobility was seen by us in close proximity. A canal, or rather filth ditch, lies through the western part of the city beyond the walls. This is crowded with what are called beggar-boats; people are born in them and die in their narrow limits. Their business in life is begging; they follow the canals from end to end, gathering up their stores. The children are besmeared with the dirt of their ancestors, alive with vermin, fighting, yelling, beating and crying, mingled with the baying and barking of their dogs; for there never was a beggar so

destitute that he could not support a dog. These vagrants are the terror of the neighborhood into which they come; for pestilence has with them immortality. Cholera and small-pox, like their poverty, never leave them nor forsake them.

Near by were the sedan chairs and attendants of the sister of Marquis Tseng, the famous Chinese statesmen and embassador. She was visiting one of her few favorites, the wife of the superintendent of the arsenal, Mrs. Fryer, an American lady. Of course we did not see her, but one who travelled with us makes this report which will interest our female readers. She was about medium height, refined and intelligent, with features rather expressive than symmetrical and with delicate and shapely hands. What is most remarkable, as indicating a new movement among the nobility on the side of humanity is, that the feet of her little daughter had not been disturbed. This movement will, no doubt, prove revolutionary, through the natural instinct of imitation, especially by lovers of the ways of their superiors. The dress in which she was arrayed had its skirts of the richest brocaded silk, elaborately embroidered in blue and gold. The overdress or tunic was blue brocade finely embroidered in purple; her head-dress was set in gems, central and most conspicuous was an enormous emerald. Her ear ornaments were strung pearls of the first water. She is usually attended by six maids with as many livered coolies to carry her magnificent sedan chair.

We have thus placed the phases of Chinese life side by side. These are fairly representative of the extremes of the Empires. The devices of trade are often ingenious and helpful. There are loan associations which are temporary and voluntary organizations,

the capital invested being estimated by the emergency that brings them into existence, and ranging from one dollar to five hundred, and the number of members being from three to twenty. The man who gets up the company is the president, and must possess the wherewithal to meet all responsibilities, and will, therefore, be particular as to whom he admits. These are exigency concerns, and spring up on such occasions as buying real estate, a coffin for a wife, an outfit for marriage, paying debts, or the expenses of a lawsuit. Whoever is in need of ready cash, goes among his friends to see who will join the loan society. He provides a supper, and all expected to be members are invited, and each guest loans the host one share. At the time appointed, every member except the president, bids on the next loan, and the highest bidder gets it. The bids are sealed and opened by the president before all present. The highest bidder pays the amount to each member, except the one who has already had the loan, and every member then pays to this highest bidder a sum equal to what each paid before to the president, so the loan continues to circulate, each who has not yet secured it, being allowed to bid, and no one who has once had it is permitted to bid the second time. Those who have once had the loan receive no interest, and the one receiving it last pays his interest in the form of a bid to the others; or if we give name to the parties it may be plainer. (*a*) Smith, (*b*) Jones, (*c*) Haines, (*d*) Doolittle form a loan association; Smith gives a supper costing twenty cents to Jones, Haines and Doolittle, and they each pay Smith one dollar. In a month (*b*) Jones, (*c*) Haines and (*d*) Doolittle bid for the next loan, and Jones bidding higher than the

other two gets it, and pays them the amount he had bid, say ten cents, and Smith, Haines and Doolittle pay Jones one dollar. The next month Doolittle bids highest and secures the loan; and in the fourth month Smith, Jones and Haines pay one dollar to Doolittle. Each of the members have now received as much as he has paid out, less the interest, and the association is dissolved.

In the department of medicine in China the first formulated principle is that the most disgusting substance in nature has most curative properties. The doctor is a stylish looking man in Chinese fashion, wears spectacles, the glasses of which are about two and a half inches in diameter; he is tremendous in mannerisms, rubs his hands, wipes his glasses, looks into the face sharply, stands back and comes again, looks at the tongue, clears his throat and then leaves or sends his remedies. The marrow of a dog's tail, pulverized mosquitoes, bark and flowers, roots of multitudinous vegetable and tonics are greatly used by the Chinese. They want something to make them strong, for malaria is born in their bones. Though few of them are given, yet here are some of the grand possibilities of their medical science:—The seed vessels of the lotus, sprouted wheat dried with the rootlets on, flowers of the honeysuckle, leaves of aborvitæ, bones of cuttlefish, snake and toad-skins, dried catterpillars, snails and angle-worms, dried mush-rooms from decayed logs, scales of the armadillo, scraped horns, rhinocerous hide boiled, charcoal of tiger's bones, excrement of animals, gall-bladder of bears, &c.

These doctors are the incarnation of ignorance, self-conceit and quackery. They know nothing of

anatomy; do not often attempt surgery, and when they do, it is to produce deformity. They cannot be taught any thing; the latest discoveries are all known to them, and were thrown away thousands of years ago. What they cannot do, is of the Devil; and it is safer to be pious in China than smart. But this is one extreme; it is only just to present the other. There are business men among them of abilities of the first order, who are able to cope with the brightest Europeans, and who are charged, in places like Singapore, of over-reaching them on all sides, not by roguishness, but by far-sightedness, by being instant in season and out of season, and by indomitable and unyielding energy. In their own country and everywhere else, they root to stay. They will let foreigners come to China and start any business which they do not understand, but as soon as this is done, they will crowd them out, buy them out or set up opposition, until they are compelled to give up.

These great business Chinamen are more intelligent, and usually more liberal than the average of their countrymen, for contact with foreigners is always educational, and John has the ambition to keep in the style of the business firms of his standing. As a banker he is accurate, though slow and formal; he is obliging and quick to discern purposes or fancies, and will adapt himself to them, though it may cost him a great deal of inconvenience; he is ready to give any thing but his cash. He is particular to send something of his hoardings as presents, especially at the beginning of the Chinese year, but all through the year the tradesman will be mindful to send something of his stocks or wares to his customers.

The people are very litigious. They go to law

about nothing, and continue at it with Chinese perversity until the expenses have either moderated their cantankerousness, or so reduced their substance that they give up from financial inanition. The missionaries dread them as they would a cobra; they are constantly called on to settle the fracasses in the churches and outside as well. The Chinese believe in their honesty and justice. If there is any desire for either they will constitute a final court of appeal. Here is a case which will illustrate the magnitude and character of much of their litigation. Twelve years ago a man was pecuniarily embarrassed, and ran away. His wife soon after sold herself to another man. There was a middle woman, as usual, in the transaction. She was the aunt of a man who is a member of the church, and a well-behaved Christian; as he was the nearest male relative to the middle woman, he was arrested and put in prison. The missionary, his minister, was called on to get him out. Word was sent to the magistrate of his good character, and the request made that he be liberated, as it was wholly unjust to punish him for the misdoings of his aunt. To the amazement of the intercessor, the magistrate replied:—"I did not imprison him for that, but because he said to me in a statement that his aunt had not been concerned in the transaction, when he knew she had." The hardest temptation to the Chinaman, even a Christian in many things, is to tell the truth in a lawsuit. The Chinaman's interest in religion is often only a matter of business. He will be respectful, or even go into the chapel, until he satisfies himself as to the general import of the teachings. He will not antagonize or argue against it, but look rather in complacent pity on the ignorance and degradation of the foreigner, and

with infinite self-satisfaction, go about his business, which is "the worship of the almighty dollar." It is one of the inexplicable differences of nationalities, or rather it may be a law of all human life, to go backward by an inherent down gravitation. The Chinaman will be pleased with the Christian religion, even praise it when he is in prosperity and good health, but when adversity comes he will return to his native heathenism.

The Marquis Tseng, so well-known and highly appreciated in our country and Europe, had a son born in England, where he lived until about eight years old. This child was very bright, had learned to speak the English language and had English Christian culture, could sing beautifully little Sabbath-school hymns, say his prayers, and repeat verses of Scripture. His father loved to listen to his praises. After their return to China, the child died, but all that he had loved in his childhood and had repeated in his sickness were never mentioned by the parent. His fair life was only a passing gleam of sunshine that had gone into the darkness. Friends buried him like any other heathen, burned paper, and performed the idolatrous rites of more than two thousand years. No nation on the earth ever possessed a religion in every respect so impervious to time as the Chinese. Yet China can be reached, and has been; but it never will be more than indirectly influenced by foreigners.

We must content ourselves in educating a few of the people, and if the number look discouragingly small, one will come forth who will lead the nation captive. The movement will not simmer on the edges, but will break out at the heart. Some hitherto

unknown Moses will come forth to lead the people into light. Their hatred to foreigners is ingrained; it is deep and chronic, and will not leave them until the religion of Jesus Christ removes it. But this regenerative reformation of the nation will come through her own loins. That this is no speculation born of fervid religious hope, we have only to remember the Tæping rebellion, which would before this have changed the whole character of the country with all its bad elements. It would have been a vast improvement on the present. No revolution is possible, no matter how holy its original purpose, that will not be smothered for a time under evil forces, but these will pass away as the smoke and stifling sulphur of the battlefield, and all that has been gained by the conflict will come forth in splendor. General Gordon did not render any service to the world, however sincere his intentions, in pulling it down; he only imprisoned the soul of China for ages longer. But what has been will be. Revolutions started by the truth, even overlaid by wickedness, will rise again.

The first observations of mission work in Shanghai were taken from the missions of the Presbyterian Board. A visit was made to the old station at the South Gate, which will be ever remembered as identified with the name Lowrie. Here the saintly Reuben Lowrie closed his eyes. His work was short, but it remains as a polished stone in the superstructure which shall be finished with the shout of "grace unto it." When he was dying, his wife lay in the next room shut out from that which our poor nature most craves—a last gaze on the faces of those we love before the candle of life is lifted beyond vision. His name is sacred among the missionaries

to this day, and is handed down from one to another, serving as both a model and an inspiration. The mission, about this time, passed into the care of Dr. Farnham, who was in the residence a short time before Mr. Lowrie's death; he conducted it with success for nearly a quarter of a century. Mrs. Farnham founded the home for orphan girls, which has been a constant source of blessing to this neglected class, utterly destitute in China; for heathenism has no mitigations for the unfortunate. Rev. J. N. B. Smith is now in charge. It was a surprise to recognize in him a young boy whom we had known at his home in Illinois, and who had, in the intervening years, prepared himself for the ministry and chosen the work of a foreign missionary in this far-off land.

The pupils were intelligent and seemed to be making progress. Mrs. Smith has charge of the orphanage. The old root is still vigorous, and is having diligent culture, but the question would force itself upon us, "why are there no scions: somebody must have clipped them at the roots." It is an amazement that the Presbyterian Church has but one mission station in such a city as Shanghai. The Church has been nodding amidst her abundance, will no doubt be the reply; if so, notice is served upon it now that it is a serious neglect and the loss of great opportunities. The Presbyterian Church could as easily have had a half dozen if the men and means had been furnished. There ought to be an immediate effort, not only on account of past neglects, but because the station at the South Gate is not as well located as it might be. It is out of the way, in the suburbs, and while it is needed, it is not a centre, and can never be more than it now is. There is, in Shanghai, a printing and publishing

establishment belonging to the Board which has, through the past history of the mission, been of incalcuable service to the work. But printing and publishing are nearly everywhere a dull and unprofitable business; competition has gnawed its life away. This work for several years was under the care of Dr. Farnham, and amidst the difficulties of its peculiar environment has had better average of prosperity than similar establishments. Dr. Farnham has since given up the superintendence of the press, and has gone back to the mission work, in which he has been so successful, and for which he is so well fitted.

In the Doremus Mission first-class work of several kinds is being done. The Bridgeman Home is the result of a bequest of the wife of Dr. Bridgeman, who were both well-known for their great services in this line of duty. The Home is a comfortable old country residence, in the midst of extensive grounds, well shaded and free from the malaria, so general in China. In the old, comfortable mansion are accommodations for the ladies of the Home and Hospital, and recitation rooms and dormitories for orphan children, of whom there were forty girls, under the care of Miss Brunton, who is a teacher of unusual ability. Her instructions, especially in music, considering all the disadvantages in the quality of voices, without any hereditary musical tendencies or culture, were surprising. There was but one drawback. It is a sad one, and one to be considered in all popular education the world over; to wit, whether it is not as muchof a curse as a blessing to educate women out of all sympathy with their surroundings, to start refined aspirations which can never be gratified—whether the happiness that comes from the mere possession of knowledge com-

pensates for the bitter disappointments of a life below cultivated tastes. These girls, being so well educated, are doomed to marry heathen husbands; many of them mere animals, who will never rise above their low instincts. An example was given in the sad life of a young girl who was married to a heathenish creature, who dragged her back into the sty of her former degradation. She wept most bitterly and bewailed her unhappy lot in knowing of the elevating influences of Christianity and Christian culture and then being compelled to live a life of conscious degradation. This exception is not taken to discourage Christian efforts for these unfortunates, but to show the necessity of the only possible form of relief. This is the education of the sexes in equal numbers, so that husbands and wives, as far as possible, may be mated by being trained to similar convictions and tastes. Boys' and girls' schools must be co-extensive. A step further has been taken, which is, as far as practical, the mating and marrying them as they leave their schools. There is a hospital under the same general direction which bears the memorial name of the Margaret Williamson Hospital, for the treatment of females, under the medical direction of Dr. Reifsnyder, a Pennsylvania lady and graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. Dr. Reifsnyder frequently makes the diagnosis of, and prescribes for, three hundred patients a day. All these receive religious instruction, usually by native Christian ministers and helpers

Another pleasant surprise in a visit to Shanghai was in meeting one of the teachers in the Sabbath-school of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Dr. Gale, who is now acquiring the language

qualifying her to enter her medical work in the Hospital. No institutions in China give more evidence of usefulness than this Bridgeman Orphanage and the Williamson Hospital. These women are doing a grand work, and as a Christian activity this institution offers salvation to the soul through its ministry to the wounds and diseases of a lost humanity. Another blessing to the world never fully estimated is its separation from narrow sectarianism, which cannot live in the midst of men and women whose souls are aglow with the love of Christ impelling them to save lost men.

There are but dim traces of sectarian spirit among actual missionaries. More fraternal feeling does not exist within the length and breadth of Christendom than among these soul-saving toilers. That lank monster, sectarianism, ever ready to discriminate and persecute, has narrow quarters and a pinched existence in Shanghai. Still there is a solitary representative which disports itself under the empty but spread-eagle title of "the Holy Catholic Church of America," which is set as a shark's mouth to draw in minnows. Union means, to the authors of this proclamation, general absorption, in which all identity shall be lost, and in which all shall come back as prodigals into a step-father's house and be arrayed in second-hand robes. It would be a caricature, as untrue of the best part of the Episcopal Church in the United States as it is uncharitable, to believe that they would endorse such a pavonian manifesto. Its authorship is imputed to some former members of a Baptist mission, and illustrates just what has been witnessed in small-pox, that those who have the disease worst take it by inoculation.

The following is said to be the product of two young renegades from the Baptist Church now acting under the direction of a superior who has the genuine spirit of the bishops of the times of John Bunyan. This astonishing ecclesiastical exposition is thus formulated in a catechism appearing in Chinese and translated in the *China News:*

"Why am I a member of the Holy Church of America? Besides believing in the Father and the Son, there are two other reasons. One has respect to it as a Church of the absolutely one Holy Catholic Church of the Lord of Heaven: the Kingdom of God established in the world. One has respect to the doctrine which it holds. The doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church has undergone no addition and no diminution from antiquity till now." "With respect to Churches, there are those which have come down from the Holy Apostles, and they form one Church with the Holy Catholic Church. The other Churches, though it may be said that possibly they may possess some excellencies, are not Churches established by the Lord Jesus, nor handed down by the Holy Apostles." "The Holy Catholic Churches being established in different countries are not to be under the dominion of the Church in any one particular country so as to be compelled in all particulars to conform to it. If the Holy Catholic Church in any particular country holds erroneous opinions in regard to essential doctrines, and should Christians on this account not unite with it, they are not to be regarded as schismatics. For instance, the Holy Catholic Church of Rome will not unite with the Holy Catholic Churches of other countries because they will not take the Holy Catholic Church of Rome for their head. And the Holy

Catholic Churches of other countries will not conform to the Catholic Church of Rome, because the Holy Catholic Church of Rome has great heresies." "The doctrine of the Holy Catholic Church rests upon the Bible and Tradition . . . The Roman Catholics do not give weight to the Bible, and the Nonconformists do not give weight to Tradition." They are both wrong." "I desire to be a member of the American Holy Church, because her Bishops have been handed down from the Holy Apostles and because of the doctrines preached by the Holy Apostles." "Moreover, I join the American Holy Catholic Church, because China as yet does not possess a Holy Catholic Church of her own. Should the church in China at any time have a *native*, bearing the office of Bishop, then China would have a Holy Catholic Church of her own. The name may be changed, but the Chnrch cannot be changed." "Why do I not join the Roman Catholic Church? Because the Roman Catholic Church, though a Holy Catholic Church, can never change and become a Chinese Catholic Church. It must continue to be a Church of Rome. Another and a greater reason is that she holds heretical doctrines. According to her teachings, the Church has two Heads: one the invisible Christ in heaven, the other the visible Pope in Rome; the idea being that the Pope is the lord of all bishops, king of all kings, the head of all men. Moreover, it is held that the Pope is able at his convenience to establish doctrines essential to salvation. As to the doctrines established by him, some of them have not been handed down from the beginning, some are not founded on the Scriptures, and are not in harmony with the doctrines already held; and yet every one of them is to be believed as a doctrine essential to salva-

tion. From this it will be seen that the Church of Rome is manifestly heretical. Why do I not join the Gospel Halls (Nonconformist places of worship)? Because these sects are without the True Root, and are of human origin. Not only is the doctrine as possessed by them deflected and incomplete, they, moreover, at their own convenience, abandon and cast away the Truth, and that without being aware of the fact. Thus they bring about divisions and separations, their churches can never unite and become one. These two churches (Roman Catholic and Nonconformist) are not wanting in men who are devoutly practising the Truth and earnestly propagating religion. But, alas! they have not received commission from the Lord."

The following extract is from a book, written in Chinese and published by the American Episcopal Mission, in Urichang. The book is a treatise on the feasts to be observed throughout the year. The chapter most explanatory puts reasons into the mouth of the adherent why he unites himself to the American Holy Catholic Church. In this chapter the author divides all Christians into "three sections, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists." The Episcopal Church of America is designated "The American Holy Catholic Church.' The Church of England is mentioned incidentally, and is called "The English Holy Catholic Church." The Roman Catholic Church is spoken of as "Holy Catholic Church" also; but is severely denounced on account of its many errors and corruptions. The Nonconformist bodies are spoken of as being devoid of the "True Root," as holding and teaching errors, and as having no standing in the true Church at all. The aim of the author in the chapter seems to be the glorification of the

Episcopal Church of America, the defamation of all other churches (the English Church excepted, of course), with the view of enticing the converts of other churches into its communion. This is a grave charge, but the proofs are at hand. The following are extracts from the book itself. The translation will be found on comparison with the original to be more than fair to the author. "This being the case, we who belong to the American Holy Church, sincerely desire that all the converts in China should know that the Holy Catholic Church is the Church of Christ. Let none of the members of the American Holy Catholic Church look upon their Church as the Holy Catholic Church of America, but rather as the Holy Catholic Church of China."

"The Lord Jesus commanded that all believers should unite and be one. At present the Christians in China are not united into one, and in this they violate the Lord's command. If all the Christians in China were united into one, then we should have our Chinese Holy Catholic Church, and the saying of the Lord that all men might believe that he was sent by the Father would be fulfilled. Now why do I desire that all the Christians in China should join the Holy Catholic Churches of England and America. This is my reason. The converts connected with Gospel Halls (Nonconformist Churches) cannot join the Roman Catholic Hall without giving up essential doctrines, but they can join the Holy Catholic Churches of England and America without giving up any essential doctrines. The converts connected with the Roman Catholic Hall cannot join the Gospel Halls without giving up essential doctrines; but they can join the Holy Catholic Churches of

England and America without giving up any essential doctrine. Thus the important thing for all believers in the Lord Jesus, is to become united in the Holy Catholic Church (the Episcopal Churches of England and America) and by so doing not lose the doctrines that are essential to salvation. Should any one come to me, desiring to get further light on the principles and tenets of these two churches (Roman Catholic and Nonconformist), I shall certainly not fear any trouble, but rather take pleasure in giving full particulars."

Let the above extracts suffice for the present. No thoughtful man can read them without being amused on the one hand, and saddened on the other. There is something supremely comical in the attitude assumed by "the American Church" towards all other churches in China. This pretentious outburst of holy Pharisaism emanates from one of the smallest factions in the Episcopal Church in the United States, and deservedly one of the feeblest in China. And yet here it is, with its little mouth wide open, inviting the Roman Catholic Church, with its million converts, and the Nonconformists churches, with their millions, to pop into the holy vortex and disappear. The attitude reminds us of the Peacock in the Fable:

> "When one morning in spring, on foot or on wing,
> The birds were assembled to choose a king,
> The Peacock elate, with his plumage in state,
> Said, I offer myself as a candidate;
> My tail and my crest I propose as a test
> To prove myself fitter than all the rest."

"The Holy Catholic Church" in China ought to find something better to do than to go about enticing the converts of other churches, and setting both mission-

aries and converts by the ears. Is it to carry on a propagandism of this kind that we are called upon to join forces? Is it for the success of this kind of work that we are invited "to spend ten minutes every day in prayer?"

CHAPTER XIV.

NINGPO.

ON both sides of the Woo Sung river, navigable by large steamers, are great stretches of country, bounded only by the junction of earth and sky. The river has no bluffs, and seems ever to be overflowing. The water is muddy and rolls on through wide plains like the lower Mississippi. As the sea coast recedes, a line of conical-shaped mountains are seen, appearing in the shapes in which the sea left them when the sandy deposits, brought down from the interior, forced the sea back on itself in the deep. These great plains are cultivated only along the river banks. As the city of Ningpo is approached, the products most prominent are mounds of defunct Chinamen, hillocks of Chinese bones and dust, after the style of the mounds found in America, popularly called Indian. It would be difficult, without actual observation, to believe the extent of these burial hillocks. They render the land for miles around Ningpo untillable on account of their number, propinquity and extent.

The land is tenanted by the dead, who lay claim to it under the title of descent and occupation. The right of burial follows title, and descent only gives secure title. The whole country seems to be owned by the dead. Fully one-half of the departed

population are not buried at all. The Chinese put their dead in thick board coffins, made as nearly air-tight as possible, and about the size and construction of a wooden country watering-trough. These they place wherever they can get room for them; sometimes putting a few pieces of old matting over them, but more frequently leaving them as they came from the carpenter's hands. It would be within bounds to say that a million of such coffins could be found, in all ages and conditions, over any considerable portion of the country about a great city. The blazing sun heats them up, when the exhalations poison the air everywhere, breeding and feeding pestilence all over the empire.

The cholera, which raged in China and Japan, started in this way at Sagisaki last summer. The Japanese had gone to Formosa to put down a rebellion, as they supposed; which was really only a manifestation of hostility to China. They were met with submissions and the desire to come under Japanese rule. Hundreds of the Japanese soldiers died, and their bodies were put in tubs to be brought home. One ship brought three hundred and fifty of these tubs; the upper one fitting over the lower. The men on the ship were overwhelmed with the unbearable condition of these corpses, and refused to remove them from the ship after she came into port. Convicts were compelled to do it. They were buried, but their friends wishing to remove their remains to their homes, disinterred the tubs, and through this removal the cholera began and was carried into Japan and China, and more or less all over the far East.

In Ningpo, by the concession of the American Presbyterian Mission, in the time of the cholera,

bodies of those who had died of cholera, were brought in coffins and put down within two hundred feet of the house occupied by our widowed missionary, Mrs. Butler. It was not until the most persistent efforts had been made by herself and our consul that it was stopped. Multitudes died in Ningpo; the venerable and beloved Baptist missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Lord, died within a few days of each other, after the general epidemic had begun to subside.

The city of Ningpo is an ancient one, but its recorded history is very meagre. There is a pagoda standing which is over three hundred years old. There is also a walled city almost smothered by its larger surroundings, except on the river side. The wall is faced with stone and backed up with brick, stone and clay. The facing would amount to nothing before modern artillery, but the clay and rubbish, which are from ten to twenty feet thick, might give considerable trouble to assailants from without, and afford good shelter to defenders within. In the city is an old heathen temple, of no particular interest in itself, but which has gained an interest through the service it rendered to Christianity by sheltering the first American missionaries, Revs. Walter Lowrie and McCarthy. They could find no other place of shelter, and so took advantage of it. People, who would not rent them a place to live in, yet tolerated them in their temple. One of the tragic pages of missionary history in China was the violent death of that remarkable man, Rev. Walter Lowrie, so full of promise and so popular with the natives. But God demands that those who shall be his sacrificial offerings be as meek and ready for the altar as they are to sway the sceptre. Mr. Lowrie had been

down to Shanghai on business in connection with the work of the mission, and on his way back to Ningpo the boat on which he was travelling was assaulted by pirates, who threw him into the sea, and stood ready to kill him if he attempted to board the vessel. At last, exhausted and despairing in his helpless condition, the sea took him to her bosom, "and he was laid to sleep."

He was one of the most brilliant men of his age in mind and attainments, and had given his life, with singular and entire devotion, from his boyhood to the cause of Christ. His name lives in this part of China, among those born long since his days. His devotion became traditional, and was handed down from parents to their children. The place of his tragic death was pointed out by the captain of the ship, who seemed to be as well acquainted with the character of the man and the facts concerning his departure, as if he had lived at the time of the sad event.

The natives of Ningpo are larger, brighter and better looking people than even those at Shanghai; they are more intelligent, and have taken more kindly to Christianity. Most of them know something about it, and feel very friendly to missionaries, and the spiteful epithet, "foreign devils," is not often heard. The early prejudices awakened by falsehood concerning their cutting out the eyes of the Chinese have passed away. Now when they get into trouble, they seek the missionaries to advise with them, having the most entire confidence in their truthfulness, intelligence and honesty. When the French were menacing their seaport cities groundless rumors were afloat, (grape-vine telegrams, as they were called in the South during the

American war,) in which the French fleet was often represented as being in sight from Ningpo. The unprincipled Chinese traders would thus scare away their competitors from the banks of the river. They would come straight to the missionaries to know if it were so. They believed in both their ability to know and their truthfulness to report the facts. Some Chinese merchants and others of position asked the privilege, if the French should come, of moving their families and effects into the missionary reservations, so that they might be protected by them and be under the flag of their country.

One of the missionaries gave another incident confirming their confidence in their ability and truthfulness. When the telegraph line produced so much excitement in China a few years since, because they believed it would bring national calamity on account of disturbing the repose of the dead and because of other complications owing to their way of thinking, he was passing a town where there was an excited crowd discussing the situation in a most animated manner. One said, "Let's call the foreigner over, and hear what he has to say about it. We know he will tell us the truth."

He accepted their invitation and was ready to tell them any thing he knew on the subject. They asked him "why the foreigners were putting up the telegraph and bringing so much trouble on the land?" He said, "The foreigners are not doing it at all; it is your own Emperor who is building it to get the news more quickly of any attack on the country, so that he can send soldiers quickly to protect you and your property." That was a surprise. One said to another, "Do you believe it?" "Yes," replied a half a dozen

voices, "the missionaries know, and they do not lie." "But," said another, "how is it we see foreigners working on it?" "O!" said the missionary, "the Emperor got them because they understood how to put the wires up; after the Chinese learn how to do it the foreigners will build no more of them." "But," said they, "we have heard that they will kill any thing that comes near them." "No," said the missionary, "that is not so; I have been under them a many a time and they never have hurt me, and I never have heard of anybody being hurt by them unless they took hold of the wires; I have seen sparrows sitting on the wires by the hundreds without being hurt." The mob was instantly quieted; no more disturbance was made; and most of them thought a missionary was a good kind of man to have among them to explain matters when troubles were brewing.

The work of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions here was well founded. Those who have wrought have done their work with their thoughts fixed on the day of account. They laid the foundation deep and secure whereon the present and future church shall rest, and extend its proportions. The teachings have been careful, persistent, intelligent and conscientious. The effect is seen even in the modified heathenism it has produced; and now when native talent can be employed what they have is of the best quality. Their only need is more of these thoroughly converted, carefully trained men. The missionaries have, in the Presbyteries, many a contest with the native ministry on questions of interpretations of Church government and polity. The natives are close constructionists and exceedingly tenacious for the exact renderings, while those to the manor born, as we all

know, indulge a larger liberty in interpreting and applying its principles by a law not written, but understood by Presbyters—a kind of unrecorded consensus.

There are two Presbyterian churches in Ningpo, whose pastors are natives, able and devout men. In the city is the large old church, now self-supporting, and has one hundred and twenty communicants, Sabbath-schools, Bible classes, day schools, &c. This church is not only self-sustaining, but is a contributing church in the way of helping in weaker places. There is also a church on the grounds occupied by the missionaries, ministered to by a native, which is vigorous, and has a good house of worship, which is occupied also in service for the English-speaking congregation.

There is a girl's boarding school conducted by Mrs. Butler, who, at the death of her husband, so competent and beloved not only as a teacher but as a preacher in the Chinese language, took up this work, and has continued it, and in her own sphere and way occupies the place of her husband with a heroism which is sublime. She has also a class of heathen women. Mrs. Fitch is also engaged in visiting and other self-denying duties. Miss Harmer is employed in instructing and directing Bible women; she also superintends two day schools and classes of women. Beside itinerating work, her hands are full and heart too, as she is compelled to see so much hopelessness for the perishing around her, though her labor is prospering. But alas! what is this among so many!

The Rev. Wm. J. McKee has supervision of mission work in the city, and in out-lying missionary stations. Rev. Mr. Fitch is engaged in the same general work; he is Superintendent-elect of the Publication Work in

Shanghai. There is no better work being done in the whole Chinese Mission field than these faithful men and women are doing, and the reward of their services as well as of their tireless predecessors is being seen in the growing churches of the Ningpo Presbytery, whose record is found in the following report:

Presbyterial report of church members:—Ningpo, 122; Saen-Poh, 22; Yu-Yiao, 101; Bao-ko-Tiah, 72; Hang-Chow, 74; Fu-Saen, 44; Zong-Yu, 34; Sing-z, 46; Dziang-io-z, 26; Tsiu-iong, 69; Kao-Gyiao, 36; Tong-Yiang, 73; Total, 719; less 120 Hang-Chow and Sing-z; Total in Ningpo Station, 599. Scholars:—Boarding School, Boys, 31; Girls, 33; Total, 64. Day Schools, Boys, 38; Girls, 94; Total, 132; Total additions, 63; Total contributions, $994 55; Ningpo Mission $734 60. Here are seven hundred communicants. The harvest following the years of past patient culture by men and women who have finished their work and entered upon their reward is just beginning. There is also a Ningpo native training school for young men in which great interest is taken by the Christian Chinese, who support it now and contributed to its erection.

The people are coming to believe in these teachers with an increasing reverence. There are cases of what is believed by the Chinese to be demoniacal possessions, and the phenomena are very like the New Testament descriptions. The people have sent for both missionaries and native Christians to pray for them and to read the Scriptures, and in several instances they have recovered. The fact has, however, no more significance than the growing confidence which, even though somewhat superstitious, gives

access, at least, to a people so hard in the past to reach.

The work in country villages about Ningpo, mostly under native ministers and teachers, is very prosperous. Cities are centres of evil agencies, dissipating all healthful influences and overcoming the weak; but this is balanced by the ability, qualities and opportunities of those who do turn to good. There is, however, an advantage of work done in the country never truly estimated, which is, that country Christians are always coming to the city. It is the nesting for the soaring.

The Woman's Work for Woman marches on in the form of all good doing. The force of native women here is large, effective and inexpensive. There are five native women. One has had access to 3,093 individuals; another 313; another 2,066, and so on until a total of 11,904 has been reached.

The money paid for these services will be a surprise to many as showing how much can be done for a trifle, and may encourage those who have held back because they could not do what, in our country, is regarded as a great thing, and have incurred the guilt of doing nothing. The first year that a woman engages she gets $2 00 a month; the second, $2 50; the third, $3 00; and the fourth year she receives fifty cents a month for rent, or is allowed a room in a house belonging to the mission of the Native Bible Readers. Itinerant missionaries are supported by the church of Freehold, N. J., or ladies of it, another by the church of Goshen, N. Y., and another by one of the Ningpo churches temporarily.

As one passes about looking upon the work for the souls of the Chinese, much is seen of general interest.

Their merchant fleets are remarkable; great forests of junk masts are seen in every city and village skirting on sea coast or river. The Chinese are by nature boatmen, though they are not much to speak of in naval contests. When the French were battering down the forts of Lou-Chow, the Chinese had a vastly better fleet of iron-clad ships than America had during the late war, but they had not what makes even a wooden fleet formidable against iron-clads—courage. Their naval authorities made excuses of every kind to avoid meeting the French; "they were repairing," they said, and then "coaling." When this excuse would satisfy the people no longer, and when they had gone to sea, they came into port in a few hours for more coal, and when the coal came they were already so full that some of the coal boats are reported to have been scuttled. Then they started, as it was said, to crush the old French Admiral, and he, hearing of their presence in the sea, started after them. They tried to dodge; but coming around a point running out from the coast, they saw him coming, and immediately turned stern. Two of the faster ships got away, but the slower ones ran into an inlet around an island. The French corralled the mouth, and a torpedo boat slipped up unobserved in the night and fixed a torpedo which soon blew one of them to atoms. The other one coming down on the other side of the island saw the French waiting, when they turned the water into her hold. When she had sunk to the port holes, they, from their small boats, broke in the ports with their rowing poles and she went down. Thus two out of the four were destroyed without firing a gun. This was the last of any aggressive warfare from the Chinese fleet.

They have not the self-confidence necessary to command. Their success, if they ever have a navy, will be secured under European officers. But if all the cities on the sea coast and rivers were destroyed, China would be there all the same; and if she were captured by a foreign power she would still be China, and the conqueror would have to submit to her unconquerable conservatism.

The merchant and trading ships of these people are strange in the extreme; they are built of wood, open at the stern almost to the water's edge; and the ends are curved up. The sail-power is suspended on one centre mast. The sails are made of cocoa matting and drop down by tackle either from the top yard or are drawn up to it like a window-blind; on each side of the prow is a great black projecting eye—a dragon's eye—which gives the vessel a monster-like appearance. The explanation of this was given by a Chinaman in the following pigeon English: "No have eye; no can see. No can see; no can go."

Ningpo has been the field of labor of Dr. Nevius, one of the ablest missionaries in China, and the results of his thorough work are apparent on every side. He wrought on the old methods for many years, and was not entirely satisfied with the fruits, which he did not think as great as desired, or as could be obtained from the same labor and expense. Accordingly he has put his ability and devotion in a more efficient way in order to work out a new policy. It was only a feeling after it, if haply he may find it. It is not revolutionary but rather auxiliary. He has his objections to the former course in a moderate but forcible manner in a little book called "Methods of Mission Work," which is full of collateral instruction, whether his objections to the old methods be acceptable or not.

The old system, by the use of foreign funds, fosters and stimulates the growth of the native churches in the first stage of development, and then gradually withdraws this support and leaves the young church standing on its feet. The advocate of the new departure holds that the desired end of self-support is most quickly and satisfactorily gained by teaching the principles of self-dependence and independence at the start. The old uses freely, and as far as practicable, the more advanced and intelligent of the native church members, in the capacity of paid Colporteurs, Bible agents, Evangelists or Heads of Stations; while the new proceeds on the assumption that the persons employed in these relations would be more useful in the end by being left in their original homes and employments. The relative advantages of these systems may be determined by two tests—adaptability to the proposed end and Scriptural authority.

The author argues the case on both these points and then appeals to experience to verify his position. He holds that the change of views of not a few of the older missionaries in China was not theoretical but practical, his own with the rest. This he declares was brought about by a long and painful experience, and that his conclusions have been only a confirmation of what he regards as the Bible teachings on the subject. He maintains that if these had been followed, the same or greater results would have been reached with an immense economy. The instinctive desire of the missionary is for success in the cause of his Lord; the Church at home prays for it, gives to it and expects it, and is most happy when it comes. Especially is it joyous news to hear that work is being accomplished for the natives by natives. All are agreed on this; the ques-

tion is only when they shall be employed? How shall selfishness on the part of the native be avoided, where the struggle for existence develops a cupidity which the young Christian is not able always to withstand?

The other reasons formulated by Dr. Nevius against the old method are: (1) Making paid agents of new converts affects injuriously the stations with which they are connected. It takes the best men, and those most needed, from the stations and places them where they may never have as much influence for good; again, men who, like Paul, ministered to their own necessities, lose all their influence with the people in becoming paid foreign agents; besides, jealousies and dissatisfactions arise on the part of others, who think themselves just as competent. (2) Making a paid agent of a new convert often proves an injury to himself. (3) The old system makes it difficult to judge between the true and false, whether they be preachers or church members. (4) The employment system tends to excite a mercenary spirit. (5) The employment system tends to stop the voluntary work of unpaid members. (6) The old systems tend to mar the character and lessen the influence of the missionary enterprise, both in the eyes of foreigners and natives.

The opprobrious epithet of "Rice Christians" is in almost universal circulation in the East, and multitudes of foreigners believe that the churches are only a company of hirelings. We heard a Christian man telling of a Chinaman who had served a European Christian for years having in the meantime professed religion. When his master was leaving the country for Europe he exhorted him to be faithful to his profession. To this he replied: "When I serve you, I is a Christian; when I serve another man, I get another

joss." This is far too common a feeling. Its existence calls for serious consideration.

These statements are followed in another chapter of Dr. Nevius' book by the inquiry, how shall we deal with new converts, in which the purpose of the new system is set forth. The first answer is Scriptural, "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he was called;" (2) "The importance of precedents;" and this is illustrated in the tendency of the Chinese mind to follow a fixed routine and to be governed by precedents; if one convert is employed, the rest expect to follow the order of civil service. Hence the most important fact in Chinese life lies in the right starting out, for he will surely follow the original direction by force of momentum. Dr. Nevius' plan is to put men and women to work with their fellow-men as soon as they know any thing, and to do it voluntarily, or what is better, under the constraining power of Divine love. They must teach as they learn, and their reward in the main is to be the consciousness and comfort of the good done.

This service is, of course, rendered in subordinate positions, as helpers in their own churches and under careful supervision. The training should constantly go on. The experiment is being tested in Shantung. Protestant missionaries occupied much of this district in 1860. During the years immediately following, the whole of Eastern Shantung was traversed by members of the American Baptist and Presbyterian Missions. In 1866, Rev. C. W. Mateer and Rev. H. Corbett made a tour into Central Shantung for the purpose of selling and distributing books. This was the first visit paid to Ching-Chow-fu by Protestant missionaries.

In 1875 there were, in this region, only two con-

verts, and these were connected with the work of Rev. Mr. Corbett just before the famine in 1877. Mr. Richards had gathered about him a little company of inquirers, and Dr. Nevius had also a few in the district of An-Chiu. Mr. Richards and the Rev. Alfred G. Jones gave all their time and energies to the work of famine relief, and Dr. Nevius took part in the same work at Kao-Yai. This relief effort presented the Christian religion, as seen in its missionaries and their labors, in a new light to the natives. It was a wonderful sermon on the spirit of Christianity; they understood it in its sacrificial aspect for the first time. In 1879 Mr. Corbett settled there and began his life work. There are, in this region, connected with the English Baptist Mission and with the mission of Revs. Corbett and Nevius, one hundred and fifty stations and about three thousand five hundred converts, one thousand belonging to the Baptist Mission. And all in substantial agreement with what is called the new plan of operations.

All these stations provide their own houses of worship; none of them are cared for by a resident paid preacher; but in each of them one or more of its own members voluntarily conducts services on Sunday, and attends to the general spiritual interests of the little company of believers with whom he is connected, under the superintendence of the foreign missionary in charge. In all these stations great prominence is given to catechetical teaching, and also to giving special instruction to the leaders, with a view to their teaching others. These form the distinguishing features of our work.

The Baptist stations have multiplied chiefly through the voluntary labors of unpaid Christians; and radiate

from the centre at Ching-chow-fu. Their staff of Chinese laborers now consists of a native pastor, who is a Nanking man, baptized more than twenty years ago, and four evangelists paid by the mission, and two elders paid by the native Christians.

The work of Dr. Nevius has spread from the centre at Kao-yai, almost entirely, so far as the natives are concerned, through the voluntary labors of Chinese Christians. This staff of paid laborers at present consists of two native helpers, supported hitherto partly by the natives and partly by himself.

Mr. Corbett commenced his work with the assistance of church members from other stations. He has used a much larger number of helpers, and his stations are more disconnected, being found in the different districts to which his preachers and evangelists have been sent. His staff of native laborers consists of about twenty-two paid helpers, and twenty teachers. The latter receive from him on an average about fifteen dollars a year, with what they can get from the natives in addition.

These helpers carry on the work under the supervision of superiors; one of Dr. Nevius' helpers has charge of nearly forty stations, which he visits regularly every two months. His other helper has charge of ten stations. On the Sabbath these helpers hold a general or union service, leaders and other prominent persons being present, the object being to make this union service a model for the leaders in the congregation to pattern after in their several stations during the seven or eight weeks when they are by themselves. The leaders are sometimes formally selected by their stations, often providentially; sometimes one is leader because he founded the station, the members

being gathered in by his labors; sometimes the most important members are women, who continue to retain their influence after men have been gathered in. The chapels and furnishings are provided by the natives; often the chapel belongs to the leader; sometimes it is rented by the Christians; and frequently is a building erected through their own sacrifices. The instruction of these congregations devolves usually on the leaders; this is unavoidable, for educated teachers cannot be found, nor will the Church be able in years to come, perhaps never, to keep up with the demand. There are less than a dozen of candidates for the ministry in the whole country, while the number of stations is constantly increasing; and if it were possible to introduce paid preachers into each station, it would not be a present blessing.

The leaders know the people and their wants and will grow in grace and knowledge, if they are well selected, as fast as the people require. Most of the Christians are the converts of these leaders and are more interested in them than in any stranger. This bare outline will give an idea of the new departure. It is not new. It is the secret of the amazing evangelizing power of the Methodist Church in the early history of the United States. It has difficulties which may become chronic, but before that time the body of believers will be strong enough to regulate them, or if it be necessary to disuse them the body will have strength to stand it. Any motion in the direction of self-work, and self-support, and self-responsibility is better than no motion. The problem of self-development and maintenance must be solved and every effort will tend to bring about the desired result. No better men could be found in

the whole Church to work out the problem than the men of Shantung and their Protestant allies. No decision need now be made between the old and new plans; both can work on their lines and time, and its providences will soon settle the case to the satisfaction of all.

There is another agency in that country, working on some of the general principles described, which is producing good results. It is the China Inland Mission. This mission is made up of European lay workers, who have gone into the interior, determined to live with the people, and as the people. Some of them wear the Chinese dress, which may have something to recommend it, as it saves them from the abominable remarks of the Chinese, who are a race of blackguards, and permits them to go unnoticed about their work. But we doubt the policy of European men changing their dress, and especially of their assuming the queue as in any way commending them either as men or as embassadors of Christ. It is without scriptural example, and is purely a human device with no higher sanction than low expediency. The Saviour never changed his garb to win men to himself; besides, this gospel of garbs has not much in results to commend it anywhere. Church millinery, English or Chinese, has no place in the commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

In this mission, however, are many men and women of great devotion, among whom is the young athlete student, so well-known, and who has so faithfully and patiently wrought, giving up every thing that the fashionable or ambitious world worships, to be the humble missionary of Christ Jesus. Good progress has been made this year in the Province Shan-si. In

one place over two hundred persons were baptized, beside there were a large number of persons deeply interested. This has been largely accomplished through native agency. Remarkable preachers have come to the front—men of ability and of devotion. The work has taken a practical turn. In the North, opium smoking is prevalent. To meet this evil, Opium Refuges, with the distinctive end of influencing the unfortunate victims to abstinence, have been provided. Heathens entering these Refuges are required to put away idolatry and pray unto the true God.

The natives believe in the prayers of these Christian Samaritans. When one of them becomes very ill, beyond human help, certain Christians, who believe in the word of God as it is written, pray for them with the laying on of hands. Their supplications have been answered so often that the heathen have ceased to doubt that God does both hear and answer prayer. These refuges are self-supporting as well as Christian agencies for good beside.

Considerable progress has also been effected in another direction, that is, in the development of Woman's Work in China. In that province of Shan-si we have now three *distinct* stations, with two foreign ladies in each. Of course, they have native Christians with them, both men and women, and so far this work has given great encouragement. One Norwegian sister living for five months in a village with the natives *alone*, sends most interesting accounts of the work done there. Another Norwegian missionary, living in a city, tells of men and women throwing away their idols and turning to the worship and service of the true God. The experience of this year in this direction encourages the adoption of this method more

largely in the interior of China, that is, of sending single ladies in twos or threes into cities without any other European associate. In another province, that of Kiang-si, are also three cities in the interior similarly occupied, and with the very happiest results. This may be called the Zenana work of China, and as woman's work is developed so largely in other countries, we believe that it is destined to develop also in this vast empire.

It is not possible to make a long journey without untoward and ridiculous disasters—not great enough to call self-possession to aid, but too irritating to be overlooked. Unctuousness has not been either a natural or acknowledged grace, but it had to be endured as a new experience. It is necessary to carry a hand-bag with the things that may be needed any hour, in which medicines and money must be included, for the money of this country is in silver dollars, worth about as much as the American Bland dollar, and paper which cannot be trusted to pass current from one city to another. In this hand-bag we had a bottle of castor oil. We were journeying to church a little behind time, and as money had to be carried in hand everywhere, it had to go to church with certain preachable documents. On the way that pint bottle of castor oil collapsed, and emptied itself into the bag of light colored leather; it rose two-thirds of the way up its sides and oozed through, marking the tide-line in the leather and every thing else. It was not discovered until we were at the door of the sanctuary, when the congregation were craning their necks to see why the foreign preacher did not appear. Our readers can appreciate the reason. Our hands were greasy; combs and brushes were floating; tooth-

brushes, gloves, parchments, &c., were anointed. It was the day of anointing with oil. There were two hundred silver dollars in the bag, and they were sliding against each other in grease. If the bag was touched it gave forth oil; if it was set down it greased all that was near. It could not be taken to meeting, as it would surely reveal itself. Nobody could have sat safely with it in the same pew; besides, the odor would have traced it to its possessor.

The congregation was fidgety. They had sung one hymn after another, until it seemed as if it were to be a praise meeting, but still the tourist was like one having a wolf by the ears, afraid to let go and afraid to hold on. Finally a way was made into the house of the missionary and a place obtained for the fountain of oil. The wife went to the rescue, diving for abated values, washing the two hundred dollars, sopping the oil from the papers, when the preacher appeared before the wearied audience, like one of the ancient priesthood, with anointing oil running down his robes. When his hand was lifted to wipe his face, the odor was wafted upon the congregation. Whatever else might have been wanting in the sermon, it was not destitute of unction.

Before leaving China it will be well to give the impression received from a general survey from a few of the hill-tops, for nothing more can be done by a tourist, however diligent. This impression is peculiar, for there is no other foreign country which can furnish a basis of comparison. It is solitary in its life-history and modes of thought and manners. In its religious character it is confounding, there being to the observer no law that solves its mysteries. The impression first made is of utter hopelessness, but this

is dissipated by the confidence of the missionaries and the educated Chinese Christians. The Chinese Empire is a national riddle, but on a closer observation elements of progress already attained appear. The people are slow and will not be crowded, but hold fast to what satisfies their judgment. Their conservatism is like the ratchet that follows the cogs of a great wheel, which, while it does not help it onward, keeps it from going back. Good, faithful, God-fearing work has been done in China for more than fifty years—work that could only be done as seeing him that is invisible. Already the paths have been straightened, and progress is becoming apparent.

CHAPTER XV.

THE JAPANESE EMPIRE.

THE Japanese Empire is made up of groups of islands, earth dots, peering from the sea. There are four large islands and some smaller ones of no particular value, being barren and uninhabited. The most important is Nippon, which is the Japanese name for the Empire. Of the whole territory of Japan only about one-tenth is cultivated; the rest being mountainous and sterile, except the valleys on the rivers and bays.

The country is incomparably beautiful; it is *sui generis;* it is raised out of a bed of fire and is of red color; and suits the Japanese especially, as it looks like its inhabitants, and they like their mother earth. There is a peculiar grotesqueness to the eyes of foreigners in both country and people, which are planned on a small scale. The mountains are beautiful, but

few of them are sublime. The rivers are deep and navigable, but not great. The forests are abundant, but of small timber; the valleys are narrow; the farms are not only "wee but winsome."

But all tillable land is cultivated in the highest degree of art; every thing is straight and formal; trimming with the Japanese farmer is the business of life. Hedges are trimmed; trees also; grass on the lawn; every growth, like sheep, has its shearing time. It is a land of living green, lying between the temperate and tropical zones, and has the beauties and utilities of both.

The people are exceedingly small; one is reminded of the conies, "a feeble folk who have their houses in the rocks." Japan is fortified by nature; her small men are supplemented by the strength of her natural position. They are, as a people, poor; but they will get over this as the country comes more into the life and light of civilization. Their physique will improve under the better conditions that Christian civilization will bring them. Licentiousness, which always reduces body and intellect, is, with multitudes, the ruling passion. This stunts and minifies, beside introducing disorders which become hereditary and dwarf and weaken all whom it curses.

The religious life of Japan can do nothing toward correcting her moral and physical disorders, because it is effete. The ancient religions are now only formalisms, kept up by a love for the traditional, and by selfishness and superstition. There are two, such as they are, which hold considerable sway—Shintoism and Buddhism; but these run into each other as the chain and filling in a fabric, so that the numbers of Shintoists or Buddhists, pure and simple, are small.

The Japanese are eclectics, and are exceedingly fond of religious mixtures.

Every Japanese, at his birth, is placed by his parents under the protection of some Shinto deity, whose foster child he becomes, while the funeral rites attendant upon his getting out of the world are handed over to the Buddhists, to which his family belongs, so the Buddhists are the national *funeralists.* There has been in the last few years an effort to revive Shintoism at funerals. The explanation of this singular state of things is to be found in the religions themselves. Shintoism is an exceedingly easy religious system, demanding little more from its followers than a visit to the local temple during the annual festival, and teaching no theory as to the destiny of man, or as to his moral duties in this world. But the Buddhists supplement this indispensable need in the constitution of men, teaching by dictum or by ceremonials, splendid rituals and gorgeous decorations. All these devices are set toward a religious end, however imperfect they may be.

Buddhism has always been an exceedingly accommodating religion; it has built the bridges over which almost every form of religion could come. The native gods of Shintoism or of any other form of idolatry were declared to be merely avatars of some Hindu deity; so it has stood like a collossus striding over all religions and absorbing all in itself. To accept Buddhism, therefore, was only adding another to those on hand. Shinto is a Chinese word, meaning "way of the gods," and was adopted, after the introduction of Buddhism, to distinguish the native beliefs and practices from those of the foreign religion, which was known as Butsu-do, "the way of Buddha."

Shintoism in Japan and Taoism in China are closely akin, and have the same central idea—the worship of ancestors. The sacrifices always consist of such articles as the dead may be supposed to need. These ancestral gods were at first household gods, then local, and afterward national, while the sovereign's ancestral god was chief of all. The evidence shows that the Persian and pantheistic custom of worshipping the heavenly bodies came in as native adjuncts, including wind, fire, water, mountains, streams, woods, &c., and that the identification of the Mikado's most remote and celebrated predecessors with the sun took place about 400 A. D. A temple was erected, where the emblem, a mirror, was deposited, and a daughter of the Mikado was appointed to be the chief priestess. The priesthood was not hereditary, but in cases of heroes, to whom temples were dedicated, they were supposed to be either lineal descendents of the god himself or of his chief retainer, and now many men are serving in temples who trace their lineage back to the age of the gods.

Hero worship lies in the very heart of Shintoism. In historical times the elevation of great men to the ranks of the gods has been due to a spontaneous impulse. The most popular gods are those whose influence is most thoroughly diffused, nor do they represent mere abstract qualities. The founders of the Mikado race and men of more recent times were celebrated for their valor, loyalty and other eminent qualities.

With moral teachings Shintoism has nothing to do; the field was open to Buddha. Shintoism merely said, follow your natural impulses and obey the laws of the state. It has nothing to do with the rewards and punishments of a future life. The continuance of the

spirit after death is believed in, but whether in joy or pain is nowhere indicated. It is simply a disembodied spirit who, according to its natural disposition, may be powerful for good or evil to those left on the earth, and may be propitiated by offerings.

It was left to Buddhism to supply all other teachings on the subject. Shintoism had, however, one observance which suggests both a moral code and a positive law; this was the ceremony of purification, the ritual of which is still in existence. This had the idea in it that every thing known to us as crime or sin was considered simply as pollution, which must be washed away with water, and expiated by the sacrifices of valuable goods in proportion to the pollution incurred. The gods could then be importuned to sweep away the offence and the defiled were pronounced clean. This ceremony can still be witnessed on the 15th of June and December.

Shintoism in its original condition does not appear to have had much idolatry in it; for the Japanese had in the earlier stages of their history no word for picture or image until one was introduced from China. The pottery and images of men found buried are of much later origin. They represent a system of substitution of rude creations in the likeness of men in place of real men and animals formerly slaughtered at the tombs of the great. Nor is it certain that these clay images were not brought from the Corean peninsula.

When Buddhism came, image worship came with it into the Shinto temples. One of the last examples of this practice may be seen at Shiba, in Tokio, where the emblem of the deified ruler, Iye-yasu, is preserved in lifelike effigy—carved in wood. The

other form of prevalent religion—Buddhism—has been presented in connection with India, its birthplace, and China, its stronghold, and will require little more than mention here in its Japanese modifications.

The introduction of Buddhism in Japan does not certainly date before the embassy from China to India, 65 A. D. Three centuries later it made its way into Korea, where it struck deep root, as we find the King Hakusai sending a golden image of the Buddha and some of the sacred books as a present to a sovereign of Japan in 552, and in 554 this same king sent over nine monks to replace the seven who had previously visited Japan. The time of its rooting was, no doubt, between this date and 623, at which time the number of monks was 816, nuns, 569, and the number of temples and monasteries 46.

As this long dominant religion is well-known, and as it is on the decline in all the countries in which it has held sway, it will interest only the few who can find it in all its endless detail in other works, and as the many who have no more concern in it than any other dead thing will grow weary, nothing further need be said, except that in Japan it is no longer a power. There is a veneration for it as a form of religion which served the religious instincts of the past, and was the faith of departed ancestors, but it is doomed. Many of its priests say that Christianity is supplanting it in the Empire, because nearer the spirit of thought and progress of the times. Its temples are weather-beaten and decayed; its worshippers are heartless; its sacrifices are shams; its offerings are valueless counterfeits of money. Its devotees are watching its departure with helpless resignation. Christianity

is taking hold on the mind and confidence of the people as it does no where else.

The baptisms of adults in the Protestant churches, which mean full fellowship in the churches, in the last month of 1887, amounted to eight hundred. Each of these churches is an educational institution, with schools, many of which number their pupils by the thousand. They are educating multitudes, who have not the ability to do it themselves, while thousands pay for the education of their children. The State realizes that the Christian religion is the religion of progress, and this is the idol before which Japan now renders most devout service.

The United Christian Church of Japan, formed from the mission work of the Presbyterian Churches North and South, of the Reformed (Dutch), of the German Reformed of the United States, and the Church of Scotland, now numbers 58 churches. It was organized in 1887–8; has 20 entirely self-supporting; a total membership of 6,859; received by baptism in 1887, 1,887; the contributions of the native churches are $16,253; native ordained ministers number 34; theological students, 47; and in its schools are 2,117 scholars.

The mission work of the American Board, located in Boston, and representing the Congregationalists of the United States, ranks next in strength, and the results are nearly as great. Besides these are the American Methodists, with a considerable following; the figures we have not been able to secure. The English and American Episcopalians and others are only getting a place for doing efficient work. The Roman Catholics are strong, and have been for more than a century.

This information will be a surprise to the few who love to repeat the silly falsehood, that Foreign Missions are doing nothing in Japan, and that Buddhism is still supreme there. At the present ratio of increase in twenty-five years Japan will be no more Buddhist than is the United States. There is a movement toward union between the organization known as the Church of Christ in Japan, which is itself a union of the Presbyterians, Reformed (Dutch), German Reformed and Scotch Presbyterians, with the American Board's missions, on a common basis. The work of the respective bodies has reference only to Japan, and lays aside, so far as it may be necessary, such distinctive features of the home churches in polity as would hinder the combined work in Japan. In other words, it is a grand movement toward unification for Japan alone.

Committees have been appointed representing the missions from all the churches and native pastors. They have made some commendable progress toward agreement, the original draft of which we have seen. This will be the basis for adjustment sooner or later, because we believe that all are animated by one aim, which is the saving of Japan. It may be years before it is fully accomplished, but it is a movement toward good. While there may be ebbs and flows, the forces move toward a higher tidemark of universal sway.

CHAPTER XVI.

WAYMARKS OF JAPANESE HISTORY.

JAPAN is but the uplifted crest of a submarine mountain, which is continually scoured into sand by swift currents all around, that seem still to be fretting over their original disturbance. It will wear out if time lasts, and be lost amidst the general dissolution of the earth's crust. Volcanic action in the geological periods must have been widely extended and violent, for since the cognizance of written history these changes have been constant. A large number of her mountains are mere chimneys, and smoldering fires are still sustained by connection with the air without.

The physical history of Japan has been written in flame and flood. The most appalling calamities to life and industry have come from these causes. The entire mountainous surfaces are dotted with blazing, smoking or extinct volcanoes. In 1874 Taromi, in Yezo, which had been believed for years to be extinct, had its whole top blown off. Asama Yama is continually on the alert for an opportunity to wreak its hidden vengeance. Even the sacred and beautiful Fuji, so serene in its covering of virgin snow, is the creation of violence, and is waiting for orders to begin again its destructive work through a funnel of more than twelve thousand feet in height.

Consequently Japan is a land of earthquakes. Parts of it are nearly always in foreboding tremors, while cities and villages have actually disappeared. But in all these compensations are found, for it is a country

rich in minerals. The mountains are built of the best and most valuable stone in every variety, from granite to the finest grained sandstones. There are also some varieties of precious stones. Metals are abundant. The Island of Sado is actually built of gold-bearing quartz. Copper is found in great quantities and of the best quality, and also lead, tin, antimony and manganese. There are thirty-six varieties of useful timber, and what gives the country its indescribable beauty, and makes it look tropical in the dead of winter, is its boundless wealth of evergreens. Nature in Japan cannot endure baldheadedness, and so covers her mountains; and if she cannot do it with green, she casts over them glistening snows.

The most useful timber in all the East is the bamboo, which, strange as it may appear, can be adapted to more uses than any other single growth in the world, for from it the Japanese not only build houses, but make exquisite furniture and bric-a-brac, on whose hard and polished surface the painter may delight to spread his colors. There is little of fauna; the animals having probably been brought from other countries.

There are few native singing birds; those belonging to the country are birds of prey, such as eagles, hawks and buzzards; but ducks and wild geese, storks and heron are numberless. Fish inhabit all seas, rivers and rivulets in the greatest abundance, and furnish one of the main staples of food. Rice and fish feed more than all other life-sustaining materials.

All these things are, however, of little value unless we know whom they serve, and what they have produced in the character and development of life. Who are the Japanese, and where did they come from?

Their early origin is mythical, and tradition has created for them a history which in no wise suits their character, for history should be the exponent of the life of the people. It allies itself to mythology, is stiff and unnatural, for no nation can see themselves as others see them. If they write their own history, they will only do themselves injustice. Their original cosmogony is atheistical. Their beginnings were in chaos. The world in their conception was one inseparable intermixture. Heaven and earth were one, and the elements of creation pervaded the unformed deep. And creation, when it came, was a sublimation in which the vapor formed the heavens, and the residuum became the earth, from which a germ came forth, and became a self-existent being. "Two other beings of the genesis appeared—after them came four pairs of beings (Kami); these were all male, self-begotten. The Kami separated the primordial substance into five elements, wood, fire, metal, earth and water—as yet the division into sexes was not made. The first manifestation of the male essence was Izanagi, of the female Izanami, and from these proceeded the human race."

The point of greatest interest, however, pertains to the mixtures from which the present race has come; and this can be probably determined to a considerable extent by the geographical portion extending toward the Asiatic continent, which at the southern end of Corea and Siberia is near and not difficult of access. At a point called Korato, a little north of 52° parallel, not more than five miles separate these countries, the water at low tide is so shallow that it can be waded, or crossed in light canoes. Indeed, after continuous winds from the right direction the

journey can be made into Asia dry shod, and during four months in the year the strait is frozen over, so that it can be crossed in an hour.

There has been much in Japan to tempt people to come out of the cold into its genial sunshine. A portion of the country is remarkable in its relation to the ocean currents, which flow from the Indian ocean and the Equatorial seas. The stream flows always in a easterly direction past Luzon, having Formosa as the south point, and sometimes Kinshin, reaching as far as the sea of Japan. At a little north of the latitude of Tokio, it leaves the coast of Japan, and rolls its way toward the shores of America. By the violence of the monsoons, continually sweeping the coasts of Eastern Asia, the drifting from the Malay archipelago of craft and the landing of men on the shores of Kinshin, Shikoku and the western shores of Hondo, were, no doubt, a constant occurrence. Japanese history shows this to have actually taken place, and as occurring at the present time.

All this warrants the conjecture that the shivering hordes of the north were tempted to the south by its more genial climate, by its summer skies, and by its easy mode of living on account of its almost spontaneous abundance. History furnishes evidence of the settlement of the habitation of the main land by Ainos, the descendants of whom occupy Yezo. Shikoku and Kinshin were peopled, no doubt, by mixed races, sprung from the adventurers of Southern Asia. Slowly pushing the aborigines of Kinshin and Shikoku to the ragged edges beyond fertility, they took possession of the country conquered by force and strategem, and fought the Ainos, setting up their capital not far from Kioto. This was, no doubt, one of those life and

death struggles in which men give up or die slowly; or what is more likely, a considerable portion was conquered by marriage, being a more pacific way of conquest than war, beside yielding better race products. Thus, no doubt, the Japanese came into existence by crowding, fighting, exterminating, miscegenation, &c.

The Ainos still live as a remnant in Yezo. The account of their origin is low enough. It is a wonder that the fanatics of evolution in search of the missing link between the animal and man had not found it among them. The Japanese could have told them that the name means "offspring of the middle"—a cross between man and beast, which is the first link in the union.

As to the evidence of this origin of the Japanese there is something more than probability, as the most ancient forms of the language show as great likeness to the Aino as to the modern Japanese. A similarity can also be traced in geographical names and in relics of the stone age, such as flint arrows and spear heads, &c. There are also two distinct types of features extant—the Aino, or northern, and the Yamato, or southern type. The Aino is the type of caricature which appears in many Japanese paintings. They are the most interesting to Americans of all the inhabitants as the most probable ancestors of our American Indians. They are heavy men, wearing their thick, black, straight hair down over their necks, and all the beard that will grow on their faces is the object of Japanese caricature. The women tattoo their faces. The men use bows and arrows, are great basket makers, and in a surprising number of characteristics are like the North American Indians. They worship the spirit

of Yo Shitsune, a Japanese general of romantic history of the twelfth century, who lived with them, when in exile, and taught them some of the arts of civilization.

Here we run into the traditional. It may excite the curiosity of our readers, if it does not convince them, that according to some scholars, the ten lost tribes are to be found here, reduced to small proportions considering the time they have been wanderers. Some suppose that in these Ainos are to be found the beginnings of the fast disappearing Indian tribes of our own West. The currents of the Gulf stream of Japan have just been referred to as arising in the Equatorial belt, and they sweep the coasts of Formosa and Japan, the Kunle and Aleutian Islands, Alaska, Oregon, California, and thence deflect toward the Sandwich Islands. A hulk or dismasted ship would now, it is said, if not beached or otherwise hindered from the Kuro Shiwo off Kinshin, be carried from Japan to Hawaii. It is said also that within twenty years Japanese boats, caught in eastern typoons, have been swept into the Kuro Shiwo, and were borne before the storm to America. Facts confirming this theory are known to fisherman and junk sailors on the coast of Japan. The numbers of Japanese and Aino boats stranded on American shores have amounted to thousands, and thus the Japanese origin of the aboriginal Americans seems to be put beyond conjecture or mere probability.

From 1872 to 1876 there were wrecked forty-nine Japanese junks with authenticated dates. Those who desire to follow this more than probable solution can find valuable facts in detail in papers read before the San Francisco Academy of Science by Mr. Charles

Walcott Brooks. There are, also, analogical arguments from the languages and from striking physiognomical likenesses. The subject is one of interest to many, and a service may be rendered to them by the above suggestions.

The divinity of the office of Mikado, as held by the Japanese through, as they believe, twenty-five centuries, is a subject of the intensest interest. Should it prove true this will be the only historical example of the divine right of kings. A claim which has cost some of their kind their heads. The Japanese ruler claims the title "King of Heaven." He ought to be a heavenly character, but fortunately for him moral character, according to European ideas, does not belong to him. But his claim has not much to confirm it before the eighth century; all their historical records before this period are barren of what in this age could be stamped as facts. Their book of traditions dates only from 711 to 712.

There is a claim set up for two books prior to this time, extending from 620 A. D., to 681 A. D.; but both are lost. These are not worth the trouble of burdening the memory. They may be of some service as traditional mythological and historical curios, but nothing more. They contain a fair outline of some of the principal events between the eighth and eleventh centuries, and constitute as good history as exists from the eleventh to the sixteenth centuries —the times of bloody strifes and feudal wars. But the whole is to the modern student unsatisfactory, for he can only use it inferentially. Even a fact so modern as the massacre and extinction of the Christians has scarcely any satisfactory foundation, and is about as scantily detailed as their histories of the sixth century.

There are, however, some characters and events, which, while supported by scrappy history, may yet carry to the mind some probable truth. One of these is the conquest of Corea by the Empress Jingu Kogo; another is the introduction of Chinese civilization and Buddhism. The notion that woman is not equal to man in any of the emergencies of life is a modern conceit. Though not so prominent as man, nor so frequently in the desperate conflicts for existence, she has always been equal to him, showing sometimes even a greater heroism, when they came. All history is jewelled with noted examples, and Japanese history is illustrious with the achievements of brave women. The women of the early centuries are represented as possessing intellectual and physical vigor, filling the highest offices of religion, household and motherhood in perfection, ever the peer of men in whatever they undertook.

The most glorious era of conquest in Japan was the achievement of woman's far-sightedness, genius, heroism and exhaustless courage. Through woman came territory, religion, arts and civilization. The history of her work reads like a chapter of romance from and overwrought fancy. The name of the woman who placed her country and her sex on the highest pinnacle of both Japanese and Oriental history was Okinaga Tarashihime, but she is better known by the title Jingu Kogo, or spouse of the Mikado. She was beautiful, brave, self-controlled, devout, and withal reverenced as the mother of the god of war. In 193 a rebellion broke out at Kumasso in Kiashin, and the Mikado went to put down the rebels. His wife Jingu followed him by ship to a port near Lake Biwa, meeting her husband at Toya-no-ura near Shimonoseki.

She was religiously inclined and while worshipping on one of the islands of the Inland Seas, she received a revelation in these words, "Why are you so deeply concerned to conquer Kumasso? It is a poor country, not worth conquering by an army. There is a larger, richer country with a face like a virgin. It dazzles with gold, and silver and treasures in abundance. It is to be found in Shiroke (Corea)." "Worship me," continued the Divinity, "and I will give you power to conquer it without bloodshed." The Emperor doubted his wife's story. He was charged with blasphemy by the revealing Deity and told that he should never enter the promised land, but that a child, unborn but already conceived, should conquer it. The Emperor was worsted by the rebels of Kumasso and died suddenly. His Minister, Takenouchi, and the heroic empress put down the rebellion, after which she began to long for the conquest of the promised land beyond the sea.

She obtained other signs from the gods which confirmed her faith and prepared to conquer Corea. She ordered her Generals to collect troops, and build ships. When ready to embark she said to them, "the safety or destruction of the country depends on you. I entrust all details to you; it will be your fault if they are not carried out. I shall disguise myself as a man and undertake this gallant expedition, trusting to the gods and your faithfulness. The glory will be yours, if we succeed. If we fail, the shame shall be mine."

Such an enterprise was a marvel considering the time and country. She addressed her soldiers, forbidding them to plunder, and adding, "Neither despise a few enemies nor fear many; give mercy to those who yield, and no quarters to the stubborn." The word

of the gods came to her promising a peaceful victory; but as she was about to embark, a disaster met her. She was already mother to the promised heir, but the story is that she found a stone, which she carried in her belt, which delayed the birth until her victory was gained. This undertaking was the most daring in all history, for the leaders had no geographical knowledge, no compass, but went out not knowing whither they went. However, seas and skies were propitious, and they reached the desired haven. The Coreans came waving white flags of submission, and took an oath that they would be tributary to Japan.

Eighty ships were laden with gold and silver, silks and other wealth, and eighty hostages of the best families were taken. The expedition soon returned, when the son of Jingu was born, who became the heir. The mother's victories were believed to have been acheived through her unborn son. This conquest took place, it is believed, in A. D., 203. Stripping it of the mythical or fanciful it was simply a raid for war and conquest. It is to the Japanese a source of pride that they were successful in their first invasion, and contributes to the belief that they always will be.

The son of Jingu, Ojin, the god of war, has been worshipped, through centuries especially by the soldiers, and to his name and fame some of the grandest temples in Japan have been erected. Female martial glory has, no doubt, perished in Japan, as everywhere else. Something better has been found for the glory of women. The wife of the present Mikado, Haruko, is doubtless doing greater things for her country in social reforms, in founding hospitals, and by special interest in the education of her sex. All this will bring to her country imperishable honor.

Jingu is the name synonymous with woman's highest work in the Japan of her time. What changes have been wrought since then in woman's behalf! The question is a wide one, but a few suggestive thoughts on the subject may lead to its wider and more thorough investigation. What is the position of woman in Japan now? The answer is, that it is a mixture of the hopeful and discouraging. She is on a higher level in Japan than in any other Asiatic country. She has more respect, position and power with fewer degrading disabilities than in any other part of the Orient. However, there are against her forces that will not remain quiescent, and whose power she can never break. There has been some mitigation of the oppressions, which compel many to a life of shame, through the introduction of industries by which greater demand is created for her labor, but all these, as yet, are feeble and intermittent. There is no steady flow toward her better condition. There are upon her religious shackles and the iron bands of custom, which work only to her degradation.

She has, however, greater freedom of opinion and action than anywhere else in the East: no caste, no foot-binding. Among the middle and lower classes she has almost as much liberty in going about as she has in Europe. There is a class of vile Europeans and Americans, from whose hearts have vanished all ideas of decency, whose mouths are as abominable as buzzards, who flippantly declare that there is no such thing as female virtue in Japan. But this statement in the nature of the case must be false, for no nation has ever been found, not even in the heart of the Dark Continent, according to the testimony of Livingstone and Moffat, in which there is the total absence of female chastity.

Purity, according to our Lord's ideal, which takes cognizance of the thoughts, exists not in Japan, and is not very abundant anywhere else. Heathenism has shown no power in this direction; here is its greatest weakness. It does not restrain; but, in most cases, fires and then blows on the igniting sparks. The conception of Buddhism or Monkish asceticism is that woman exists as a standing temptation to men, and must be relegated to an inferior place, or left without hope of salvation altogether.

Perverted truths are as destructive as falsehoods. One of these is the debasing slavery born out of the excessive and distorted duty of obedience of parents. In Japan this is the Juggernaut destroying woman's virtue and sending her to a life of everlasting degradation. There is not a young girl in Japan strong enough to resist a father's command to her to give her life away for his profit in the house of prostitution. She believes that it is her duty to make the sacrifice, however much she may loath it.

Another degrading feature in the very heart of Japanese life is prostitution as a family institution. It is worse than Polygamy, because it has less of obligation in it. A Japanese man has only one legal wife, but he may have as many others in this loose relation as he chooses, and a considerable portion of the men so choose. As long as this Moloch continues to burn, victims will be furnished. Poverty, homelessness and false loyalty to parents will always produce a glut in the infamous market.

Akin to this are the easy legal conditions of divorce. The seven causes given by Confucius are: 1. Disobedience to her parents-in-law. 2. If she be barren. 3. If she be lewd or licentious; she must not be given

to loose talk or wine. 4. If she be jealous of other women's clothes or children, and especially of her husband. 5. If she have a loathsome or contagious disease. 6. If she steal. 7. If she talk too much. The seventh affords the husbands best chance, for here he can be both judge and prosecutor.

All this shows the importance of Christian education and, we hope, will stimulate to the highest efforts on the part of Christians now in this harvest time in the mission field. In no spot on the earth can Christian women work such immediate and far-reaching results in the saving their sex from intolerable degradation and in strengthening a sentiment, already started, for the necessity of an education for Japanese wives in Christian schools in the matter of knowledge, literature and manners. The fields are whitening for the harvest, and the demand is, "send forth more laborers." The men are becoming educated; they are feverish in their desire to master European civilization and to build up their manhood on modern ideas. Shall these educated men be held in bondage by ignorant wives, without religion, and, often, without soul inspiring morals?

Already, the educated men of Japan are demanding educated wives, and before the recent revulsion, which is probably only temporary, the mission schools could not furnish them as fast as demanded. Married men, who have had the advantages of modern education, are bringing their wives to our mission female seminaries, begging for places for them and paying all expenses, glad if they can only get them admitted, and what is more, to their honor the Japanese women show an invincible determination to be the peers of their husbands by their great diligence and progress in their studies.

It is inspiring to see a mother with three or four children sitting down to her daily task, attending to her maternal cares and still keeping her place with the best in her classes. There are few in America or England who possess the will, and evince the absorption of mind and the persistent purpose to do all this. Such fruits of Christian efforts hang in rich clusters all over Japan. The mission schools have been crowded, and hundreds turned away for want of room. It is one of the most distressing thoughts in connection with Christian work in Japan that those, who are begging to be taught, cannot be received because of the inadequacy of the teaching force and accomodations for shelter.

The following facts given in connection with the school of Mrs. True, in Tokio, will enforce and explain our statements. A young Japanese girl, of good family, living miles away from Tokio, heard that there was an institution in this city for the education of young women in Christian culture, and was almost beside herself to get there. Her father desired that her wish might be gratified, but had not the means to send her. She finally determined to walk to Tokio, three hundred miles, to see if the institution could not help her. To protect herself from dishonor by the way she dressed herself in male attire, and walked all these weary miles and presented herself, explaining why she came in this garb. There was no place for her; every place was filled, and when she was so informed, she was in an agony of distress. At last Mrs. True, considering her sacrifices and disappointment, said :—"There is one place; it is the work of a servant, and you have never been used to this. It is to wash the table-cloths and napkins." To her amazement the

young girl accepted. She had never washed a garment in her life, but if they would show her how to do it, she would undertake it. This she has done, rising before daylight to get the washing over, and to keep up to the average of her class in her studies.

Can any thing more be needed to convince the world what Japanese women are, and what they can do, and what they will be, if the Christian world will only give a pittance of its abundance to help them out of the long wearisome and degrading servitude that has environed them through the centuries. The new civilization will be rootless until Japan is planted with gospel truth and her home life properly cultivated. The beginnings have been auspiciously made by our own countrymen and most gratifying success has crowned their limited efforts; but what is this among so many? These faithful men and women are imparting ideas, and making them practical by their own example in their well ordered households. They are giving a purer code of morals and a spiritual power, which regenerates before it confers culture, of which Buddhism never knew, and before which the highest aspirations of Shintoism fall brokenly to the dust.

Empress Jingu's victory over Corea was more to the Japanese than the accession of territory and wealth without the expenditure of blood or treasure. It was the opening of the highway over which came the religion, the philosophy and the political ideas which have ruled for good or ill ever since. All this must be accredited as a victory to woman. Considering the nine Empresses of Japan, and the above first foreign triumph in her history, and the blessings flowing from this source for centuries, woman's share in

the glory of Japanese progress is fully equal, if not superior, to that of the other sex.

Before this, religion consisted of the crudest notions, none of which took hold at any point on moral character. It was at this time the creature of a coarse imagination; fear was its vitality. It had no ladder, reaching from earth to heaven, over which its aspirations could climb. It had to receive from foreign shores a religion which had conquered for itself the devotion of a large part of Asia. In its time and place it was an aggressive, resistless force. Buddhism was to bring religious unity and principle to fortify the national growth, and motives to control their better natures, and to act as an helm to all her national forces. It was a theology which could be systematized and grasped, and which could embrace in its strength the whole nature of the individual man, and lead both the individual and the nation forward.

The philosophy of Confucianism, and its morals as well, formed the basis of all education among Japanese statesmen. It modified Shintoism; it gave a higher significance to political duties; it gave better ideas of government; it compacted the nation and impressed upon it personal responsibilities, honor, family relationships, and government. All this, and vastly more, Japan received through her conquest of Corea. In other words, she first received a religion through Corea from China, and now, when this has worn out, she receives another, and better, faith from America, the country which she probably first peopled.

The peaceful victory of Jingu emptied Corea into the lap of Japan. Multitudes of artisans came; horses

were sent over in 491; tailors in large numbers appeared in 493; architects and learned men in 512. In 552 a company of doctors, divines, astronomers and mathematicians arrived at the Japanese court, and with them the Buddhist missionaries, by whom came continental civilization.

Three great waves from the West and East have swept over Japan; with each religion and civilization have come hand in hand. In the sixth century the philosophy, ethics, religion and political ideas of China were received. Confucianism and Buddhism migrated from China through Corea. In the fifteenth century a tidal wave struck her from Western Europe. In the nineteenth century another wave struck her from America, which is now stirring her head and heart, subverting her old ideas and institutions, revealing to her true life and inspiring her to a lofty place in the onward march of the nations.

CHAPTER XVII.

JAPANESE BUDDHISM.

THE religion of Buddha can never fail to interest those who have any concern with the philosophy of religion. It is six centuries older than Christianity and is one of its rivals in India, Ceylon, China and Japan. It is professed by nearly one-third of the race, and has a literature more extensive than all other heathen religions. We shall confine our consideration of it to its introduction, progress and present status in this singular country. It has attempted to produce a purely Atheistic Humanitarianism, a philosophy merging constantly into ethics. It has a

code of morals superior to any thing ever conceived by what is now known as the heathen mind; and embraces Atheism, Metempsychosis and hostility to all caste distinctions. It could not have originated in any other country except India, the most caste-ridden land on earth, both in the secular and spiritual domain. Its formal dogmas were that all men are equal, all are sinful, all are miserable, and all are capable of elevation through knowledge. All had lived in a previous state, and the sorrows of this life were the result of sins committed in a previous existence; each soul has gone through the circle of all being just as feathers are whirled in a tornado, or sticks in a whirlpool.

There is nothing realistic in its philosophy; nothing is real and life is a magnificent delusion. After death the soul starts again bobbing about through space or by universal extension through stages of life, inferior and superior, until it reaches Nirvana, which is an unconscious absorption in Buddha. Its moving aspiration is toward the extinction of personal consciousness or toward blissful annihilation. The ethical system of Buddhism is higher than its metaphysics. Its dictates of morality are reasonable and according to the eternal fitness in moral relations. Nearly all the prohibitions of the Ten Commandments are to be found, with others added, such as those against murder, stealing, adultery, lying, drunkenness, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossipping, cruelty to animals, &c. Also, the positive virtues of forgiveness of enemies and insults, and rendering good for evil are enjoined.

This was the ideal religion of Buddha when, driven out of India, it was to plant itself in Burmah, Siam, China, Thibet, Manchuria, Eastern Siberia, and after

twelve centuries in Japan. Shintoism, previously, was all that had occupied the speculative and superstitious mind of the Japanese. It had died down to the root, and was at best a pale and shadowy cult, a system of sacrifice to the departed spirits of heroes and ancestors. It was hero-worship, a mild form of which in modern times has beamed out in the wonderful genius of Thomas Carlyle.

Its central political idea was to declare and adore the divinity of the Mikado, and to serve him implicitly. Every thing was ready for change, for relief, for the rolling of the stone of ages from off the human intellect. The spirit of inquiry was not dead, only imprisoned; men then as now longed to know whither, why, when, and wherefore. Buddhism had something positive to offer. Uncertainty is the hell of speculative existence. No doubt somebody will ask how could Buddhism, with its ultimate extinction of personality and consciousness, meet these urgent wants. It was inconceivably superior to any thing they had. Everlasting drudgery would welcome everlasting sleep; as one in more modern times said, "My highest desire for heaven is to get where I shall never again be tired."

The people, at the time of the advent of Buddhism, knew little else but of the terrific action of destructive forces, such as malignant diseases without cure or mitigation, evil spirits always after them, earthquakes and tornadoes. Accordingly to them eternal life meant eternal torment. The power of Buddhism was in its dogmatism; a religion without it is powerless. "Believe in the true doctrine, and live the true believer's life, says the Bonze, and you will be born again into higher and higher states of existence, into

a heaven and a higher heaven until, from paradise, you rise to the restful nonentity of Nirvana. Reject these truths, and you will be born innumerable times, suffer at each birth more and more of torture; die or be killed millions of times; sink into lower and lower hells down a plane at the end of which, in uncountable cycles, you may turn slowly upward again." This religious system had for the time of its appearance the highest intellectuality and the only philosophy that was ever formulated into any thing like a system. Besides, the doctrine of Nirvana was greatly modified and diversified in the Japanese system. Some believed it to be utter annihilation; others a kind of spiritual comatoseness; others held that the final absorption was compatible with perpetuated personality and consciousness.

Buddhism was scarcely lifted into power when divisions began, as will always be the case in any religious system which has in it the elements of philosophical speculation. Its most illustrious teacher was Kabo, a famous scholar, the compiler of the Japanese alphabet of forty-seven characters, which may by pointing be increased to seventy. He was born A. D. 774. He founded the *Shin Yan* (True Words) sect.

The thirteenth century was the golden age of Japanese Buddhism. The following sects, representing one and another of the then progressive forms of thought, still exist in Kiota and have long flourished throughout Japan: The *Zen* (Contemplationists), the *Iodo* (Heavenly Road), the *Shin* (the New). The Nichiren sect of Buddhists, for six centuries, was the wealthiest, most influential, most proselyting, most bitter and contentious, the most bigoted, intolerant, arrogant and per-

secuting. They were ready to suffer, but more ready to make others do it. They were as controversial as the original Campbellites of Kentucky, whose motto was said to be "Glory to God! I am ready for fight!" They had the venom of a blind adder in dog days; when they were beaten, they would hiss in impotent rage. They had the most prayer-books, most drums, most instruments of torture, including their tongues. They got up their revivals after the fashion of the Salvation Army. They had most pilgrims, most ecclesiastical machinery, charms, spells, amulets. Their priests were the reprobatory followers of Buddhism, and every other sect was consigned to perdition as often as they felt like it.

Even now their revival meetings confound the imagination and defy the power of expression. Prayers and drums accompany the shouting of devotees, who often froth at the mouth, and go into paroxysms which sometimes end in madness. They are a repetition of the scenes of Carmel, when Elijah was goading the Baalites with his desperate sarcasm. Of this sect was Kato Keyomasa, the persecutor of the Roman Catholics in the sixteenth century. Nichiren means Sunotus, called this by his mother, who dreamed that the sun had entered her body during his conception, and this vagary is repeated about multitudes of other great men, usually after their death.

The holy Bonze never learned to keep silence or to speak wisely, so he was expatriated, and assailed after his own style of abuse by other sects until he died in Tregami, a little to the northwest of the Kawasaki Railroad, between Yokohama and Tokio. He was the greatest polemical theologian and the most aggressive propagandist Buddhism ever had in Japan. The

vitality of heathenism in Japan is in this sect; it is being roused to fighting ardor, and if martyr blood is shed in the introduction and progress of Christianity, it will come from reorganized and regenerated Buddhism.

Its adherents are more aggressive now, and becoming intolerant. It is deeply rooted in the minds of the people, and though it is not combative when undisturbed, friction with the truth is bringing it again into determined opposition. There will certainly be many ebbs before Christianity reaches a peaceful tide-mark. These Nichirenes are Japanese Jesuits, who are the same the world over. Christianity will not prevail without blood; its life must be nurtured out of its own wounds.

There is a religious custom long connected with the history of this sect, interesting even as a fable. In the country are seen evidences of what is called "the flowing invocation." It has been described as follows:—"A piece of colored cloth is suspended by its four corners to stakes in the ground by the margin of a brook or river, which may flow by the houses of the higher classes. Behind it rises a board with several notches near the top, upon which is a brief inscription. Resting on the cloth by the side of the stream is a wooden dipper; on the corners of the cloth supported by stakes may be garlands of flowers. The whole is a symbolical representation of death. The significant Sanscrit letters suggest the end of life. The flowers there, as with us, are dedicated to death. They are, also, tributes of love, tokens of sorrowful memories of the loving set in the sockets of the monuments in their graveyard. On the cloth is written the name given to persons after death, and

the prayer which Nichiren substituted for the older and more meaningless one: 'Glory to the Sahah on bringing scripture.' This is called 'Mother's Memorial.' The passer-by pauses at this strange device, for he understands it well; he devoutly prays and counts the beads of his rosary. After this is done, he reverently lifts a cupful of water and pours it upon the cloth and waits devoutly until it has gone through between the threads."

What is the meaning of this bit of strange symbolical devotion? It is but another testimony to the universal idea in the mind of humanity of the possible vicariousness of suffering. It is an act of devotion trying to shorten a mother's woe, as she suffers the pains and pangs of the guilty in the world into which she passed at death. It is a symbolical prayer to all who know of the pangs of death in child-bearing, to help the poor mother in the world of woe to the extent of a cup of water. How this avails must be explained. The mother who was in childbirth, according to Buddhist teaching, suffers such a death on account of some terrible sin in bygone centuries, or cycles it may be. This is certain from the character of her punishment, which is, she must dwell in the darkness of hell, wallowing in a lake of blood, and must continue there until the water, poured by the living, who are pitiful and prayerful, in her behalf, wears the warp and woof of the cloth away by the brook or stream. When this cloth is so worn that it furnishes no obstruction to the water, the freed spirit of the mother is purged of her sin and rises to a resurrection among those, served like herself, in a higher circle forever and ever. Men and women alike feel it a call from the world of doom, especially the

women who have passed through the pains and pangs of parturition, and who feel grateful for their safe deliverance from the gates of death. But trickery and priestcraft are synonymous. Nothing in their religion is too sacred for the priests to traffic in. The rich can buy cloths scraped in the middle, so that the water will at once go through, or, at least, in a few days. The poor have to buy strong cloth, but even for them there are blessed compensations. If the limit of the purgatorial penance of their wives depends on the thickness of the warp and woof, he secures for her all the more vicarious helpfulness and sympathy from those of his own kind, who do not desire to shorten their work of loving devotion and mercy. Heart-wealth is found in huts. Bedizzened selfishness adorns too often the mansions of the rich.

Buddhism has undergone violent changes, usually reactionary in their character. One of them corresponds to the reformation of Christianity in Europe in the sixteenth century. It was a Protestant revolution. Shinran was the great leader, A. D. 1262. He was a pupil of Honen, who was of noble descent. He was honorably married to a lady of high rank, and engrafted the sanc ity of marriage as an article in his reformed creed. He declared that celibacy was an invention of the priests. He condemned penance, amulets, isolation, fastings, pilgrimages, chains, nunneries and monasteries as foreign to pure Buddhism. His positive teachings were the duty and helpfulness of devout prayer, purity and earnestness of life, and trust in Buddha himself as the only worker of perfect righteousness. His contest was similar to that made by Luther against the Roman Catholics. The question was justification by works or faith. He declared

faith in Buddha alone would save. The Scriptures of this reformation were translated into the popular tongue instead of Sanscrit and Chinese.

The old Buddhists build their temples on hills and in solitary places, but the Shin-Shinists build them in the heart of cities, convenient in public places to the multitudes, and labor with worthy zeal to induce the people to come into them. Their temples are the most accessible and imposing to the traveller. Each one is magnificent. The altars are not inferior to those of the best among Roman Catholics in Italy. The priests marry and raise families, and their sons succeed to the curacies. In default of male issue, the husband of the daughter of a priest takes the place of the father-in-law.

The followers of Shinran have always had great influence with the government and the influential of the people both for good and evil. Their system is always better than themselves. They have been the first to imitate the policies of Christianity, and, by modifications to suit changed conditions, to resist it. They have organized theological schools, so that their young men may be able to resist the evils of corrupt Buddhism, Shintoism or Christianity; but they have so far introduced Christian methods, that they are reproached for being Christians, while perhaps in heart they are farthest from Christianity. Their Protestantism consists merely in an effort to be free from governmental control, reactionism and Shintoism.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

CHRISTIANITY, like Simon, the Cyrenian, has always been obliged to carry its cross. If it had been merely a load of wood, as in his case, Christianity would have prospered; but it has been often obliged to carry Satan and his luggage, which has ever been to its humiliation and disaster. Thus fettered it entered Japan. Mendez Pinto, a Portuguese adventurer, was the first European to put his feet upon its soil about 1542. This led to the advent of Romanism. Pinto returned full of things marvellous. So successful was he in getting his stories into circulation that the Portuguese called him Pinto, the Mendacious. Whether Major Pinto, who has recently raised the small tempest between Portugal and England, is a lenial descendant or not, it is not necessary to opine; but we note the fact that events repeat themselves and the behavior of the two adventurers is much alike.

Vagabond foreigners brought Christianity, like a pack-horse laden with all real and imaginable devilries—priestcraft, political intrigue, persecution, the inquisition, the slave trade, concession to a vile caricature of Christianity by the sword, sedition, rebellion and civil war. All this, and more. was introduced at the cost of the blood of sixty thousand massacred Japanese.

Pinto and his soul-saving crowd were armed with arquebuses, which at first delighted the people, as does any thing new which they think they can turn to

selfish account. Pinto was a big man while the Japanese were stealing his thunder. Soon the natives were manufacturing guns and powder, the secrets of which they had secured by reward or cunning. So the Cross of Christ was brought by unprincipled foreigners and fire-arms and cruelties—an infernal trinity which lives in the memory of the natives in many places, a horrible tradition among, but synonymous with the Christian name. Then, as ever since with the Portuguese, where it was possible to unite the cross and sword, the weak were first trodden by violence and made religious by spoilation. Hundreds of Portuguese were attracted by Pinto's gains. Ships returned loaded with pirated trophies of the cross.

The Japanese at first thought it a great thing, and the Daimios vied with each other in enriching the foreigners, who were giving them religion for their earthly effects. Their main idea, however, was to get improved weapons to carry on bloody conquests at home, or to regain lost or acquire new supremacy. The country swarmed with Portuguese priests—the gleaners after their avaricious masters. The first convert was a murderer, who, learning to read and write Portuguese and the necessary doctrines of the Roman Church to be a propagandist, became Xavier's interpreter. The character of the natives at that time appears in a passage recorded by the great missionary:—"The people did not immediately assent to what was said to them, but would investigate what I might affirm concerning religion. They asked multitudes of questions, upon the answers of which they pondered. But their chief test was in seeing how my conduct tallied with my words."

Xavier's mission was not a success; he was too

good for his Portuguese forerunners. He could not learn the language; he had no means of showing the Daimios how his presence and performances could enrich them. He went to Kioto, and assumed the garb and ways of a mendicant; but this made the people despise him, and as he had no present of sufficient value to reach the Shogans, whose rule was supreme at that time, he left the country in disgust. But he had inspired others to carry on the work, and within five years after he left Kioto, seven churches and multitudes of smaller Christian communities dotted the south-west.

In 1581 there were two hundred churches, while 150,000 native Christian Daimios and people of standing, where Xavier first began his work by the use of costly gifts and diplomacy, were in favor of Christianity. In 1583 an embassy of four young noblemen was dispatched by the Christian Daimios of Kiushin to the Pope to declare themselves vassals to the Holy See. Eight years after they kissed the Pope's toe, and had a grand audience with Philip, of Spain, the blood-letting missionary of the Papacy in Europe. It is hardly necessary to say that they returned with those pests of the world—the Jesuits and mendicant friars. As the result, according to Roman Catholic records, the converts in Japan numbered 600,000. The Japanese estimate the Romanists and their adherents at 2,000,000. Nor was their work confined to any one class, but had many representatives even among women and at the court. Churches, monasteries and schools were abundant. There were Fathers everywhere, and crosses rivalled Buddhist shrines in number and elegance. Japan was in a condition favorable for this wonderful change. She was worn out by

intestine quarrels; the people were poor and hopeless. The native religions, Shintoism and Buddhism, were without comfort, nay, without even pity. Shinto was only a shadow of ancestors in their graveyards; Buddhism had dried up. But Roman propagandism was without the juice of life or sympathy, as dead as the cut flowers laid on the faces of corpses. It had degenerated into a trade in prayers and trinkets, a system of prayers and masses paid for to the priests; but as might have been expected, and always is the case, material gorgeousness increased as spirituality departed. Never were there such magnificent vestments, such clouds of incense, such glowing lights, such imposing processions. There was never so much religious "razzle dazzle" while indulgences were sold, and on holidays those monuments of religious and national deterioration were so abundant that honest industry was paralyzed.

The Japanese common people are very imaginative and sensational. They are the French of the Orient, worshippers of the beautiful, according to their notions. This fact paved the way for the Roman priest with his crucifixes, rosaries, rich vestments and impressive ceremonies; just enough different from the flummeries of Buddhism to give pleasant variety to the versatile tastes of the Japanese. The picture and crucifix business became a great industry; they were bought and sold rapidly, furnishing revenue to Rome and profit to the tradesman. The priests preached the doctrine of an immediate entrance into paradise after death to all believers, and were not particular to spiritualize paradise; so any kind that suited the seeker would do. This intoxicated the multitude, who had known nothing of the future from Shintoism,

and had heard only the discouraging ideas of going on forever through brutes, snakes, hogs and dogs until they might mount up into humanity, and through this, at last and best of all, into practical annihilation. Calvary with its bloody scenes and more glorious reprisals was a new story—a brighter hope, even if it were no more, as dark skies lighted by dying rockets are better than no light at all.

The transition was easy and rapid from Buddhism to Romanism. They are so near alike in so many aspects that few alterations in the machinery and millinery were necessary. The idols of Buddha were easily chiseled into the image of Christ and the Virgin, and as the people had never seen either, they were just as good as those altered from heathen divinities at Rome. The Buddhist saints were changed by a little paint and trimming into the twelve apostles. The *torii*, a Buddhist symbol, answered the purpose of the cross. Japanese soldiers were armed as crusaders. The Buddhist goddess of mercy was improvised to represent the Holy Virgin. There was wonderful economy shown; the fragments of Buddhism were gathered together that nothing should be lost. Buddhism was made to do service to Rome, and was beaten at its own game. Christian churches were made of Buddhist temples, with but little expense or change, amounting to no more than sprinkling a little water on the command, "thou shalt not steal."

The great bells, the glory of every Buddhist temple, had a little water thrown upon them, and then they boomed for Christianity, and the same lavatory at the front of the temple held the sacred fluid as when the priest had performed his incantations

over it. The censer, that swung before Amida, was filled, fired and set smoking in the interest of Christianity; the old beads answered as well as the new; and even the fragments of candles burned for Buddha were utilized in the new order of religious life.

The new departure began with Mariolotry; the next thing was to show, when advisable, the spirit of the inquisition, freshly dappled with the latest Dutch martyr blood from Holland; with this came Spanish and Portugal gold in such abundance that the native rulers thought that the Christian religion was a paying institution. The Daimios became Christians, and compelled their subjects to be baptized. Whole districts were ordered to be baptized, or leave the country. So preaching, exile, fire and sword were alike missionaries to do converting work.

Miracles were, as usual, brought into service. But when the people were well conquered, or exhausted, they commenced fighting among themselves. The several orders began to tread on each others' ecclesiastical toes. This brought shame on the Christian name, imperfect as it then was. The friars of the orders were vigorously anathematizing each other, and in daily conversation denounced each other with vile epithets. The natives, who were tired of them, and not without reason, had daily additional cause for desiring to be rid of them on account of their bad conduct. The effects of the contest between Philip, of Spain, and the Dutch were felt in Japan. Dutch traders, always fairer in business transactions, more reliable and truthful, stirred up the natives against the Spanish and Portuguese Papists.

The Japanese do not need much instruction as to how to use the weakness of foreigners against each other, and so they made the best of their opportunities.

The Portuguese were slave-traders, and in their traffic preyed on the Japanese, selling them to Macao, China, and the Philippines. The Japanese foreign wars and intestine conflicts, and their impoverishment by the Jesuits and their followers had been so great, that Malay negroes, servants of the Portuguese, could own and speculate in Japanese body and blood. The Japanese ruler, Heydeyoshi, had decreed death to the slave-traders.

There were noble exceptions in the Roman Catholic Church in Japan, men who did all they could to prevent these atrocities; but they were in the minority, as all the villains of Spain and Portugal trained under the banner of the Cross. A reaction set in; the preservation of Japanese existence required it. Heydeyoshi, who was at first favorable to the Jesuits and their religion, was exasperated at their behavior toward each other, and their intrigues and tyrannies, and issued a decree, in 1587, of banishment against the foreign missionaries. The Jesuits closed their churches, abandoned their stations and ceased to preach in public; but they did worse, by machinations and secret methods of which they were masters, gaining ten thousand converts a year. Spanish friars came in multitudes from the Philippines, and openly defied the Japanese Government. This led to a second decree of expulsion, but it was not much heeded.

In 1596 six Franciscans, and three Jesuits, and seventeen Japanese Christians, were crucified in Nagasaki. Even this did not dismay the priests, who intimated that Spain would have revenge. This still further exasperated the rulers in Japan, and in 1606 an edict from Yeddo forbade the exercise of the Christian religion. An outward show of obedience withheld persecution for a time.

In 1610, the Spanish friars again defied the government, and preached sedition. The year following, Iye-yasu secured proof of a plot on the part of natives and foreigners to subjugate Japan under the government of Spain. This was discovered in the mining country, where thousands of Christian exiles had been sent to work. The names of the native and foreign conspirators had been written, according to the custom of the times, in blood from the end of the middle finger of the ringleader. This determined Iye-yasu to root this pestilent breeder of sedition, as he believed, out of the land, and in 1614 twenty-two Franciscan, Dominican and Augustian friars, and one hundred and seventeen Jesuits, and unnumbered native priests and Jesuits, were transported. In 1615, Iye-yasu had a contest with Kedeyon, who was then entertaining some Jesuit priests, and calling out his troops, he laid siege to the Castle of Ozaka. A terrific battle was fought, ending in the burning of the citadel, the death of the Christians' friend, Kedeyon, and, according to Jesuit sources, one hundred thousand followers perished. This battle left the Christian cause in political ruin, giving the strange coincidence of Catholicism receiving its death blow in Japan in the same year that the Pilgrims conquered an almost unknown and inhospitable climate to plant the seeds of a new religious force which has antagonized the Papacy to this hour. But the exiled friars kept coming back again, as if longing for martyrdom, until Hidetada, the Shogan, pronounced sentence of death against any foreign priest found in Japan. His successor restricted all foreign residence and commerce to Nagasaki and Kerado. Soon after this, all foreigners, except the Dutch and Chinese, were banished.

CHAPTER XIX.

EVENTS LEADING TO A TRAGIC ENDING.

CHRISTIANITY in Japan had now more than it could carry in the character and doings of its professed followers. Men apostatizd, and took sides with the government. Fire and sword were employed to uproot Christianity. Persecution was conducted according to the brutal tastes of the age, and drove thousands of Christian converts to Formosa and the Philippines. At Ozaka and Kiu-Siu the people were compelled to trample on the cross, or a representation of what they called "the criminal god." The Christians were bound in bundles of straw and piled in stacks which were fired. To the honor of the Japanese, and as an earnest of what they will be when redeemed by a purer form of religion, it is said hatt few of the native Christians ever faltered. They were patiently consumed in the fires of wood split from the crosses before which they had bowed in holy devotion. They went without fear to the bloody pits, or were flung into graves in which they were buried alive. Mothers went to the stake with their babes nursing at their bosoms, or walked with them in their arms over precipices rather than leave them to grow up in heatheaism.

There are volumes in Dutch, English, French, Latin and Japanese showing the endurance of these Christians for their faith. There is no doubt of their fidelity now should the little church again reviving be called upon to ratify its faith by suffering. The previous oppressions were so intolerable that at Shim-

abara they took up arms, but only in defence of life. They repaired an old castle from which they flung to the winds the flag of defiance. Armies from Kiu-Siu and Kuano, veterans from wars in Corea, thought they would have an easy "walk-over;" but a siege of two months was required, both by land and water, to reduce this fortress, and then it could not be done until they had used Dutch cannon furnished by the traders under compulsion. The beleaguered Christians finally surrendered and were slain with a fiendishness inconceivable. Thirty-seven thousand were destroyed during the siege and capture by being hurled from the Rock of Pappenburg, in the harbor at Nagasaki, while other thousands were banished or put to death by torture. This decree was raised over the common grave at the castle of the bloody massacre: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be bold enough to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head." Vain boast! impotence on crutches! "The heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in derision."

Japan was closed against all foreigners for two hundred years, until God raised up a people driven to another continent through the same Jesuitical oppressions that had brought all to naught in Japan. As the result of the fires of persecution and the tortures of the Inquisition, there emerged a reanimated Christianity with its civil freedom, its enterprise, its civilization,

and its political power, opening the gates so long closed, that Japan might have the benefit of its progress, its religion, and its civil blessings. All that remained in Japan apparently left of the foreigners and their religion were the bitter memory that a half million of her own best citizens had been massacred without cause and without mercy, the use of gunpowder and fire-arms, only to make her own people the more dangerous, the use of tobacco, and the infection of foreign, loathsome, unspeakable diseases, which had obliterated virtue and left in its place only the hateful ichor of their dissolving bodies.

It is not strange that for centuries after the Spanish and Portuguese departure the mention of the Christian name flushed the cheek and made the tongue stammer, as if the noise and flames of an unknown crater had surprised them. Never before had Christ and his people been so cursed. Guide boards, cross shaped, stood at all corners, at all angles, at all departures of streets, highways and byways, on which were decrees against that name. Men and women shuddered at the sight or hearing of it, as if a death-chill were paralyzing them. It seemed as if it were to be the everlasting drama of Christ crucified, and executed between thieves. They thought they had buried that name in everlasting infamy; before the end of the seventeenth century it was believed that not even a spectre of Christianity would ever appear. No knowledge of it was supposed to exist except in a vague horror of its fading reminiscences. There were a few scholars in ancient lore who knew something of it historically. The bush was burned; but the bush was not consumed. As late as 1829 seven persons, six men and an old woman, were crucified in Ozaka on

the suspicion of being Christians, and communicating with foreigners. The Lord will have all exterminating efforts in derision.

The strange sight of the burning bush appeared in 1860. When the French brethren of the Mission Apostolique of Paris came to Nagasaki in 1860, they found in the village around more than 10,000 people, who had not bowed the knee to Baal, and who secretly prayed and longed for the coming deliverer. There were waymarks of Christianity which could never be effaced. It lived in their language. *Deus Espiritu Sanctu* (Holy Spirit) and Yesu Kinshito abode all the time as jewels set in darkness. The Christians had brought to them the word now used for bread, *pan*, as they had no word for it in their own language. Christianity is still charged with the duty of giving them the bread of life. They have derived taffel from table, Dentako for Sunday, and many others, of which we need not trouble the reader.

The inquiry now arises how far was Christianity responsible for an almost entire extinction in Japan. The answer, from its nature and from history, must be, not at all. Christianity never defeats itself. While Christianity was caricatured and outraged by Jesuistry, and by rascality and intolerable insolence of unprincipled adventurers, its fruits were what they have always been—good. It illustrated itself in the martyrs produced and in the heroisms displayed among the Japanese people. Death could not deter them from duty, and the ingenuities of the pit could not make them apostatize. Its indestructibility is seen in the fact that, separated from the crimes perpetrated in its name, though suffering by them, it still lives, and that after two hundred years a remnant of ten

thousand still obey its behests. This is just what is coming to light every day in France. St. Bartholomew's massacre was believed by the Romanists to have extirpated Christianity in France, but churches are found that have actually kept their organizations through the dark centuries of persecution, and are coming forth to the light like the hidden prophets in the revival on Carmel. On the other hand, it was not the religion of Christ that caused the revulsion in the feelings of the Japanese, but the want of honesty, the want of decency, and the horrible corruptions of the flesh which the Spanish and Portuguese introduced in the guise of Christ's name and fame.

Their hatred was not to foreigners as such, but to foreigners that came from Papal countries. They never entirely excluded the Dutch, who had an island home in Nagasaki. An embassy of the English, with letters from King James VI., were kindly received and established a factory; they also had the privilege of trade, because they had confidence in them.

The story of Will Adams is interesting in this connection. He was an English pilot, and the first Englishman in Japan who seems to have inspired absolute confidence. He arrived in 1607, lived near Yedo, and died 1620. He rose to the highest position in the confidence of rulers and people by his manly honesty. He had nothing to commend him except good sense and sterling uprightness. His knowledge of ship building and mathematics made him useful. But he was always a prisoner, not being ever permitted to leave the island. He had a wife and daughter in England, from whom he was parted all his days.

But in every thing else he was more than honored. He had the revenues of a small city, assigned him by royal favor for his support, near the docks of Yokosuka, and where the dry docks, machine shops and sheds, and the ships of the present imperial navy are still built and launched. He married in Japan and left a son and daughter, from whom there are those who still claim descent. In Yedo a street was named after him, and the people of the city celebrate his memory on the 15th of June. When he died, he was buried in state on the brow of one of the most lovely hills about the city, overlooking the bay of Yedo. He chose the spot for himself, and the people erected memorial stone lanterns.

As Nagasaki was the place of most of the martyrdoms of ancient Papal Christianity, it will be in place here to note its position, resources and present progress. One bright morning in January, after a long voyage from Shanghai along dreary coasts, we awoke to the fact that the ship was motionless, and the voices which indicated loading and unloading assured us that port had been made. The hills of this famous harbor frowned from their shaggy brows, looking down upon us. It is the snuggest harbor in the world; big enough, but having nothing to spare. It is rather a loch walled in by the power of the Almighty by means of mountains loosened from their ancient beds and shot up on all sides with narrow entrances between.

These mountains were decked in January in living green. The sun was coming down upon this loch broken into rays by intervening trees, while tall pines tossed their lordly shadows across the sparkling waters. On both sides were scant valleys, but these had been

utilized every inch, and far up on the sides of the mountains, by the neatest houses, embowered by flowers, vines and evergreens. There the busiest of human beings moved about in their daily round of duties and enjoyments.

The Japanese always reminded us of the industry of the ants, and their forethought as well. They are an extremely well proportioned, lithe and intelligent people, and seem not only kindly, but graciously disposed. They present a strange contrast to the apparent sluggishness of the Chinese, who move about so indifferently to events. In the Loch of Nagasaki were ships from every land, and the products of a world were being loaded or unloaded. There were also monster men-of-war, British, Russian, French, Italian, Austrian, Egyptian, Japanese; but not one could be seen from our own country, which used to send ships that excited national admiration and wonder. The Russians are obliged to send their navy to warmer climes to winter, and Nagasaki is a favorite resort.

The key to Japan from the European and Asian West is as impregnable as beautiful. One feels after the weariness of the Chinese Sea that he has struck the vestibule, at least, of a new world. Here in sight is that Island with its Tarpean rock, from which so many native Christians were cast rather than give up their faith. Here veneration bows its head, closes its lips and stands awe-stricken at the power of the religion of Jesus Christ over human life; how it transforms weakness into power, so that in dying one is stronger than that which kills him, for he knows that in dying for Christ begin the first pulsations of the life everlasting.

The country about Nagasaki is moderately fertile. The soil in most parts is thin and requires manuring. The valleys and hillsides are divided into little fields, often of not more than an acre each. The land in most places must be irrigated. The mountains are full of springs and water is plentiful, but it is a country cursed by malaria, which is due largely to the system of fertilizing. The wastes from human life are gathered up every night and lodged in the soil the next day by means of a semi-tropical sun, and thus the waters are polluted and the country is subject to chills, dysentery and cholera. The people are marvellous exceptions of cleanliness in and about their dwellings. They are bright, intelligent, volatile, adventurous and generous. They love to be in the open air, and love their country with a passionate devotion. They venerate nature, and almost worship their mountains. In Japan there is varied and great mineral wealth. Hidden in her mountains are vastly greater resources than appear upon the surface to-day. There is an abundance of bituminous coal, though the veins are not thick, nor is the coal hard; but being at the extreme of shipping commerce, on one side so far away that Europe cannot successfully compete, and too far East for the coal resources of our country, she is secured in untold wealth through this source. The difficulty is, that there is not native wealth enough to develop the resources of the country, and too much jealousy towards foreigners, and too much uncertainty respecting her future to induce foreign capital to seek her shores for their development.

CHAPTER XX.

JAPAN succeeded Europe in the character and supremacy of her feudalism. When Europe was changing it for something better, Japan was chaining to it her destinies for centuries. It arose through the division of official life into civil and military. The Fujiwara controlled all the civil offices; they were first in battle and last in peace. They were the emergency men, and accepted the dangers, defeats and advantages of war. But after awhile they carried on war by proxy, delegating its dangers and hardships to members of particular noble families. These proxy military officers were called Shoguns. The families furnishing the greatest number of fighters or Shoguns were the Taira and Minamoto families. These readily learned that power was sweet, if they had not previously an instinct for it. They soon overrode the civil departments of the government, trained and equipped their own armies and fought the battles. Having done this, they concluded that they could best take care of what they had secured. They could be bought by the highest bidder. It became necessary for the court at Kioto to interfere, and this had to be done under a Taira, or Minamoto leader, who employed these trained feudal armies.

These two families became military clans, and finally the rulers of the land. The court which had to use them tried to suppress them. It would not acknowledge merit, nor reward the soldiers under these leaders as they deserved, so the soldier had to

look to his leader and the leader to the soldier. Finally, the leaders took to distributing the rewards of battle themselves. The civil power was thus lost, and the result was that the great generals and their forces had to prey on each other. No one as yet had been strong enough to put the others down; so they seized all the land they could conquer or hold.

Loyalty was transferred from the Mikado, "the heaven given"—born of the sun, to the great military leaders. Every man who bore arms was attached to some great name (Daimio) as a vassal. The taxes were collected by these leaders instead of by the civil government. The Mikado became poorer and poorer and prouder and prouder, as is always the case with a shabby aristocracy. The kingly beggars were sustained by the thought that the blood of the gods was in their veins, while the Daimios oppressing them were earth-born thieves. The Daimios spent their revenues on their retainers, their castles, or their appetites as liked. What real manhood remained was with the poverty stricken. These nobles were called Samurai, and never in time of peace appeared out of doors unarmed, their armor being two swords in their girdle. The general outfit of the army was spears, long and short bows, arrows, &c.

Feudalism begat neighborhood and national brawls, and somebody was ever fighting, or ready to fight. The avenger of blood was an important personage, and was reared in nearly every family. The moment chosen for inflicting revenge was when the victim was about to be promoted to higher place. Many an orphan was made while its father was rising to the acme of his ambition.

Nowhere on earth is the sword so important in so

many relations as in Japan. It was a becoming thing in a gentleman to have a collection of swords. The men of the Samurai families wore weapons inherited as heirlooms. Even women wore short swords when travelling. The sword was a divine symbol, a knightly weapon and a certificate of noble birth. The very gods were girded with two edged swords; and from the tail of the dragon was born the sword which the sun-goddess gave to the first Emperor of Japan. These outlines will show something of the rise and character of feudalism and of the military order of rulers known as Shoguns.

The Shogunate had marched through blood into supreme power in Japan. The Mikado had been relegated into the honorable place of an ancient relic. The exclusion of foreigners and the destruction of the power of the Christian religion had cut off all possibility of modification of existing conditions or progress in European civilization, while that which had once belonged to Japan had become effete. The question of death or revolution was all that was left. But happily revolutionary forces were at work unseen, and suddenly took form in the overthrow of the Shogun head, the reduction of the rank and file to vassalage, and the restoration of the true Emperor, the Mikado, to supreme control in all departments of the government.

This revolution of necessity destroyed feudalism, and the dualism in rulers, one representing the divine right of kings by birth, and the other the divine right to rule by force. The revolution, so far as we are concerned with it, began with the national policy to exclude foreigners, which is peculiar to Orientals, and which will only be obliterated by blood.

There were all the time earnest minds in Japan looking beyond the walls of exclusion, longing for the end of this exclusive policy and tyranny. If they had been left to themselves, perhaps a half century more, they would have ended it. But at the moment, when weary years, like mountains, stood in the way of expectation, to use an apocalyptic figure, "the earth helped the woman."

There was never but one imperial line in Japan, *i. e.*, the Mikado, yet there was always a military usurper, who gradually, through centuries of war and feuds, subordinated the imperial power under the hypocritical plea of military necessity—an old monster in the world, both attractive and frightful in mien.

Foritomo became arch usurper through a long series of forcible seizures. In 1184–1199 began the dual system, which the world, including the United States of America, has misunderstood. The policy of Foritomo was continued by the Kojo, the Ashikaga, and the Tokugawas, who compelled an entire separation from the hereditary throne. The corrupt Iye-yasu broke up the long habit of going to Kioto to acknowledge the supremacy of the Mikado, and from this time the power of the Mikado became only a passing shadow; but his office was as permanent as the country itself, nor was he ever entirely powerless.

But the Bismarck lived in one city, and the Emperor in another. The Mikado was safe anywhere; he had no power and no enemies, so had no sentinels about his palace. The great general, the real ruler, dwelt in a fortified garrisoned castle; so the maxim was constantly in the mouths of the people, "The Shogun all men fear; the Mikado all men love."

The policy of the nation during this duality of ruler-

ship was isolation—separation by means of the Chinese literature uncontaminated by any thing western. The religion was Buddhism, which comes down like a trip-hammer on every rising aspiration of the mind, and has always enslaved where it has had sway. So foreign ideas were strangled; death became the penalty for believing or inquiring about Christianity; death was decreed against whoever crossed the imaginary wall between Japanese darkness and western light; and a slavish censorate cleft every new-born thought.

At home the usurper was called by sycophants the O-gimi, or in Chinese Tai-kun, or Tycoon—a title that only belonged to the Mikado. An army of spies was organized to repress every inquiry into the past or present, and those who had fears for what might come in the future had to express them under their breath. That foreigners must be deceived was an article of political creed. It had been so long since the people knew any better, that they thought the Mikado was a god, who did not meddle in human affairs. They believed the man of earthly affairs was the Shogun—called the Tycoon.

Strong as it had been, this idea came at length to be a rope of sand. The outs and ins will upset each other the world over. There were princes and gentry of the land, warriors as well, living in penury and obscurity, barely existing by picking tea, making paper and digging in the mud and manure of the rice fields, once their fathers', whose tombs were the most honored and magnificent, who thought it was time for a change of places.

The first distinct movement toward revolution in Japan was in the revival of letters. Chinese became to the Japanese what Latin was to Europe in the time

of Grotius. A history of Japan was written which revealed the place of the Mikado as supreme head of the government, showing how the usurpers had come into power. Though finished in 1715, it grew in increasing power in the popular mind until 1851, when there was unprecedented demand for it. It was written by Prince Mito, and being of the blood of the Tokugawa, he enjoyed greater liberty of truthful writing than any other person could have had.

The thoughtful began to see "men as trees walking." They saw "the inevitable" frowning on their idleness and political sloth. They saw great floating palaces passing backward and forward through the highways of the nations, through the heart of their country, capturing the whales in sight of their very coasts. They saw men-of-war, with the muzzles of great guns protruding. And now at last the Americans, who moved nearer to them by weeks of travel, by the fleetness of their great steamers across the Pacific, were actually in the bay of Yeddo, filling its skies with wreaths of black smoke, which mantled their strange crafts, as if they had opened a way from the infernal regions. And what was more confounding, they would not go away when told, as foreigners for centuries had done.

Russia, on the north, was coming down on Saghalm The English, Dutch and Americans were crowding on her, compelling her to fight or to surrender her exclusiveness. Thoughtful men saw that there was neither time nor room for two courts, one at Yeddo, and the other at Tokio. One must go down, and this must be the usurper. The Sumarai would go with the Emperor, and this meant death to feudalism.

The crisis came when the forces of revolution

must be put in hostile motion. Commodore Perry not only sunned his grand navy, but informed the authorities that he wished to make a treaty with his Imperial Highness, the Emperor of Japan. He did not bluster, nor show his guns, but was long suffering, gentle and courteous. His flag ship, the Susquehanna, opened the way into Japan for the world, as well as the way for her out of her political slavery and solitary centuries of effeteness. He brought letters and presents, evidences of good will, directed to the Emperor of Japan. The Shogun took the bait, no doubt with a double intention, but fraudulent either way it was accepted. He wanted to appear as the Emperor of Japan should the claim be allowed, and to pass it off as a trick should there be resistance. So he signed articles, and received presents which were directed to his Royal Highness, the Emperor of Japan. A Chinaman, his under secretary, supplied the word "Ty-coon," and he would have been a convenient person to have blamed for the blunder. The Mikado had never conferred the title on any one, and its significance could only pertain to himself.

The enemies of the usurper were not averse to his going into the trap which his own ambition had set, for they thought that his making the treaty at all would destroy his influence with the people, which proved to be true. They took alarm all over the Empire, and he was murdered, while his successor was forced to abdicate. Some foreigners were also murdered; of the number was the Secretary of the United States Legation. This, however, woke the Japanese up to the fact that the gentle and polite foreigners were only so when rightly treated.

Force was brought to bear on them which soon

corrected all crookedness in their ideas, and made them to understand that the commercial world would no longer stand their hinderance to its progress. Moreover, the manifestation of superior military power was an eye-opener to them. They also saw that they must end their own internal strifes, that safety lay in unity, and that the men of progress among them must take the lead in reconstruction and rejuvenation. The first practical result of Commodore Perry's treaty was the abdication of the Shogun and the surrender of the feudal rights of the Daimios. Two hundred and sixty-four of them stepped down and out, and many changed places with the former nobles who were working in the mud of the rice fields. The presents from the President of the United States never reached the Mikado, but perished with the man who had manœuvred to get them. Some of the remnants of them were for years to be found in Shidzuoka, ninety-five miles south-west of Tokio.

There is but little doubt that in the beginning, Commodore Perry did not understand the character of the government and thought he was treating with its head. But he was soon enlightened, as was our nation itself, and while the effort of the United States to obtain a treaty with Japan was not the cause of the revolution that followed, it was, together with other foreign influences and ideas, the occasion of it. All Perry's efforts were educational rather than coercive.

The place of the interviews of Commodore Perry was named by himself "Reception Bay." It has become memorable as the spot where Japan opened her eyes to the whole world. The Mikado, being assured of his return to his rightful power, was not

at first inclined to receive the foreigners, and, no doubt, was looking out for an excuse to go back on the treaty. But the light that was increasing on his darkened eyes was constantly opening their vision, and at last he saw and felt the inevitable. He became a man from that day, and so wrought that his people might have all the advantages of the unexpected and, at first, disagreeable change. The revolution went on within the empire until an entire change of the government was the result.

The wise Commodore understood Oriental character, and feared that his policies might be frustrated, but they never miscarried. He gave the Japanese his conditions and plenty of time. As he left their ports and sacred waters, he told them that he would be back in February. So he was true to his word; another surprise to the Oriental mind, which takes no note of time. He was as polite, punctilious and inflexible as ever, and now, instead of making a treaty at Uraga, where he first compelled attention to his presence, he demanded that it should be made near Yeddo. So Yokohama was chosen. Obscure and good for nothing before, it has now the destinies of nations forced upon it, and there, on the 8th of March, 1845, articles were signed and exchanged between the United States and Japan. An exchange of presents followed.

A miniature telegraph a mile long was put in working order to the wonder and delight of the people. Miniature locomotives and cars were set in motion; machinery and implements were used. Wonderful birth-days were these in Japan, but the greatest wonder was that Christianity was restored. It came with powder and guns, death and life accompanying each other. The old edict was re-evoked "So long as

the sun shall shine upon the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this commandment, shall pay for it with his head." Thus it was taught to Japan, after the delay of two hundred years, "that man only proposes, and that the Christian's God disposes."

Commodore Perry dedicated his victory to Christ when he spread the flag of his country on the capstan and laid the Bible upon it; the two constituting his authority as a man and an officer of a Christian country offering its blessings to Japan, just opening her gates to that truth which alone makes free. And never has an un-Christian nation made more out of it in so short a time. She started up from the sleep of ages like a giant refreshed with wine, and has run in the new way opened up before her until she has obtained an honorable place in the galaxy of nations. She has put on the fabled seven leagued boots to overtake the nations ahead of her, and she is making the best use of them.

The present Mikado in his political conceptions is abreast of the movements of the world, and is leading his people into the noblest victories of learning, enterprise and peace. He has sent legations up and down the earth to find the best ways of advancing physical, intellectual and moral prosperity. All the arts of Western civilization are being introduced into the land born of the sun, and broader and freer ideas of government as well. The people on the coasts, in contact with the influences of commerce and civilization, are responsive, but in the interior there still exists a love for the sleepy days of undisturbed repose.

However, even these are being started into commercial and intellectual activity.

This will be the proper place to describe the city, its buildings and progress, which is the product of this new birth of the sunny Empire into the family of nations. Yokohama was conceived and built in strife; the merchants, on the one side, contended for it, and the officials of the government against it. They could see no place for the centre of their new national life so advantageous as Kanagawa, on the western side of the Bay of Yeddo, now Tokio, sixteen miles from the capital. Yokohama was such a place as would in our country be called "Fishtown;" its trade was principally in fish, its huts belonged to fishermen, and it everlastingly smelled of fish.

The streets of the native quarters are in some places serpentine. It was not built, but as "Topsy" said, it just growed, somewhat after the style of the California towns of 1850. It was first inhabited largely by cut-throats, burglars, assassins, filled in with a kind of cow-boy crowd ready to kill men or to destroy for recreation. Men came to it at first through love of money and mischief. The worst classes of all nations, the adventurers and adventuresses of the world, drifted into it, as if it had been an estuary with an irresistible power of suction. They came to impress the Japanese with bluster in no less than ten languages. But Yokohama grew stronger and better, and sloughed off much of this badness. She was first purified by fire in 1866, which consumed nearly the whole foreign quarter, and this was morally a blessed disinfectant. The restoration is an improvement in all respects. One wonders how it is that the cities in Japan, built of wood, inflammable in every

part, stand at all; but fire is not so much used by the natives as in Europe and America for domestic purposes.

Yokohama is *sui generis;* a kind of mongrel between Oriental and Western ideas of civilization. It is full of beautiful things; for the Japanese are exquisite in their tastes, and their near contact with foreigners has added stability to beauty and modernness to both. The pottery interest is carried on here, and in all the seaboard cities, to a most profitable extent. The city has in it great banking houses and newspaper offices. The exhibitions of real newspaper progress are creditable, not only as to native talent, but in English expression as well as in the thought and language of other nationalities. There are fire companies which use American engines. A police force is ever present, enforcing fairly well good order. There are many fine European and native church buildings, with spires and towers, indicating the presence of Christianity. Steamers come and go on their voyages around the globe. The noise incident to loading and unloading ships, and strange languages confuse the stranger, but assure him that he is where the sun itself was born.

The streets are full of business energy, men are running after opportunities, and women in their European and native costumes, are gaily and richly attired. Baby wagons are pushed or drawn. Dogs frisk and bark. Beggars ply their trade in an Oriental fashion. Ball clubs enlighten the dark places and propel civilization at the end of the bat. Hospitals, homes, infirmaries, rowing, racing, and lawn tennis abound. Pianos and organs are sold, and last of all, the insurance agent is there boring into the sensibilities of all nations.

The ubiquitous Jew is here working and doing after his stereotyped way. John Chinaman steps about, cat-like, on his cloth slippers and in his silk or cotton blouse. Chinamen possess the secrets of finance; for all the money changers and brokers are Chinamen, and all bearishness and bullishness in the markets are laid upon them. The homes of the people are small, cosy and clean. They seem in our estimation enlarged toy houses. The city abounds in evergreens. There is no winter here, though there is cold weather. The trees are ever covered with richest green, and the sun never shines but flowers and refreshing odors go out to meet him.

Overlooking Yokohama is a half mountain, or one which the Titans left half built. Back of it are plains of fertile country. From it the great stretches of the bay are seen, upon which a cloudless sunshine dances with youthful glee. Ships of the world are within vision, with flags and pendants fluttering. Dark wreaths of black smoke go up in spiral form into the clouds. The sun that rises in such beauty, changing the clouds into gorgeous curtains, is at the same time setting on our own dear country in San Francisco. From this truncated mountain can be plainly seen the highest dome of this beautiful country, ever covered with virgin snow. Fujiami, which seems so near that one could almost lay his hand on his glistening head, shines afar as the glorious monarch of the skies with a halo of glory on his brow.

CHAPTER XXI.

REVOLUTION AND REFORMATION.

IF revolution does not turn a people Godward it will end in Anarchy. The centrifugal force will hurl it into fragments. Perry suggested the way to a moral and political victory in his first official act. On the first Sabbath, as soon as he had anchored in the Bay of Yeddo, he spread the flag of his country, the symbol of its moral as well as political power, on the capstan, and laid upon it the Bible. The one hundredth Psalm was sung,

> "All people that on earth do dwell,
> Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
> Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell
> Come ye before him and rejoice."

Protestant Christianity then took possession of Japan in the name of him who is here crowned Lord evermore. As soon as the treaty was signed, Christianity was on the move. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions was first in active work, though others came so nearly at the same time that the difference in beginning is hardly worth observing. One Protestant Episcopal and three of the Reformed Church of America began work at once The Presbyterians and the Reformed have not only made progress among the people, but also in unity, by which the work among the heathen is everywhere promoted—that Christian at-one-ness which has made "the Church of Jesus Christ" in Japan.

Dr. J. C. Hepburn was a physician, and originally went to China to present Christianity in its two-fold

aspect as the healer of soul and body. He was over thirty years of age, and it required endurance rising into heroism to acquire one of the most difficult languages written or spoken in the world. He was guided by a sense of duty, and by a faith which led him through pathless seas for weary months. He started on his career like the patriarch from Haran, hardly knowing whither he went. When his journey was over, his real perils only began. He was compelled to live on an island, the breeding place of disease, where fevers had no recorded beginning nor end. He and his wife were rarely free from suffering, but this did not deter him from his duties. He mastered the language, healed the sick, and in countless Christian ministries won the confidence of the natives so that a stay of a little over three years left the impress of the character of the man not yet forgotten. He was at last compelled by the attack of disease upon his own life and that of his wife to return to New York City. Here he began the battle of life again, wondering what this disappointing episode in mid-life meant, or whether a knowledge of the Chinese language acquired through the tortures of disease and disappointment would ever receive adequate compensation in the world. He, however, began his medical practice in New York City, and met with unusual success. He became a physician of prominence, and had a practice which for the years engaged in it might have been called in those times lucrative; and if it can be said that a man is rooted anywhere in this world, this might have been said of him, for he had his own home free from debt, his kindred and friends, professional and personal, and favorable prospects for the future.

While in the midst of these surroundings, Dr. John

C. Lowrie, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, became possessed with the idea that it was about time to transfer him again out of the realm of sight into that of faith. Having such a conviction, all who know Dr. Lowrie will not be surprised at his pressing home with vigor what he regarded as the convictions of duty and calls of Providence. He told Dr. Hepburn that it was his duty to give up all and go to Japan, which had just been opened to the Christian religion and its civilization, by the treaty. Dr. Lowrie knew his man, for Dr. Hepburn was quite as conscientious as he was, and also as determined in his loyalty to the cause of the Master. He did not need more than twenty-four hours to determine his future course, which was to drop all and go. In order to fulfil this purpose, he sold his house and effects, gave up his practice, friends and country, and sailed for Japan, and landed in Yokohama, the American pioneer.

It was years after the treaty was signed before the missionaries were permitted to teach or preach freely the doctrines of Christianity to the natives; every thing had to be done by a judicious indirection, or all hope of success would have perished. There was no house for the missionary, and no more room for him in heathendom than there was for our Master in the world, for whom only the beasts made room. But there is a peculiarly favored heathen custom which always leaves the temples for shelter, and in these many a missionary of the cross has spent his first days or months, as necessity required.

Dr. Hepburn and his family lived in a heathen temple for years. This was curtained into apartments, and natives were employed as servants. The

first opportunity that opened up for them to teach Christianity was in the unpacking of their goods. A picture of the crucifixion attracted the attention of some of the native helpers and led them to inquire into its meaning. This incident was to the Church of Japan what the reviewing of the same facts revealed by prophesy in Isaiah to the Ethiopean eunuch, and what Philip's explanation of them were to the Christian Church in Africa, and to the world. Dr. Hepburn had great advantages in overcoming prejudices of the Japanese in the beginning, in not being a minister. He was, accordingly, the more acceptable as a teacher and disarmed arising suspicions. He was a physician, but no one ever preached to better effect unprofessionally; he carried healing for body and soul in both hands. His wife deserves equal honor with himself in the glorious work begun and carried on by him for many years, culminating so gloriously in the present. She was the real founder of the Presbyterian College in Tokio, of which the Doctor is now President.

She began a school in a little building in sight of the spacious hotel, now frequented by Americans and Europeans, gathering together a few little girls, not an easy undertaking in the dawn of Japan's new life. The boys would come, too; she tried to get rid of them but there was no use, they would come. So, as a compromise, she said to them, if they would get a dozen boys together she would teach them as well. From this moment her school grew until she had neither room nor strength to meet the demand, and the movement finally culminated in one of the first colleges of the Empire.

The account of their first effort to acquire the

knowledge of the language is not less interesting. Dr. Hepburn's previous knowledge of the Chinese proved of incomparable service, and now glints of light from the providence of God that had led him to China, on what was apparently almost a fruitless adventure, began to dawn upon him. They commenced by each asking the native helpers the name of each article of use through the day. In the evening they compared their word and thought, the treasures for the day, and afterwards applied them as far as possible to their daily need, until they both acquired the language.

Dr. Hepburn is regarded by natives as the chief scholar in the language and literature of Japan. He early prepared a dictionary of the language, which he offered to the Board of Foreign Missions for publication. This was not deemed advisable. Afterward he published it himself, and it has been a great success, as well as a source of revenue to the author. The proceeds he has largely used in benevolent work according to his own judgment. He built Hepburn Hall, one of the best in size and appointments in our College, at his own expense, and he is a constant toiler and contributor to all that concerns its success. He prepared other books, which are now, and will always be, standard; whatever improvement others may make it will be on them as a foundation. He has also translated the entire Bible. In appreciation of the triumph of a man, who has passed his four-score years, his brethren of all denominations, and many of the appreciative Japanese scholars and statesmen, were present either in person or by letter at a meeting held soon after our visit.

He is one of the great men of the century, whose powers four-score years have not been able to dim, nor

their labors to weaken his intellect. He is honored by scholars, native and foreign, by statesmen and government officials. An eminent foreign physician in Yokohama said to us, "The whole profession in Japan, native and foreign, defer to him and count him the Nestor of the profession." His home is the delight of his countrymen, full of sunshine and hospitality. A wonderful pair greet the incomer, and make the guest feel at home in their presence. Their house is on that beautiful bluff, the place of foreign residences, in sight of the sea and of the sunsetting. Its last glowing rays rest on the pride of Japan, the snow-capped Mount Fujiama, casting its effulgence on their windows and mellowing the light of their eventide.

The fruits of missionary labors are everywhere apparent in Yokohama. We visited two churches "of the Church of Jesus Christ" of Japan. The one had belonged to the Reformed (formerly Dutch). The services were at eight o'clock A. M. The congregation was large and prosperous, most of the audience coming in jinrickshaws, a vehicle of two wheels with shafts, drawn by men.

The people walk on a strange contrivance, answering the purpose of shoes. A piece of wood is cut the length of the foot, but not shaped to it. Cross pieces are fastened to the under side, so that the arrangement resembles an old-fashioned bench on a very small scale. These are held fast to the foot by thongs of twisted straw, which pass between the great toe and the second. To accommodate this the Japanese wear stockings which seem to be made of lined tent or awning cloth, with a covering for the big toe like the thumb of a glove. The wooden soles keep them

up four or five inches above the ground, and these are left outside. The Japanese walk about the house in their stocking feet, so that their homes are noiseless from the sound of human tread.

At church they leave the little soles in the vestibule, and a man receives them, and stows eight hundred pairs away, so that when the worshippers come out he gives, without mistake, each his or her own. When the worshipper steps out of them, he walks most reverently to the pew and engages a moment in devotion. All lift their eyes toward the pulpit, and are intent until the services are over. There were, according to our counting, eight hundred present at the meeting which we attended. They sing the same hymns that we sing in our own churches. "My faith looks up to thee," had in it a pathos not heard by us anywhere else.

The minister was an exceedingly interesting man in appearance, and in his services. His black eyes were intense. His person was not large, but well proportioned and lithe; altogether he was dramatic without knowing it. He was devout in every movement, but not more than the people. Their offerings were spontaneous and generous. In the boxes were a large sprinkling of "yen," the dollars of the country, amounting to about seventy cents in gold. The sermon was thirty-five minutes long and was not wearisome even to one who could not understand a word of it. The service was profitable, evincing the character and permanence of the work in Japan. An American sceptic, who had come to Yokohama from Boston to assail and subvert it, was taken to the services in this church and Sabbath-school that he might see for himself. He went away saying that no such results ought to be either disturbed or doubted.

Another church was visited by us, an English Episcopal church, in which there was a fair congregation. The same devotion and earnestness were apparent in their use of the service of the English Established Church. The native Presbyterian church, now belonging to "The Church of Christ" in Japan, was entered near the close of the morning service. This is the church in which Dr. Hepburn and his family worship. The house is not adequate to the congregation, and it is a shame that they do not have a better building, when so little money is needed to build an elegant church in Japan. It is an old dilapidated frame, and is not worthy of the great Presbyterian Church. A new edifice ought to be made a memorial of the triumph of our mission work in Japan. The congregation did not differ from the one first described. They were fairly representative people of the city, intelligent and earnest, making the impression of a people ready to suffer or rejoice over the faith they had espoused. Their pastor is a man of fine intellect and is spoken of in the highest terms by our missionaries, foreigners and natives who are not Christians, but who appreciate diligence, honesty and sincerity. A wedding was celebrated in this church, at which we had the honor to be guests, which gave an opportunity to study the best Christian social life of Yokohama.

The parties were Christians, the groom being a Methodist physician, in good standing in his profession—a rising man. The bride had been a Presbyterian missionary teacher. The little church was packed in every inch of its space by cultivated natives, and missionaries with their families. The people are small, compared with Europeans and

Americans, but they are, as a class, exceedingly handsome, impressible and impressive.

The first thing surprising is their good sense in their wedding presents. They were all tastefully arranged about the pulpit, and were composed of such things as could be used in housekeeping. Among them were dried fish in packages, done up in dainty fashion; great quantities of silk wadding, with which they fill their garments, &c.; the whole being arranged in the most artistic manner, and decorated with the choicest flowers.

The ceremony was performed by Dr. Imbrie, Professor of Theology in the Seminary at Tokio, assisted by the pastor, whose name, with that of other native pastors which we had, was lost in the shipwreck at San Francisco. The loss sustained at that time will be a life-long regret, and must be our excuse for personal neglects, and, no doubt, blunders in having to restore names by memory. A single instance, which we have heard since leaving the country, has been reported to us, showing the exceeding sensitiveness of the Japanese to real or imaginary slights from foreigners, many of which arise from ignorance of the two countries of each other's customs.

The night of the wedding was cool, and the foreigners did not remove their "wraps," which was construed by some of the natives as a want of courtesy. But it is not customary to do this in church weddings, and especially would it be necessary to keep them on, on account of health, if there were no fire in the church. They are only removed at weddings in private houses, while the matter is left to comfort or taste in churches.

The wedding was conducted with a taste becoming

any country. The invited guests were conveyed in jinrickshaws free of charge to the wedding, and to the hotel where a dinner was provided, and from thence they were sent to their residences—a mark of courtesy beyond any thing done in any other country. The groom was dressed in European fashion, while the bride was arrayed in the graceful dress of the country.

Among the many signs of Japanese progress in religious civilization are the well-patronized female seminaries in Yokohama. Two of these were visited, and recitations were heard in English, which were equal to any in our own country. The young ladies are quick to receive instruction, have a thirst for gaining knowledge, and their progress is often marvellous. Many of these young women return home not only Christians, but genuine reformers in whole households, neighborhoods, towns and villages. If the motherhood of Japan becomes intelligent and Christian, the country will not stand long behind in the front rank of the most enlightened nations.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE OZAKA AND KIOTO COUNTRY.

THE arable land of Japan lies largely in the valleys. The mountains are stripped of their soil, having sent it down for the sustenance of the lowlands. Starting above Kobe an alluvial plain has formed around the base of the mountain range like a bow with the concave side turned in. This formation has, no doubt, been the work of the rivers bringing down the earthy covering of the mountains and crowding the sea closer to its rocky coasts on the other side.

This valley, always outlined by the mountains on

one side and the sea and inlets on the other, is the garden spot of all this part of the Empire. The farming is incomparable. The fields are in all shapes and symmetrically laid out, but the walls surrounding, whether of stone, turf, or hedge, are models of neatness. Rice culture has a large place. Fields are found in swamps or lowlands where the water can be turned in upon them from channels a foot deep. Fertilizers are universally used; hence the whole air of the district is full of the spores of typhoid and other malarious fevers. The mode of fertilization all over Japan is such that all the waste is taken away from the cities and towns, which is a great blessing. But this is more than counterbalanced by exposing the fertilizing material to the scorching sun for nine months of summer; and what is worse, so general are the exhalations that the water-courses are all poisoned. Water comes down from the mountains in torrents, but coming through fields fertilized in this way it is not safe to touch it, however thirsty one may be.

About forty miles from Kobe is the city of Ozaka, which has a population of 270,600. It is situated at the mouth of the Yodogawa river and covers an area of nearly eight square miles. Its name probably originally meant "Hill of the large estuary." It has been famous in Japanese history and had forts, at different times, which have been destroyed in the national contests. In 1583 Hide Yoshi determined to make Ozaka the seat of his power, the position commanding most easily the south and west. He ordered a castle to be built on the site occupied by the Hon-gwan-ji, which work was accomplished in two years.

The palace constructed within the Hom-maru was,

no doubt, the most magnificent building that Japan ever saw. It survived the taking of the castle by Iye-yasu in 1615. Here in 1867–68 the members of the foreign legations were several times received by the last of the Tukugawa Shoguns. Great expense was lavished by Hide Yoshi upon the open carved work which decorated the corridors, and upon the marble screens that divided the rooms. The immense stones which form the walls of the principal gate of the castle show the magnificence of the original design.

Outside of the present fortress ran a second line and moat-parapet, the destruction of which was made a condition of peace by Iye-yasu after the first siege of 1614. This moat, filled up according to this agreement, was from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet in width and twenty-four feet in depth. In 1868 the building within the castle was fired by a train laid by the Tukugawa party on the eve of their retreat and destroyed. The fortifications have no more importance except to mark the places of former struggles and enjoyments and to be the headquarters of the Ozaka military district.

The present city is traversed by water-courses, and these are crossed by bridges so often that it might be called the city of bridges and stagnant waters. Two of these water-courses or water laid streets run parallel to each other north and south, and eight others cut these at right angles. There are three great bridges across Yodogawa, communicating with several thoroughfares extending throughout the city. There is a European "concession" which is occupied by the missionaries and others according to treaty regulations, by which they are, in these localities, under the laws of their own countries, administered usually through the consuls.

The city has the usual number of temples, but none very costly or imposing. These buildings in Japan are usually of wood. Their cost is largely due to the expensive and finely grained kinds of wood used; but are soon lost in dirt and mildew. The style of architecture is only interesting as belonging to the country. The carvings were, no doubt, fine for the times; but they could be produced by very ordinary workmen by the machine carving of the present day. There is but little variety in the vast number of them, and whatever of beauty they possess is the choice of location, and oftentimes to the exceeding beauty of the floral surroundings.

In Ozaka are many public baths—the Japanese being fond of hot baths—but many of these institution for the poorer classes contribute to the demoralization of the people through the promiscous bathing which is too common. The suppleness of the people is, by some, thought to be promoted by these hot baths, and by anointing the joints practised by them. If this should be the case, it would be worth imitation among people of colder climates, who suffer in the joints, and who find great misery in stooping at fifty years of age, owing to the deadness of the cuticle on the joints, and the loss of the lubricating fluid of the joints themselves.

The men are not so much inclined to what is known among Europeans as sport. They have enough of hard work, and such amusements have too much of this element to allure them, many passing every day of their lives in labor, having not even a Sunday. They are a cheerful people; often their cheery laughs are heard on the streets, making a strange contrast with China, where both men and things appear as if

they had just come from a funeral. But the Japanese have a future, and already there are earnests of what they may become; and they are preparing for the better day with commendable diligence.

Now, the people go in bare feet or stocking feet, except when they clatter along on a wooden contrivance, consisting of a piece of board the size of the foot, with two pieces fastened across the bottom at right angles. The whole thing is loose and slip-shod, working up and down, backwards and forwards, so that at night and when all else is still, the streets become a bedlam of these distracting, clattering noises. An army mounted on them could be heard five miles away. The stockings are peculiar, usually made of tent cloth, having a place for the big toe, the rest of the toes covered as in an ordinary stocking. The result is, that the feet are made broad, so that ordinary European leather shoes are too narrow and pinch.

The Japanese have not yet, to any considerable extent, learned how to tan leather, nor how to make their own shoes. But this, too, is coming; for in Ozaka there is a large tannery for preparing leather for shoes for the army, and an American is employed as superintendent, at a fine salary, and furnished with elegant quarters. When they have mastered the art, as they soon will do, the chances are that the Japanese will be shod in their own leather, and will not need us to instruct them longer. This is their policy; they have no use for foreigners after they get what they need from them.

In a company owning and running fifty steamers, each steamer was in the beginning commanded entirely by English and Americans. They have now in command about one-half Japanese, and would have

them all Japanese if the European travellers would trust them, and if the insurance companies would take risks on the vessels. They are starting, however, companies of their own, and when they are strong enough to stand the strain will ask no favors of the European companies. They will soon dismiss the missionaries, and would do so now, if they had the means to carry on their work. So potent is this sentiment that a missionary pastor can hardly be found, nor ought this to be complained of, for this is just the end to which all have wrought, to wit, an independent, self-supporting Japanese church.

The mission work has been successful in both its educational and evangelical aspects in Ozaka. The American Board occupied this territory early, and have had good success in their schools and churches. The Presbyterians were late in the field, but are doing well. Rev. Messrs. Fisher, Alexander and Hearst are doing evangelistic work all through this district.

The church at Ozaka has been under the care of Rev. C. M. Fisher for six years; it was founded by Rev. T. T. Alexander. It had originally ten Christians; now there are two organized churches and one hundred and seventy-five adult members. There is also a neat and commodious church building, the cost of which, including the building lot, was almost entirely defrayed by natives. The people are coming into the church all over Japan faster than they can be cared for. In most heathen countries the trouble is to reach the people, but in Japan it is to get the requisite preachers and teachers. The natives, of course, are the most effective, but they must first be educated into Christianity, and then into safe teachers and leaders of the people.

The Protestant church of Japan would double its numbers and influence every three years if it could only have the necessary consecrated and educated native talent. The work must, therefore, for years be slow, not because the people are hostile or even indifferent, but because, with all the effort now put forth in schools and theological institutions, the laborers are so few.

The cause of female education is making good progress here in connection with the mission of the Presbyterian Board. A new building is being erected on a beautiful and healthful site, in a plot of about five acres, sloping away from the building, ensuring the best of drainage. It will furnish abundant room for exercise, and is surrounded with shade and fruit trees. The building has a foundation of dressed stone about three feet from the ground, with handsomely cut water tables, door and window facings of stone, the rest being of red brick. It had reached an elevation of nearly five feet when we saw it, and the workmen were pushing it, and the material was nearly all on the ground. This school is under the care of Misses Garvin and Warner.

The American Board has a stronghold in Ozaka, three of their strongest native churches being in this city. They have also a girls boarding school, entirely self-supporting, and, like all other mission schools in Japan, there is not room for the multitudes who are anxious to come.

The next city of importance on this railroad route is noteworthy as the historic centre of Japan. Kioto, which has been the most famous and influential city in Japan, has still, amidst its decay of imperial grandeur, many objects of great inter-

est. From the earliest ages it was the seat of the Mikado's rule, though it was occasionally in Yamato; but owing to the ancient custom of leasing the house of a deceased parent, the site of the palace was changed at the beginning of each natural reign. In the beginning of the eighth century the capital was founded at Nara, where it stood until 784. Then the reigning sovereign, Kuammu, moved to Nagaoka. He selected, in 703, another site at the village of Uda, in the same province, and moved there at the end of the year following. He called it the "City of Peace," but nobody else would adopt the name, and so it was called Miyako or Kio, the former being the Japanese and the latter the Chinese word for the residence of the sovereign. Kioto, ("the capital,") has long been in use.

The palace-grounds are extensive, and were grand for their day, but modern rulers would have better fencings around their houses. The usual moat surrounds the grounds, but it is a small affair, which could be spanned by the legs of a medium sized European. In 1177, the palace of the time was destroyed by fire, and for a short period the seat of government moved by Kiyomori, Fujiwara or Niogo. After Youtomo had made himself master of the State, he built a miniature palace, which was also burned in 1249, but immediately rebuilt.

During Go Daigo Tenno's short tenure, a greater palace was built, supposed to be equal, if not superior, to all before it, but this was destroyed when he was driven away. His successors had to live in meaner places while the Onin war progressed in 1468. The palace alone, of the whole city, escaped. Still another was erected upon the same site, and, with the six that

succeeded it, was destroyed by successive fires, when nearly the half of the entire city was also laid in ashes. The removal of the Mikado to Tokio affected the prosperity of the old capital, and in 1877 it had a population of only 225,539. The places once occupied by houses are now used as market gardens. It is supposed that formerly there were 90,000 houses and a population of 450,000, occupying an area of one hundred and eighty-nine square miles.

The palace of the Mikado is quite extensive, with suites of apartments, throne and audience rooms. Here was formerly preserved a copy of the sacred mirror, the original being at the Temple of Alsuta, which, when the building was on fire, in the tenth century, according to tradition, flew out of the building, and was found in a cherry tree by one of the female attendants, who, with her class, ever after had custody of it. The mirror was given to the Mikado's ancestor by the sun goddess. In the apartment occupied by the Mikado, a part of the floor was covered with fresh earth every morning, so that his Majesty could worship his ancestors on the earth without going out of his room. His apartment was completely surrounded by those of his attendants, so that it was impossible to approach him without their knowledge. Environing the palace are gardens artistically laid out, and tasteful pavilions, the latter adorned with paintings. The palace of the Empress is connected by a long passage with that of the Emperor.

There is now being erected a temple of magnificent proportions, to cost $250,000, which is in Japan almost a fabulous sum, especially for a wooden building. The foundation is of stone, of superb

quality and workmanship, about ten feet high, on which is a structure of wood which would be a wonder anywhere. The wood has been selected through years of care, the grainings are superb and the colors of the wood arranged to produce the finest effect. Much of the lumber is planed and polished to the highest finish of which the wood is capable. The timbers are fully eighteen inches square, resting on immense wooden pillars of the choicest of foreign forests, carved in exquisite figures and tracery. The elevation of the whole building will not be far from one hundred feet, and nearly three hundred in area. No paint will ever go upon it. The wood will reveal its finest colors with age, and also show the power of the elements to add their stains.

The most interesting object of all was a rope, larger than a ship's hawser, weighing three thousand pounds and made from human hair given in offering through years to the deities worshipped, and finally twisted into this great hawser, devoted to the sacred work of lifting timbers and burdens for the erection and repairing of Buddhist or Shinto temples.

Reflections would arise as to how many devout heads have been stripped of their glory for this sacrifice, and how many had toiled and struggled through life, and in the end this was all they could give, resembling the offering of Mary, who only had tears and her lustrous tresses to offer in the service of her Lord and benefactor. These misguided ones likewise did what they could, and it was their loss that it was done not for Christ, who only can reward.

But there are living issues incomparably better than palaces and their furnishings, the decayed relics of a dead empire, lying like the shell out of which, by a

strange metamorphosis, new and now living Japan has emerged. These forces have no palaces; no long line of native ancestries; no monuments but the life they produce. This temple, now building from "living stones" in the capital of a new Empire, is that of the living God. The toil, privations, patience and victory belong to the mission workers and their constituency in America, who have wrought through that immortal institution known as the American Board of Foreign Missions, with its seat in Boston, Mass.

It was a treaty regulation that foreigners were not permitted to go nearer than twenty-five miles to Kioto, and even now they must have a passport. In 1882 an Exposition was opened, which lasted one hundred days. During this interval all could go to the sacred city, but it was not safe to go about it without the protection of the police. This interval of one hundred days was looked upon by the Rev. O. H. Gulick and his wife as the special intervention of providence enabling them to reach a people who had sat in the regions of darkness, behind bars more than iron strong. While these precious days went by, they made the acquaintance of Mr. K. Yamamato, a blind Japanese scholar, Counsellor to the Governor of Kioto. From this friendship came one of the most remarkable movements in all missionary annals. It was the beginning of the preaching and educational work which has given Kioto two large native churches, with mission out-stations, Sabbath and day schools, with all their blessed leavening influences, now so happily working through the circulations of the life of the Empire. But its chief agency consists in the college, theological and female seminaries, and hospital work, which grew out of that period of political grace to all the nations of the earth.

In Rutland, Vermont, we may also see God's hand working to bring about the wonderful results attending the opening he had effected in Kioto. In a missionary meeting in 1874, during the annual meeting of the American Board at Rutland, when the native Japanese minister, Rev. J. H. Neeshima, a student in the United States, was about to return to Japan, an effort was made to raise money to start a Christian college. About five thousand dollars were raised then and increased at intervals afterwards. This was used by a Christian Japanese company called Doshisha, or "one endeavor society," the management being under the control of a combined native and American Faculty, and the funds being largely the gift of the American Board. The school occasioned great enmities and persecutions, both from priests and officials, and would have failed but for the constant intercession of the blind Yamamato in both Kioto and Tokio. The question of existence depended on getting a location, a landed foothold in Kioto, and this too was effected through the blind Yamamato, who had obtained five and a half acres in a magnificent situation for all school and mission purposes. It had been the site of the ancient palace of Daimyo, Prince of Satsuma.

This splendid historical site was secured at the low sum of five hundred and fifty dollars. It looks out upon the old palace where the Mikados ruled for more than a thousand years. There, as late as 1876, two buildings were erected, and one year after forty Christian students came into the school from Kumamoto, the country seat, as one would call it, of Nigo in Kiushu. Fifteen of these were graduates of a school started five years before under direction of an Anti-foreign and Anti-Christian Japanese Society.

A Christian American and his wife had been engaged, absurd as it may appear, to lead this Anti-Foreign and Anti-Christian school. This faithful pair lived Christ as they taught, and their reward came when forty of these students pledged their lives to his service. This class in the new theological school completed a three years' course, and have been active and useful teachers and preachers; multitudes through their efforts have been won into connection with, or into favor towards, Christianity. This college, in its several departments, is well furnished with able teachers, who are not only instructing, but converting men. There are sixty young men in the theological department. The buildings have increased in number as the demands for their enlargement have come, and now there is a collegiate department, a theological seminary, eight dormitories, besides boarding halls to accommodate more than three hundred students, and more than this number crowded into them.

There is a handsome brick hall with granite trimmings, in which are eight recitation rooms, a beautiful brick chapel with a seating capacity of five hundred, a natural history department, a library building just completed, a reading room, a chemical laboratory and four recitation rooms. This building is of brick with stone foundation caps and copings. In this institution are nine foreign and eight native teachers, and of the fifty-eight graduates all but three have been professing Christians, while thirty-eight have graduated from the theological department. At the close of the last year's session the standing of the classes toward the Christian religion was as follows: The graduating class of ten were all Christians; of

the fourth year's class numbering fifteen, ten were Christians; of the third year's class of thirty-one, twenty-eight were Christians; of the second year's class of thirty-eight, thirty-three were Christians; and of the first year's class of one hundred and one, fifty-one were professors of the Christian religion. Heathenism has not much capital in this institution.

The need for educated women is as great in Japan as for men; indeed, the one cannot exist without the other, they are, as in all other relations in life, supplemental and helpful to each other. So under the same control is a female seminary, admirably situated in sight of the Palace Park, with increased accommodations nearly finished. One hundred and fifty girls are in attendance. There is also a hospital with a training school for nurses, having dormitories, &c, which, during the last half of 1887, had over three thousand out-patients.

There were organized in Kioto, in 1876, three churches with an aggregate membership of only fifty, the greater part being students. The hostility of the officials and of many of the people was outspoken and intolerable. No places could be secured for holding services, and they had to be held in the houses of the missionaries. In ten years after there was a membership of 434, more than one-half of whom were citizens of the ancient city, and the increase has been larger ever since. Three churches have been organized on the historic shores of Lake Biwa, seven miles away, whose shores have been gory with the blood of some of the fiercest battles of the empire. What wonders hath God wrought that now on these very places should be entrenched the armies of the Prince of Peace.

Another church has been organized in the Province of Tamba, west of Kioto, and this is a root with out-springing branches. From this old Daimiate town it has extended its work more that thirty miles, and has out-stations with preaching on the Sabbath at five stations. These stations pay all the expenses incident to their organization and service, beside supporting three evangelists who receive help only to the extent of four dollars a month. There is a membership of between one and two hundred, and yet it is sneeringly said, "Foreign missionaries do nothing, and it takes five dollars to get one dollar to the field."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CIVILIZATION, IN KIOTO.

THERE have always been the most kindly and helpful relations between the missionaries of the Presbyterian Board and those of the American Board. They entered Japan nearly at the same time, and have from the first led all others, and have now the strongest following, the most numerous schools and colleges, and are the best equipped for future progress. The Presbyterians of all divisions united, and were formed into a national and native organization called the Church of Christ in Japan. Entering into this union were the missionaries and the native converts of the missions of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches, the Reformed, (formerly Dutch), one of the oldest and most effective in the field, with some of the strongest churches and institutions, the German

Reformed, and the Irish Presbyterians. Thus was ormed a united and effective body for aggressive work in Japan, so that the word foreign mission was measurably dropped and the better name of "the Church of Jesus Christ in Japan" has taken its place.

This change has been adverted to here to call attention to another movement towards union between this body and the missionaries, native ministers and communicants of the American Board, supported by the Congregational Church of our country. This union would make the strongest Church in Japan, and if the weld were perfected in the flame of Christian love and charity, Christianity would be so helped by this union alone that the Church would be national and self-supporting in a few years, and no foreign missionaries would be needed in the purely missionary work. Great progress has been made, though hindered at home and abroad, and over all difficulties the movement gains Negotiations have been broken off, it is true, and the accomplishment declared impossible; but there is nothing impossible with God, and nothing is impossible to his servants who think more of saving souls than of favorite methods and policies and the weighing of probabilities, nicely adjusted, as to which Church at home will gain or lose most by the arrangement. Many of the best missionaries of the Church, in which we have the privilege of a birthright, are against this judgment, and some for whom we have a lifelong affection will be aggrieved when our opinion is thus recorded, but it is a conviction profound, dispassionate and unselfish that the thing ought to be done.

The missionaries in the field, who know the situation better than we, and love Japan and its Lord Jesus as

we who know of it only by report and printed page, never can, ought not to surrender the purpose; and, if defeated, ought to organize victory out of defeat until they see eye to eye in doctrine and policies. Surely they now feel in their hearts that this is the best thing for the kingdom of Christ in the Empire of Japan.

The American Board has, as in every other place in the world, a grand mission plant, and noble, self-sacrificing men and women to work it in every department. They seem to the stranger to know only Christ and him crucified. Their converts are generally faithful, only a few falling back, not more in proportion than in the home churches; and those who stand true are making great progress, considering the differences in their surroundings, in spiritual life.

There are churches in Kobe and a first-class female school, in which recitations were heard by us, comparing favorably with any in like institutions at home. Also in Ozaka and throughout all the country between Kobe and Kioto. One of the first evidences of God's favor to their work sprang from the life of an American secular teacher, who worked under the strictest injunctions not to say a word to his pupils on the subject of Christianity. He was not to do any thing in any conscious way that would lower their reverence for the religion of their fathers. The obligation was scrupulously kept, but he could not obscure the unconscious influence of a Christian life, which in the Christian works a daily transfiguration. He was steadily watched as the unconscious saving virtue went out of him, like a divine halo about his life, and the young men under his teaching began to seek the source of that speechless but all conquering form

of life, which impressed them without any seeming exertion. Forty of his pupils, all unknown to himself, did the only thing in the direction of a reformation they could—they met in a grove and signed a covenant to abandon idolatry. This movement became known; it aroused hostility, and the school was broken up and several of the young men were imprisoned; but prisons have no terror to those whom the truth makes free, and who are free indeed. Liberty of conscience soon found royal favor, and an edict stopped the threatened persecution. Twenty-five of the young men were afterward gathered into the Kioto training school, and fifteen of them became preachers of the gospel.

No history of the work of foreign missions in Japan can be written without the life story of its most illustrious native convert, the late lamented Professor Joseph Neeshima, the President of the native training school of the American Board at Kioto. His conversion and life read like the romance of an unbridled fancy. He had one of those thoughtful minds which had an element of prescience in it. This led him into forecastings of the future and of better things than he or his countrymen had known. Even as a young boy in Tokio he read far beyond his years, and thought, and acquired, but without any accompanying devotion. He sought in the ancient Chinese systems of religion and ethics what his soul wanted, an ideal of purity not attainable and greatness at least inimitable. He was feeling if haply he might find God, for divine revelations are granted only to seekers. While in this hungry and unhappy state of mind a friend gave him a little book, called the "Story of the Bible," written by a missionary in China, and being familiar with the

Chinese language he could read it. When he learned that there was but one living and true God, who loves and rules his creatures for their good, he said, "This is the God for whom I have been looking," and from out of his painful vagueness of mind and soul he determined to go at all pains and hazard toward the light.

He next came into further and more definite knowledge through the study of a wonderful tract by Dr. Bridgeman, and learning that its author came from the country of religion and civil freedom, he determined that he would not rest until he had seen that land. At this time to go beyond Japan, or become a Christian, was death. He dared to risk the consequences, for he had grasped the faith that God could save from all perils. An opportunity, a desperate one, came to him, by which he was able to leave Yokohama, lying flat on the bottom of a sampan. The boatman for some cause was his friend, at least, so far as not to give him away. To the challenge, "Who is there?" of the police, as the boat was passing out from the Bund, the boatman replied, "It is I." In this way he escaped out of the house of bondage. He went to Hakodate, and became the teacher of Father Nicholi, afterward the Russian bishop. He escaped from Hakodate, and in an American schooner went to Shanghai, China, and from this, by a strange providence, was wafted to Boston, on a vessel owned by a most remarkable man of his day in that city, Alpheus Hardy.

He was engaged first as a servant, and could receive no money or wages for any other purpose. He knew enough to commit his life to God, perhaps more from a sense of need than from an intelligent faith.

He had the right by birth to carry two swords, one of which he sold in Hong Kong and purchased a New Testament, and this was a friend sticking closer than a brother on his long and lonely journey. In this he learned, among the first marvellous truths, the declaration of John iii. 16, and this fact, lodged in a half desparing soul, led him out of gratitude to prayer, for as yet he had known it only as a duty. His prayer is pathetic in its childlike simplicity and trustfulness, "O God! please don't cast me away into a miserable condition. Please let me reach my great aim."

After his arrival in Boston, he was kept on board the vessel ten weeks doing the most burdensome and menial tasks, but was constantly under the eye of the captain, who observed his high sense of duty, and also that he never showed discontent or bad temper. This led him to speak of him to Mr. Hardy, who, on learning of his good qualities, his adventures and his purposes in life, took him as his own servant. He soon came to the conviction that he had been sent to him in trust from God, and as such adopted him as a member of his family, so that at last he reached, through loneliness, desertion, darkness, moral and physical, through storm and billow, the desired haven on another continent.

He was sent to Philips Academy, and then to Amherst College, and then to Andover Theological Seminary. His career in these institutions of learning was in harmony with what his adventurous, yet faithful life had been. Studious, reflecting, patient in labors, respectful to superiors, grateful to benefactors, he was ever absorbed in hopes for the salvation of Japan.

He served the Japanese Embassy as interpreter while a student, and by this means learned the state and prospects of his country under its changed conditions, from which he had been an exile. He made many valuable friends among the members of the Embassy, who were of great service to him when he returned to his work in his own country. After his college studies were finished, which took ten years, he was ordained at Boston, on the 24th of September, 1884. He was present at a public meeting of the American Board, and made an appeal for his destitute country, and that he might have the means for the founding of an institution like those in which he had been educated. He waited a moment after uttering his last sentences, as if thinking whether any more could be said, when the Hon. Peter Parker, of Washington City, arose and said he would give $1,000. Others contributed at once until the amount reached $5,000.

His return was in great light and joy as contrasted with his departure, which was amidst darkness and forebodings. All was now changed. He could go where he pleased, and could tell the wonderful story, and relate all his experiences in learning it. He began telling it out of a redeemed heart to his people. At the home of his parents in Annaka, the largest heathen temple was opened for his use, and that was too small to hold the multitudes which came to hear him. In this heathen temple trophies of the cross were gathered, and in that town is a memorial of his short but glorious life in a large self-supporting church. He was directed by God to the field of his future labors.

Kioto, one of the oldest, most historic and sacred cities in Japan, has been the home and throne of

kings for ages. It is in sight of the famous and historic Lake Biwa, where the fiercest battles of the past had raged. At the brain-centre of national life through the old centuries of Japanese history, a Christian institution was founded. Neeshima secured, through the favor of friends in the government, out of appreciation of his genius alone, for at that time there was no real sympathy with his religion, a piece of ground adjoining the palace garden, and there established a boarding-school or seminary for girls, in which we heard recitations, reading and music, and some of the gospel hymns sung in good taste and with much pathos, by the native girls.

Near by is a college for boys and young men. One of the buildings is a handsome brick structure, with recitation, library and society rooms. There is a chapel or church, finished tastefully in hard-wood, most of the work on which, no doubt, came from home. There is a dormitory and dining-room arranged according to the habits, modes, and kind of eating, peculiar to the country. There is, on the same ground, a Theological Seminary in which are consecrated and learned native teachers working with the foreign teachers. There were about two hundred students in the English and scientific course, and about thirty in the Theological Seminary.

The influence of the great and good man, Joseph Neeshima, has had much to do in shaping Japan into its present mould, so hopeful for the future. He was universally respected; men of State took counsel of him, confided in his judgment, revered his patriotism, observed his piety, his purity and trueness. It is said that Phidias so wrought his own image on the shield of Minerva that it could be turned in no way

that his face would not appear. The departed Joseph Neeshima's moral and intellectual image is so wrought into the new life of Japan that it will never appear even in history without its halo about it.

In these early years there were wonderful manifestations of divine power—scenes that were thrilling, when the Holy Ghost opened the minds of men in darkness to the revelations of divine truth. In the year 1872, while the few missionaries, (of whom it might have been said, "what are these among so many?") were engaging in the services of the week of prayer, the Pentecostal period of the Church during the last thirty years, an English meeting was held in Yokohama, and a number of Japanese students attended, who had been instructed by the missionaries in private classes. The Scriptures read were from the Acts of the Apostles, and contained that wonderful description of how God poured out his Spirit on the nations gathered together. As the natives heard of these wondrous manifestations of divine power, they fell on their knees and prayed God to pour out his Spirit in like manner on Japan. These prayers were so earnest and importunate that the English and American missionaries were awe-stricken. They said to each other, "Did you ever hear any thing like this?" Christian English and American sailors, captains, physicians, scholars and travellers said, "These prayers of the Japanese take the heart out of us." The impulse of those simple, trustful and earnest native prayers led to the organization of a church in March, 1872, at Yokohama, with a membership of twelve.

This first Protestant church at Yokohama held its fifteenth anniversary in 1887. These exercises greatly

interested the native population. It was attended by all classes, and the progress was appreciated. The contrast between its fifteenth anniversary and its beginning was so great that it could only be said, What wonders hath God wrought in the earth! In the beginning there was not only no sympathy with the movement, but the spectres of death overshadowed it, for then a public avowal of Christianity involved danger and death. Now Christianity is tolerated by the most bigoted, is protected by the government, is respected by the people, and is revered and loved by multitudes who would suffer death rather than give it up. There are at least twenty thousand church members, more than two hundred churches, nearly three hundred pastors and evangelists, and about two hundred natives studying for the ministry, and of this first congregation, which came out of the prayers of the Christian Japanese, as Pentecost came out of the prayers of the one hundred and twenty of the upper room in Jerusalem, nine churches have grown. Fifteen preachers and evangelists have been sent forth from this centre of spiritual power.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TOKIO, THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

TWO hours and a half by rail from Yokohama is this great city, about as large as Philadelphia, and the capital of this re-born nation. The road runs through a level country, which has been mostly reclaimed from the sea, except one small range of hills. Rice fields abound, and also vegetable gardens; all the arable land of Japan presents this garden-like ap-

pearance. The route lies through Kanazawa, which in America would be called "string town." It has only one street, which is a part of the Tokaido. The only thing that keeps it from outright oblivion is the fact that it lives, in modern history, as the place originally agreed on as the treaty port; but this was a temporary distinction, for the whole business was soon after transferred to Yokohama. Near Omon the circling railroad disclosed a shell bed similar to those about St. Augustine, Florida, and in some parts of New England. There are also pottery remains elaborated in the highest art of former times. Implements of deer horns are found, bones of monkeys and men, the dog and wolf and other remains of similar life.

On a hill can be seen a remarkable Buddhist temple dedicated to the worship of the most illustrious priest of his age, Nichiren, the founder of a famous sect, whose followers have given him the title of sainthood for six hundred years. The spot where he died in the temple grounds is made monumental by the erection of a large circular tower, about fifty feet in diameter, standing on a stone base, formed of lotus leaves cut in grey stone. Within is a table in the form of a lotus flower resting on the backs of eight large tortoises. There is a glass jar, which contains the sainted dust and a tooth on which the aged saint "crunched his dodger," and from the evidence of the wear displayed, his stomach had no occasion to reproach it for idleness. All the surroundings are weird with age and yet buoyant with youth.

There are many shrines, one containing the figures of seven women; another, which has above the altar many images of varied size and appearance, is dedicated to a woman called Kishimojin, the mother of demons,

who was a born cannibal. She was the mother of five hundred children at one time, whether any of them got away at birth and were not counted is not inscribed on the shrine. It would have been well for them if they had, for the old lady, as the record goes, was compelled to eat one of them whenever she was hungry. But through the intervention of Buddha she was finally relieved from the horror of this bill of fare. Out of gratitude she embraced the doctrines of Buddha and became noted for her good deeds and pious acts. She was deified and worshipped by the women as their friend and guardian in the perils of child-birth.

The capital of the Japanese Empire is a spot where the threads of much history find their centre; it is a spindle on which the years have wound them, and the present, as a cycling past, is busy reeling them off for its use. It stands on a plain with little to break the outline of the horizon except the line of mountains on which sits Fugi, the glistening dome. In the portion of the city called Shiro (castle) are the residence of the Mikado and the imperial gardens, formerly occupied by the Shoguns and the Daimios, with their retainers. It is situated in the centre of the city, surrounded by embankments which are planted with trees and faced with massive stones receding from the perpendicular base. It would have no defensive strength now except in the heavy embankment of clay behind it. There is a wide shallow moat filled with water, having no current, and in summer it is filled with the lotus, abounding with fragrance and beauty. This plant is also an article of food to the natives; and so there are veritable "Lotus Eaters." The gates to this famous place have been pulled down, and little is left but the wrecks of things that were.

Tokio is not one of the ancient cities of Japan, for its history only goes back to 1600. It became renowned in 1604, when Iye-yasu, the first Shogun of the Tokugawa family, made it his capital, and it was enriched and beautified by his grandson, Iyemitsu. It did not change much afterwards until 1868, when it was made the capital of the Mikado, after the Shogunate had been overthrown. Tokio is a wooden city, acres of which burn up every year. Most of its houses are small, and one-storied. The city is thus ever ready to welcome to its bosom all vagrant sparks. Rivers and canals traverse it at almost every angle, occupying a considerable portion of the city, and, except as cleaned out by the tides or typhoons, are indescribably filthy, and in summer festering in tropical heats. The European quarter is called Tsukiji, and is interesting on account of its people and the evidences of their culture in finer homes, appointments and surroundings than the native quarter. In this part of the city is the theological school of the United Church of Japan, in which we had the pleasure of meeting several members of the Faculty. Among them Dr. Imbrie, Revs. Messrs. Ballagh, Wyckoff and T. M. McNair, and also some of the native Professors.

Amidst the round of heathen temples in Tokio a few only possess interest, for they are in most respects only copies of each other. Shiba is one of the most noted. It is situated in a garden, with walks well laid out through a forest of beautiful trees, mostly natives of the soil, through which the shadows of the great vultures flit as they swoop over their tops, uttering a strange note not at all unmusical. In this forest are patches of gardens, filled with choicest fruits

and flowers, in which the priests are seen in their sacredotal robes. But to most people the chief attraction of Shiba is its temple and tomb, the entrance to which is through a gateway of carved woodwork in style peculiar to the country. Around the enclosure are long rows of what are called lanterns, about six feet high, and made of stone, looking like an American terra-cotta chimney top. This is the ideal of all temple lanterns. These are the offerings to the dead by some of their vassals, "Fudai Daimios," who are not the highest. Another, "Kokushiu Daimios," are presented with bronze lanterns, very costly but of the same general pattern.

Of temples within the great enclosure the most celebrated is Zozoji. Here may be seen the magnificent shrines of the Shoguns. It was the habit to bury these officials alternately at Shiba and Uyeno. Seven lie at the former, and five at the latter. Iye-yasu and Iyemitsu, the first and third princes of the line, are gorgeously entombed at Nikko. In this temple are remarkable specimens of lacquer work, and the wall paintings are by the celebrated old masters, which, as usual, awaken great enthusiasm in lovers of art, the general impression being that such productions have never been equalled, and that it is no use for living man to try. The truth is the grand old masters have been beaten thousands of times, so that many of them are monumental frauds as well in Japan as everywhere else. What old masters in any country ever painted the leg of a horse as it is? It is as clumsy in their hands as a gatepost. It requires for its proper execution the highest anatomical knowledge, which the artists never possessed. There are many objects attractive to those who adore old things, but to the

man who lives in the present and future they are of little concern.

There is a large stone tower at the end of the city race-course, with one of the peculiar lanterns already described at the top, in which a light burns continually at night in honor of the soldiers slain in the civil wars. At this point there is one of the finest views possible. Oyama and the Hakone range are well defined, and the monumental mount of the empire, though far away, glistens in the last rays of an evening sunlight.

There is another temple which arrests the attention as one out of the ordinary category, Asakusa. This spacious metropolitan of the Eastern branch of the Monto Sect, is situated in Ki Matsu Kiyo-cho, in large grounds of its own, and is entered by two gates. This building was founded in 1757. The brackets supporting the roof of the porch are specimens of fine carving, the designs being chrysanthemum flowers and leaves. There are also some good specimens of the everlasting dragon over the screen which separates the chancel and its side chapels from the rare and massive open work; gilded carvings represent Phœnixes, the largest being twelve feet in length and four in height. Plainness characterizes the rest of the building. On the gilded background of the wall, beside the altar, are to be seen the images of several Buddhist saints. This temple, as it now exists, is approached through a long row of little brick toy shops, the only modern things on this side of the city. This entrance is crowded with worshippers, loafers and idle women. There is a park full of shows, with theatrical performances, monkey antics and the howling of wild beasts. The two-storied gate

in front of the temple is built of red wood, and is more massive than beautiful, on either side of which are the images of the two Deva kings, or sentinel gods. At the left, before passing through the gate, is a popular shrine of Fudo, and further on, in the same direction, is another small shrine, near which are two stone images of Amaida more than two hundred years old, and surrounded by a boat-shaped halo. There is a bronze, and partially gilt, image, surrounded by smaller ones, which receive the offerings of the faithful from time to time. Upon the left above, three posts with prayer wheels are attached, used in connection with the mystic doctrine of the Tendi and Shingon sects.

There is an image sitting in the open court, with a pink and yellow cloth bib around his neck, and badly rubbed, which represents Bindzuru, the helper of the sick, who was originally a retainer of King Udayana. On his becoming an ardent follower of the Buddha, he was allowed to take the vows; but he could not shut his eyes to female beauty, and what was worse, violated his chastity by remarking on the beauty of a woman, and was expelled from the sect.

Buddha was sorry for him, and conferred on him, at his special request, the power of curing all human ills. As we stood before the image, an old woman was trying the power of this god. She rubbed the idol at whatever point her own old body was distressed, and then rubbed herself. After stroking the idol on the back, she then rubbed herself. Then she tried him on the hip and transferred his healing by rubbing herself at this joint. The fact was evident that she was pretty generally out of tune from the number of places to which she applied the healing influence.

Prudence suggested that she should be left to herself in her healing performances.

At a shrine in front of the great altar was a woman going through her devotions, and she was taking her time to it. She had a baby tied to her back, or rather an overcoat buttoned around herself and the young one. The youngster was tired of the length of her performances, and was endeavoring to bring her to time by pulling her back hair and howling out of pure sinfulness. The mother was too much absorbed in her prayers to give attention to the disturber of her peace, but the probabilities are "seven to one" that at some point of bodily exposure his color was raised when she got him home.

These passing glances will give a general idea of the city and its heathenism. It may be interesting to give an account of its institutions of Christian learning. There will be no progress through the existing Shintoism and Buddhism—there has been none through centuries, because "the snap" has gone out of them. The only remaining source for their development is Christian learning. In exact proportion as they adopt it, they will rise, because through it they have already made creditable progress.

The Graham Female Seminary was under the care of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in New York City. Miss Leete was the Principal, with Misses Bigelow and Reed as assistants. It had one hundred and thirty-two pupils, and had been obliged to turn one hundred away, who sought its advantages, because there was not room for them. This school, like the dews of Hermon, is a continued blessing and a source of hope to the motherhood of Japan. Most of the pupils embrace Christianity before they leave it, so

that it is an efficient agent in home missionary work. The second of these fountains opened to purify home life is the Bancho School, (since united with Graham Seminary,) under the guardianship of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in Philadelphia. The principal was Mrs. True. The Misses Davis, Rose, Ballagh and Milliken, the latter the daughter of Rev. S. J. Milliken, of Philadelphia, are teachers. There Dr. Light has also a corps of Japanese teachers, three hundred pupils and eighty boarders. The course of study is in Japanese, Chinese and English, together with such practical education as will fit these women for the duties of home and families. This school has, with the others, a blessed record in the number of the conversions made, nearly all of the advanced scholars being confessing Christians.

There is a Sabbath-school connected with this institution, to which most of the scholars come of their own choice, and some of the older ones assist in six outside Sabbath schools. This school has also rejected hundreds of applicants because of inadequate accommodations. The fact is apparent to every thoughtful observer, that the minds and hearts of the Japanese are set toward Christian culture, and the only obstacle to the coming of this nation into the very front of Christian progress is the want of Christian schools and teachers. All these schools have pupils from the ranks of the nobility, but the greater number are from the middle classes—the best in any country.

The Bancho School has twelve scholarships supported by missionary societies in America, but a large class support themselves by their own efforts; some by teaching, and others by sewing, cooking, &c., and the remainder pay the full tuition. The income last year

was nearly four thousand dollars, paying the running expenses and the salaries of the Japanese teachers.

In another part of the city, and on an elevated plateau, is also a school for girls under the care of Miss C. T. Alexander, assisted by Miss A. R. West, daughter of Rev. W. A. West, of Harrisburg, Pa., and Miss E. W. Case, a member of the Broad and Oxford Street church, in Philadelphia, Pa. The latter has recently been placed in charge of an important work in Yokohama. This school is young but prosperous, numbering thirty-three scholars, and is steadily increasing. It was founded by, and is under the direction of, Mr. Okami. Bible lessons are daily taught. These ladies have also the supervision of other schools and Bible classes, and fifty-one Japanese ladies attend the weekly meetings. There is a school for educating and training Bible readers, under the care of the New York Missionary Society, of which Miss Kate C. Youngman is the teacher, and whose labors were greatly blessed in mission work in the country. This will give the reader some idea of the educational work for the female of Japan.

The work with young men in Tokio is not less progressive or efficient than the work for young women. The College and Theological Seminary are the brain centres of missionary influence. In the prospective union, so hopeful for future good in the Christianizing of Japan, the initiatory step was the uniting of the educational institutions of the Reformed (Dutch) and Presbyterians. The new organization is called Meiji Gaku. The College buildings are located on a hill in a suburb commanding a view of the greater part of Tokio, and in a healthy position and one of extreme beauty. On one side is

a grove of bamboos, a characteristic and beautiful feature of this miniature country. There are eight acres of ground on which are two very handsome buildings. These barely meet the necessities of the case at present, and there ought to be one or two more buildings erected at once. There is not a spot in all the mission world where memorial buildings to perpetuate the names of loved and departed friends would serve a better purpose. How much more rational and Christian such monuments would be than the dumb, senseless graveyard displays, which are often in bad taste, and the inscriptions upon them far worse in the matter of truthfulness, love having written according to its estimate of loss what the world does not readily endorse. In these institutional memorials departed life is duly appreciated on account of what it does for the living. Of the College buildings, one was erected by the Reformed Church, and the other by the Presbyterians. Sandham Hall is used for educational purposes, and the other, Hepburn Hall, for a dormitory.

In the contributions to the endowment of the dormitory may be seen some glints of benevolence in the lives of missionaries not known to the Church at nome. where most good deeds are apt to get into the newspapers. In the list of contributions were one thousand dollars from Rev. George Wm. Knox, money which he had made in extra service rendered to the Japanese Imperial University. It is, also, a pleasure to record that a citizen of Philadelphia, a liberal Presbyterian, appears in a gift of $3,000 to this good work, and another gift in memoriam of $5,000 by Mrs. G. A. Sandham, of New York.

Most of the classes were seen and heard by us in

recitation, and all were characterized by that intense earnestness only seen in Japan. Military drill, under direction of Mr. Uchida, is a part of the round of duty, which improves the appearance of the students, cultivates habits of precision and neatness, develops instant recognition of authority, and serves to prepare them for the national struggles which may yet demand their service in behalf of liberty and country. In the theological department are Professors Amerman, Knox, Waddell, Imbrie, Ibuka, Miller, Oghimi and Verbeck. In the Academic department are Professors John C. Ballagh, Wyckoff, McCauley, Harris, McNair, Ishimotoi Hattori, Suzuki, Washimoto, Iuamoto, and Mrs. and Miss Ballagh. Dr. Hepburn is President.

The institution has the favor of the Japanese government, and it has so arranged its course that students can enter directly into the Imperial University in the departments of literature and law. The religious condition of the institution is good. The number of students is about two hundred, sixty of whom are Christians. When sceptics consider the fruit of foreign missionary work already apparent in Tokio, they will be staggered, unless their prejudices have saturated them with stupidity.

There are, of all Protestant denominations, forty-five churches of Presbyterians alone, for this is their stronghold, as Kioto is that of the Congregationalists. In the North there are nineteen churches, and when we say Presbyterians we mean the present "Church of Christ in Japan," formed of those who possess a representative form of government. That there may be no room for the shadow of doubt on the subject the names of the churches, pastors and membership will be given:

Name of Church.	*Pastors.*	*Members.*
Shiusakaye	Mr. Y. Ishiwara	300
Ushigome	Mr. Hattori	300
Shiba	Mr. Wada	280
Sukiyabashi	Mr. Tamura	240
Ryogaku	Mr. Miura	220
Shitaya	Mr. Uemura	200
Kajimachi	Mr. Maki	170
Hongo	Mr. R Ishiwara	160
Nihonbashi	Mr. Kitahara	160
Dai Machi	———	150
Asakusa	Dr. Imbrie*	150
Sakurada	———	140
Bancho	Mr. Uemura	130
Daikucho	Dr. Thompson*	110
Meisei	Mr. Ogawa	100
Akasaka	Mr. Lindsay*	90
Honjo	Mr. Shinowara	80
Nakabashi	Mr. Davidson*	70
Shinagawa	———	60

The total church membership is about 3,000.

Number of Protestant churches of all denominations in Tokio, 45.

* Acting pastor.

Lest the patience of our readers should become weary, only two or three more examples of the work done will be given, in order to show the readiness and eagerness of the people to receive the truth, the progress which it is making, and the estimation in which the missionaries are held by the people. The following incident will touch sympathetic hearts when the fact is known that the one spoken of did his work under distressing domestic affliction and bodily ailments, and has been obliged to give it up and return to America under the shadow of hopeless blindness. The Rev. T. C. Winn went to Kanazawa, on the west coast of Japan; here he buried a child and was him-

self prostrated with fever, but he would not give up his work. He was afterwards joined by the Rev. G. R. Porter and sister, and by their united labors it has become a model mission.. When Mr. Winn, who had endured so much for this people, had to part from them he did not find them destitute of sympathy and appreciation, but giving such expressions of personal interest as must have sent rays of sunshine through his grief-stricken heart. The Governor gave him a farewell entertainment, in which other leading officials participated, who properly esteemed his life and labors. It was given in a public park, and the most complimentary attentions were shown him and his family. He parted from this people as Paul did from the elders of Ephesus, when they wept most of all because they should see his face no more.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter, with their assistants, have carried on the work with great success. The General in command of the troops stationed here sends his private carriage for their use; one of his sons is in the mission school and has expressed his desire to be taught Christianity, and also his family with him. A Christian teacher has been secured for the government school by Rev. Mr. Porter at the request of the officials. There are two churches, three boy's schools, a girl's school and a kindergarten.

Another of these remarkable religious movements is found in Kochi, Tosa. The people here were rebels against the Shogunate rule, and one of the leading clans in the revolution was in this island. Count Itagaki made a trip to Europe and became interested in its Christian civilization, and upon his return he invited Dr. Verbeck and Mr. Thompson to come to

Kochi to found a mission there, as purely a civilizing movement. They accepted his invitation, and when they appeared he showed them great attention and introduced them to his friends. People came together in large numbers to hear the gospel, and the leading men were interested. This was in 1884. The following May a church was organized with twenty-two members. With the aid of Japanese helpers the work advanced; large meetings were held with an attendance of about seven hundred people. Within a year the membership numbered one hundred, and the mission was virtually self-supporting almost from the start.

In the summer of 1886 the cholera raged and broke up the public meetings, but little private gatherings were held from house to house. In the fall the religious interest revived, and there were seventy candidates ready for baptism, twenty of them being from a village near the city, where there were two native Christian private workers, but holding no public services. During the year ending with 1887, one hundred and sixty-one united with the church. There is now a congregation of three hundred members, consisting of the leading men of the place and other classes. A church has been built costing $1,200, seating about six hundred people, and only $250 being raised outside this native congregation.

Of the people in the little village of which mention has been made, there were during our visit seventy candidates awaiting baptism. The Rev. Mr. McAlpine was at the founding of the work and accomplished much, but it is at present carried on by Rev. R. B. Grinnen, as pastor, and Rev. B. P. Junkin, who conducts the school, which is under direct Christian in-

fluence, and has over one hundred boys in training. Both of these workers are from the Presbyterian Church South, but are now connected with the United Church of Christ in Japan.

There are some exceedingly interesting facts which may be stated in connection with the conversion of a number of the leading members of this church. One was baptized in May, a member of the local Assembly, whose family consisted of a wife, two children, a nephew and mother—a hopeless lot to all appearances. He had been educated in hatred to the foreigner and his religion, and his heathen prejudices were deeply rooted. But when he first heard the gospel preached, he said: "Would it not be strange if I should become a Christian!" His mother hated with vindictiveness the very name of Christianity, and would not permit any member of the family to speak of it or attend its services. This man, who had suggested the novelty of his becoming a Christian, was converted, and afterwards began earnestly praying for his family. He went into the country with his heart burdened, and prayed more than usual. Upon his return, to his utter surprise, his mother asked him about Christianity, and they talked over it until late at night without the slightest indication of any special interest on her part. Next morning, however, she threw away her idols and insisted on the whole family attending church. As the result of her change, they all confessed the Lord as their Saviour and were baptized.

Another leading man was converted whose wife hated Christianity. She was a devout Shintoist and worshipped her idols in her yard. She resisted even the thought of any thing else until one morning she

arose earlier than the rest of the family and destroyed her idols and stripped the shrine, and then began the Christian life. Most of the work in this church has been done by Rev. Yama Moto, now pastor in Yokohama.

This account of the progress of Christianity in Japan would lack a convincing argument of its genuineness if nothing were said of the liberality of the people in supporting the gospel. The rule for the distribution of funds in the Union Church for missionary stations is that for every dollar raised by the people, the Boards represented in the Church of Christ in Japan give four. But the people themselves, in many places, not only sustain their own churches but carry on school and mission work.

A remarkable case of conversion and personal benevolence occurred in the church of Mishima. Nanajima several years had been a hearer of the gospel, but was a large manufacturer of the principal intoxicating drink in Japan, which is made of rice, and on this account did not feel at liberty to present himself for church membership. But early in 1886 he gave up the business, and with all his family began the observance of the Sabbath. Through the influence of Rev. I. U. Ballagh and his native Christian friends, he and his family, sixteen in number, received Christian baptism. After his entrance into the church the question came up as to the disposal of his distillery, as to whether it would be right to advertise it and sell it intact. He again took the advice of his Christian friends and gave the storehouse and land for a church and school for girls, the value of the whole being 6,000 Mexican yen, or dollars, the denomination of the money of the empire. This the

few Christians believed to be the answer to their prayers for a church and school, and are making heroic efforts to sustain them.

The Japanese are poor; they have no wealth to be compared with the Chinese, and in America any of the settled Territories could show as much wealth as the best parts of this empire. The people, under the new government, are getting better off, and the liberality of Christians is fully up to the average financial advance. But the total amount of contributions of the Japanese Christians represented by the Church of Jesus Christ, *i. e.*, Presbyterian, North and South, the Reformed (Dutch), the German Reformed and Irish is 9,911.225 yen or Mexican dollars, and the increase this year over the one before is twelve per cent., the gain of membership is thirty-five per cent., the difference being accounted for in the fact that Christians become thrifty by years of Christian service.

CHAPTER XXV.

QUEER THINGS IN JAPAN.

EVERY country on earth has its raw heads and bloody bones, its spectres, its scares and hobgoblins. Japan is not only rich in these, but possesses them in tropical abundance. The dragon stands at the head of the group; he is a genus with multitudes of varieties in a descending scale. The strange devices found on Chinese and Japanese articles, have perplexed childhood. In Japan almost every article of manufacture has some of these forms, ever grotesque to foreigners, which are drawn from their elaborate system of demonology. They appear on

tombs, on gateways, in carvings, in paintings, on temples, on residences, on government seals, on money, in pictures for the young, on books of philosophy, systems and treatises, on pipes, canes, musical instruments, *bas-reliefs*, and bronzes—everywhere the dragon and his many-formed progeny are seen.

The typal form is an alligator with wings and a snout tipped with hair, and legs with long, sharp claws. One of their ancient savants describes the dragon as a superior order of being, with horns like a deer, a head like a horse and eyes like the devil, neck like a snake and a belly like a red worm, paws like a tiger and ears like a cow. This dragonology probably came to Japan first from China; if it was not indigenous to these countries, it must be a mixture of superstitions common to the whole East.

The dragon has his times and seasons for the manifestation of his peculiar attributes. In the spring he lives in heaven; in the autumn he sports in the water; in the summer he travels for health and recreation, rides in the clouds and bathes in many-colored mists; and in the winter he sleeps. He always dwells alone, and has no social qualities. He is a great miscegenationist and allies himself to all animals. The elephant is the result of a cross with a sow. The horse is the product through the same method. The young dragon is supposed to sing; hence the top of Japanese bells is cast in his form. The second class of dragons delight in musical instruments; hence the harp and *suzumi*, a girls' drum, are ornamented by his figure. The third class is addicted to drink; hence drinking cups have his form. The fourth delights in adventure and appears in dangerous places; so the gables and cornices of roofs, pagodas and temple beams are orna-

mented with his form, from which conception the hideous shapes in mediæval Western architecture appear in water spouts, in griffins and gargoyles.

The next is a devotee to learning; he is one of a *dragonian literati*, so his likeness must embelish all books and pictures. Another is an exterminator, delights in blood letting, so the instruments of war must have his image. Another is "a spook," and sits ever with upturned ear, and as he uses his sitting capacity most, all chairs have his form. Another loves to bear down on things; he is a weighty fiend, and hence the feet of tables are turned in the shape of dragon's feet.

He is also the most omnipotent of animals; therefore, it was the right thing to clothe the emperor in the symbols of this power. So the royal garments are called dragon-robes; the Mikado is dragon-faced and dragon-bodied. The ruffling of the dragon-scales indicates his displeasure, while his wrath is like that of the dragon. Such universal impressions in the Orient, agreeing in many substantial particulars, must have had some common origin, however hypothetical that origin may be. It must have come down from that geological period when the climax of animal life was reached, the remains of which are being discovered the world over.

In the Book of Job, one of the most philosophical and technical books in the Bible, we have mention and description of such creatures. In the science of paleontology, we must look for the foundations of these universal Oriental beliefs, which now appear buried in superstitions but must have had in them some residuum of fact. Somebody has suggested the geologic fish—lizard—wandering in his night excur-

sions with the flesh of fish, in a state of phosphorescence, between his teeth, lighting up his way and inspiring terror by seeming to breath fire through his nostrils.

The kirin appears on the wood work of the tombs of the defunct Shoguns. This creature is the fruit of the union of the dragon and the cow. It would be for the curious to trace how the likeness between it and a military leader came into the popular mind. The form of this conceit assumes the head of a dragon on the body of a deer and the legs and feet of a horse, with tail and streaming hair or wings peculiar to itself. It is also a unicorn. It is supposed to make millennial visits to China and Japan, usually on the occasion of the birth of some wonderful man such as Confucius. It is a conserver of all life, never treads on the most insignificant insect, nor eats even growing grass.

Another creature in the likeness of pheasant and peacock appears on the tombs of Shoguns and the paper currency. It is described by Chinese authority as the phœnix, which is of the essence of water, born in the vermillion cave, roosts on the most beautiful trees of Watung, and drinks of the sweetest springs. Its body is adorned by fine colors; its voice has fine notes; as it walks it looks around; as it flies all the birds follow it. Virtue, obedience, justice, fidelity and benevolence are symbolized in the decorations of its head, body and breast.

It was a most satisfying hope to the political "outs" who had to step down at the beginning of the present administration, and to put themselves between the shafts of jinrickshaws for a living, to believe that this singular creature will come and literally eat up all the

contemptible politicians of the present time. This conceit corresponds in Japan to the passage "up salt river" with us, as the destination of the political defuncts in every revolution.

There is a creature in popular belief which lives in the water to look after bad boys who disobey their mammas and go swimming too much. The kappa nabs them. It has the head of a monkey and the claws of a tortoise. It is a monkey, about the size of a large boy, evolved out of the green shell of a tortoise, called *suppon*, with web-footed claws. It is believed by the natives to be fond of cucumbers. Parents take advantage of this notion, and propitiate it by an offering of cucumbers so that their favorite sons may be safe.

The thunder arrangements are on the fashion of terror-raisers; before the temples are collossal figures of *wind* and *thunder*. The wind is represented as a creature half cat, holding a kind of balloon containing compressed air over her shoulders. When the creature loosens the closed end of the enormous bag the wind moves out like a capering goat, and soon becomes gusty and then mounts up into tornadoes and cyclones until it is "bagged" again. This windy imp sometimes goes up on mountain sides and tops, assails travellers by throwing snow and hail in their faces, and sometimes scratches them frightfully with his claws. There are pictures of the pious who, trusting in the god, Kuanon, have by prayer and "get-up-ableness" got ahead, just by a shadow's breadth, the sharper than steel claws of Futen, the wind devil.

The next of these imps is the thunder maker, the *Jupiter tonans*. This name in Japan is Raiden. He carries over his head five drums joined together.

How he makes them all thunder at once is not quite clear, unless the Italian has, in his musical multifariousness, stolen his art from this order; one drum he might butt with his head; two he might strike with his fists, and the other two he might work by a "kick-up behind" arrangement which we have observed in our streets as quite practicable.

The thunder imp is a combination of the human dwarf and the cat—the latter, as usual, has its back up. So in popular language among the Japanese, when the lightning strikes, it is a leap from the thunder cat. The paws of this thunder cat are believed to have dropped from the clouds. This cat has probably engaged in so many "rows" that it had lost its real paw, and an artificial one was substituted. This fell out of the clouds and was secured by some of the people, and is exhibited as a triumphant refutation of all modern scepticism. The author of that interesting and instructive book, "The Mikado's Empire," Rev. William Elliott Griffis, D.D., to whom we are indebted for much information about Japan otherwise unattainable, gives an account of a miracle figure in Asakusa, in Tokio.

"A noble in the court of the Mikado is represented with his hand on the throat, and his knee on the back of the thunder imp, who is sprawling and roaring, on the ground, with his arms broken, and his thunder turned into impotent grunts. With his heavy paw he is trying to make his conqueror let go; his eyes are popping out, as if about to be discharged from their sockets; his nostrils dilated, his lips curled, showing his sharp teeth, his ears cocked, his claws set. His body, which is about three feet long, has no tail; perhaps he was on his way up from the animal to the

human, and according to the development theory, had shed that. This would be no surprise in Japan, for many cats are there without even the suspicion of such an appendage, while many have not extended more than two inches from the spinal socket. The guide-book which solves, in every locality, the mysteries of the universe unfolds to us the secrets of the thunder-cat and cat-thunder."

We are not without some experience of the performances of cats in the United States of America, where, if we have not witnessed the attainments of their celestial kind in thunder-making, we have them in their semi-infernal character in their night concerts. The difference between America and Japan is, no doubt, only climatic, so that we are prepared to give a credence somewhat reserved to the account of Dr. Griffis, which is as follows:

"In the Province of Yamato, in the reign of Yarizaku Tenno, when he was leaving his palace, a thunder-storm of terrific violence arose. Sugara, the Mikado's courtier, was ordered to catch this thunder-cat. He spurred his horse after it, driving it to the side of Mount Abe, where the creature, leaping high into the air, defied the attempts of his pursuer. Sugara, gazing at the sky, cried 'obey the Emperor!' but the thunder-cat went on. Then Sugara, turning his face to the temple, prayed earnestly to Kuanon and cried 'dost thou not hear and protect thy faithful ones when they cry unto thee!' Immediately a splendor of radiant light shot out from the temple and the thunder imp fell to the earth. Sugara seized him, quickly bound him and took him to the emperor's palace. Then all men called him the 'god-catcher.'"

This story may not be true, but the guide-book says it is. The Japanese have a species of dragon to restrain little boys from filling themselves with green fruit and eating too much candy, so that the Japanese mother is not awakened from her sleep by the cries of pain in "the little bowels" of her hopefuls. She does not, like her sister on this side of the ocean, have to get up of nights to rub the distended parts, or to fill bags with hot water. An ounce of prevention, in Japan, is thought to be better, in such circumstances, than a pound of cure is in America. She tells them in shivering agony of a hideous imp-worm that will start up out of these excesses and eat them up, and she will show them how he chews, and how short a time it will be until they are in his maw, "and then," says she, "how will you feel?"

Japanese bacchanals are called shoji—a horrible people living by the sea, red-headed, squint and bleared eyed, hollow cheeked, and their mouths move like the opening of a gate into a graveyard. When they have a jar of "sake liquor" they dance in half fiendish joy around it. A picture of these carousers is put on boxes of sweetmeats, cups, vases and jars of lacquered work, bronzes, porcelain, &c., and children are taught to look at the representation so as to be suitably affected thereby before they partake of the dainties. The children are scared out of their wits when they first see a red-haired man. He would not be popular as a missionary in such places of superstition for a long time. They would say, "Look at him! is he not one of the awful fellows on the boxes of our sweetmeats?" Of course, these idle tales and fears are now only entertained among the superstitious country folks. The smart ones in Japan are like the same

kind in New England, where it is represented that a company of boys were found shouting after a bald-headed man, "Go up, old bald head, there are no bears in Boston!"

These are only some of the baser superstitions, but it is not strange that they exist in heathen minds when we consider the violent and terrorizing physical changes in Japan. The country does not seem to have any foundations. Its islands appear to swim in inland seas. It is a country of floating islands. It is also a country of land slides. Even the hair often slides down the crowns of men's heads, and disappears altogether, or at least lodges on their chins. A man is not secure in the possession of his land by title, as another man's farm may slide down in a night on top of it. Earthquakes average over two a month, and one hundred have occurred in one revolution of the moon. Towns and villages are engulfed and cities shaken into ruins. The ocean likewise is a constant menace, not only because its winds wreck the frail crafts of the poor, but because their great ships go down under its heartless surface. Besides, there are tidal waves destroying all before them. The country is beautiful, but it has in its surroundings and in its formations elements and marks of the direful contests of the past, produced by earthquakes and volcanic upheavals. It is a land of beauty and grandeur, but these have been the result of disasters which have been educators, impressing the terrible on the minds of the people, who have had no sunshiny religion to mantle these catastrophes with divine benignancy. Accordingly the Japanese have filled the places of terror and solitude with their own dread fancies.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT THE CHILDREN DO IN JAPAN.

A NATION may be known by its childhood as well as by its great men. Adults are but grown-up children, who have changed their costume and playthings. The Chinese are a serious people, who despise sports, and maintain that they are a waste of time. The Japanese are at the other extreme—a people who respond to every thing that can win a smile from a child. In their home life they come nearer to their children by being interested in their sports than any other nationality.

The life of Japan can be interpreted in the light of its toy-shops. It contains a playful people, but since it has given its mind to foreign studies and associations is becoming more thoughtful in its amusements, and does not have nearly so many of them, nor do they make up so much of the programme of life. It is the paradise of toy-makers, so much so that its great cities look to the foreign Christian as if Christmas were celebrated every day in the year. It is the country of the most gorgeous displays of nothings—for these toys cost, in our estimation, nothing. Many households in our own country purchase at Christmas-time as much as would buy the whole stock of a bazar in Japan. And what is stranger than all, worship and sports are as inseparable to the mind of a Japanese as are the Fourth of July and fire-crackers to the average American.

At no temple in Japan can be seen the sign of a coffin nailed to the corner, nor does the name of an

undertaker ever appear there. They associate the temple only with life, and whatever will make life cheerful. Hence the approaches to these temples are crowded with every fashion and form which will minister to enjoyment when the temple service is over. They are a people who associate their religious thoughts and observances with holidays. Like Spain and Italy they are cursed by means of them with a self-imposed idleness which tendeth only to poverty. A festival in full glory is a sight which any foreigner might desire in order to obtain a better understanding of the Japanese character. These can often be seen in visits to their temples, Asakusa, Kanda, Mojin or one of the Inari shrines in Tokio.

The street theatrical is an institution whose beginnings date beyond history. The acting is said, by those who know, often to possess real merit. It is usually done by trained boys. The showman's box is itself a curiosity, adorned on the outside with pictures of famous actors, nine-tailed foxes, various shaped and many colored devils, and scenes of blood-curdling horror which never fail to delight the ordinary Japanese. There are here, as usual in the East, female dancers, who are the lowest of the low, story-tellers and coarse jesters and jibers—for in jibes the Japanese can outdo the world. There are magicians and song singers always on the streets, from morning till late at night. There are candy-shops and stalls and peddlers, with their sweets of every kind and grotesque in shape. Among them is the American in caricature, with his bearded face and coarse features, as they really seem when contrasted with these little and symmetrical people.

The lottery passion pervades nearly all classes

—children learn it from their very sweet-meats. Sometimes the machine is a disk with a spear-shaped hand which is whirled around by the child on a dial, the result being made known by where it stops. Sometimes it is stopped by pulling a string attached to an article hidden from sight. There are fire eaters, who raise the wonder of the little folks, by rolling balls of camphor paste, glowing with lambent fire, over their arms and sucking the flame into their mouths. Then there is the flea man, with his tiny carts and wheels propelled by this almost imperceptible force, and beetles with paper carts fastened by invisible paste, a tandem of a dozen in line. Then instead of the mud pies, which American children delight to make, the Japanese youngster works more to his personal advantage. Men and women go up and down the streets carrying miniature charcoal furnaces and a dish of batter, with spoons and dishes, and for a cent apiece the youngsters can bake griddle-cakes for hours and fill themselves with the products of their own labor.

There also almost every kind of game suited to young and old may be seen. Young girls, dressed in fantastic colors with powdered faces and painted lips, play battledore and shuttlecock. The shuttlecock is a gilded seed in which feathers are stuck like the petals of a flower. This game gives opportunity to show agility, grace and accomplishments. The hindmost in the game carries the stigma of an ink circle around the eyes. There are games of cards for the house in bad weather or for guests who do not care to be out of doors all the time. One of these consists of a large card-board laid upon the floor on which are the names and pictures of fifty-three mail stations on the way from Tokio to Kioto. At the

Kioto station are put up a few coins or a pile of sweetmeats, while the game is played with dice. Each throw brings the player nearer the goal, and to the one gaining it first the prizes at the end are given. They played "the game of authors" ages ago, and sometimes as a means of acquiring a knowledge of the writings of Chinese authors, which, under the old regime, was a great attainment for students of Chinese literature.

The game of proverbs is a favorite with the more advanced in age. There are small cards containing the proverb, with a picture illustrating it on the opposite side, each proverb beginning with one of the fifty Japanese letters. The children range themselves in a circle and the cards are shuffled and dealt. One reads the proverb and the player, who has the picture corresponding to the sentiment, announces it, and the match is made, and those who thus dispose of their cards first are the winners of the game. Mischief befalls the hindmost; if a boy, he has his eyes blacked, and if a girl, she has a wisp of straw stuck in her hair.

Another game is educational. It consists of geometrical puzzles. Certain possible shapes are put on paper as models, and the boys are expected to produce them in wood, which often requires thought and mechanical ingenuity. There is also the ring puzzle, made of rings of bamboo or iron on a bar. This requires aptitude for mathematics or the capacity that distinguishes size and form. Checkers have a popular place in the household, and the number used is three hundred and sixty. Chess and backgammon are used more or less.

But the Japanese, like the Frenchman, loves that

house best which is not made with hands, whose jeweled dome always welcomes him without money and without price; so the most of his enjoyments are found out of doors and his sports are suited to these conditions. It has from time immemorial been a custom of the younger people to assemble during moonlight nights in the open place about the castle gates, and dance, what would be called in America a humdrum, an easy swing in circles accompanied by clapping of hands. It goes on all night. It is a pity that some enterprising American had not taught them that song of festive youth, "We won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear," for this would be both song and fact.

Kite flying is a national sport, confined, however, to youth and childhood. It is their delight when there are stiff and steady winds, which blow in February and March. These kites are so numerous in our country that they need no description as to shapes, which are usually those of animals and of heroes, but they are larger than any specimens we have seen at home, being sometimes six feet square, with a thin piece of whalebone, which, vibrating with the motion of the kite in the wind, makes a loud, startling sound, very much like the scream of the discharged missile from the gun used in our late conflict known as the "swamp angel." There is war among these kites at times. The rivals are pitted against each other, the object being to destroy one or the other. To do this the strings are covered twenty to thirty feet from the kites with glue, which, while it is still soft is covered with powdered glass, and the fragments become as blades all along the strings and cut whatever they come in contact with. The kites are fought by this means, cutting the strings of the rival

by sawing them asunder, when the injured kite bounds away or falls, to be taken by its destroyer.

Whenever and wherever there is snow the boys use sleds, and coasting is as natural as life. They build forts and play soldier, and pelt each other with snowballs as in other lands; they build temples, make images of human beings, and sometimes of European and American foreigners, and then pelt them down to express the national sentiment, and the wish for the time when they can thus exterminate all foreigners.

The Japanese are a wonderfully imitative people. Whatever is seen in the realm of man and nature they reproduce. The children play doctor, put on his grave manner, wear his big glasses, the mark of the profession in China and to some extent in Japan. They play missionary and school teacher, native and foreign.

The fearful is not lost sight of as a necessary part of their education; ghost stories and hair-breadth escapes are related. In a dark room is a dish of oil with a lighted wick laid in it, so that it becomes a centre of dismal and moving shadows. After an awful narrative is told, a boy must go into the distant room where the lamp is and come back; and then another ghost story is told, and another boy must go. Each must remove a strand from the hundred strand wick until the imagination of the crowd is intensely excited, when the last boy sees Satan himself, and is wild with terror.

There are entertainments to make the boys brave and patriotic, and to inspire them with the war spirit for the defence of home and country. The old men describe the battles scenes and tell of the carnage on their seas, lakes, valleys and mountains, when the

seas and snows were red with the blood of brave men. They narrate examples of single handed valor, where one slew many foes—the victories of their great leaders, Asamutu, Shoguns and Mikadoes, and boast how Japanese valor can withstand the world, until the boys pant for conflict and long to make their swords red with carnage.

The feast of dolls is a great occasion to the female portion of the family. Before the Matsuri the shops are filled with gay images, and it is the right thing for a family to have a supply of them gaily dressed. These vary in length from four inches to a foot, and in some families many of them are the accumulation of ages. When a daughter arrives from the other world by birth, a pair of these images are provided for her, and with them she entertains herself until she gets old enough to want something better suited to maturity. When she is married, her images are considered a part of her effects, which she takes to her husband's house, waiting for coming events, and when they do come, and are of "the female persuasion," she gives them to her daughter, thus increasing her stock to meet the requirements of the Hini Maturi, or doll day, which is the third day of the third month, and is girl day. These images, made of wood or pottery, represent the Mikado and his wife, the Kioto nobles, their wives and daughters, and other personages, real and mythological, together with toy miniatures of the table, and the chamber service, the utensils of the kitchen and travelling apparatus. Some being exquisite in pattern and costly, are exhibited and played with, and delighted in, on that day. The girls present offerings of saki (the native beverage) and rice to the toy pictures of the Mikado and his wife. After

this is done, the day is spent in continuous mimicry of every thing in female childhood, or of maiden and maternal life.

This is only a very partial and imperfect exhibition of Japan, as seen in its childlife, but it will give those interested in it some idea of the youthful pastimes of this remarkable people, and a pleasing glimpse of home life where Christ has not entered and changed all joys into his likeness. The women of Japan are, so far as we could observe, better cared for than in other heathen countries, where the relations of husband and wife are at all faithful and confidential. The wife is seen everywhere with her baby fastened to her back, just above the hips; the baby is an appendage, riding at whatever speed the mother makes; sometimes it is squalling and clawing at her back hair, and sometimes venting its puny rage by slapping her head or kicking, as temper and inclination suit. The mother does not pay much attention to it if she is absorbed in sight seeing. It seemed to our limited observation that, compared with motherhood in like conditions in our country, she is, to a considerable extent, "*a gad-about.*"

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